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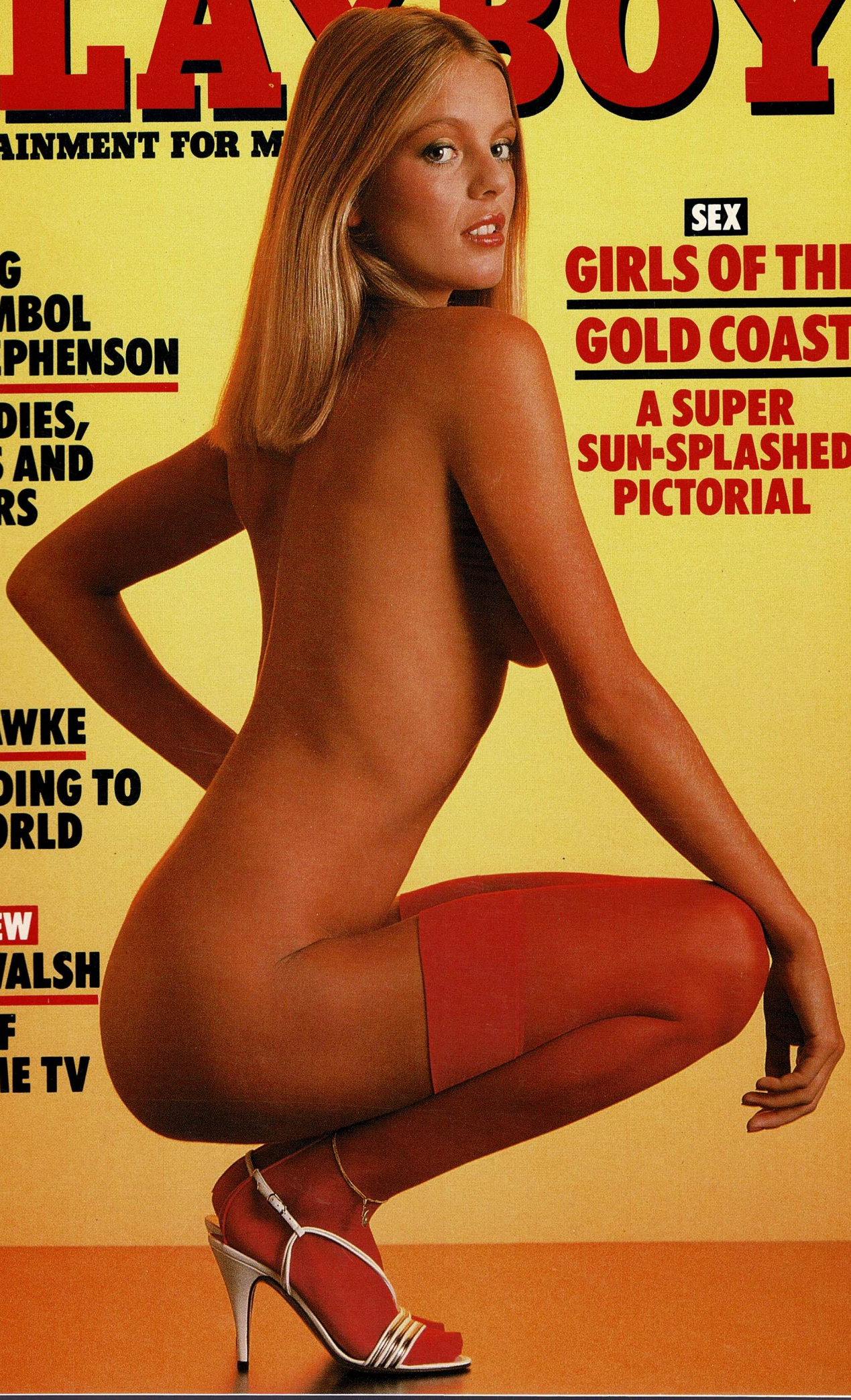
AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR M



SPORT

GOLFING SEX SYMBOL JAN STEPHENSON

ON BIRDIES, BLOKES AND BUNKERS

SEX

GIRLS OF THE GOLD COAST

A SUPER SUN-SPLASHED PICTORIAL

POLITICS

BOB HAWKE

ACCORDING TO THE WORLD

INTERVIEW

MIKE WALSH

KING OF DAYTIME TV

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PLAYBILL

AUSTRALIA'S place in the global scheme of things took a nudge on March 6 with the election of Bob Hawke's Labor Government. Five months later, it's worth examining just where the Hawke regime has placed us in the eyes of the world. Freelancer **Chris Pritchard** called on his contacts as a correspondent for leading overseas publications to assemble the world's views on the ascent of Hawke. Pritchard's report is the barrel-end view of Australian foreign policy, portraying this country's real role in world affairs. The illustration came from **Frants Kantor.**

In TV parlance, mega-star equals mega-bucks, and on both counts Mike Walsh is a winner. **Alex Shabs** relentlessly pursued Walsh for six months before the elusive king of daytime talk-variety agreed to do the PLAYBOY Interview. In the most exhaustive insight of his career, Walsh talks about ambition, network intrigue, his privacy and the pressures of live television.

August has yielded a bumper crop of beautiful women, starting with our second sojourn to furnish a Girls of the Gold Coast pictorial. Photographer **Rico Mettbach** was the man assigned to the job and he returned with five stunning examples of the Gold Coast's finest.

We caught our first glimpse of beautiful Marianne Gravatte in the December 1982 edition and on that showing it comes as no surprise to greet her crowning as US Playmate of the Year. In a stunning pictorial to mark the event, **Richard Fegley** has captured Marianne at her very best.

As one of the world's sexiest (and most successful) athletes, Jan Stephenson has a lot going for her. PLAYBOY teed the golf star up for 20 probing questions, and with the accompanying portrait shot as evidence, you'll see why the fans are flocking to watch the girls play golf.

The August Playmate is gorgeous Swiss Jolanda Egger, photographed by **Pompeo Posar.** In keeping with PLAYBOY's pacesetting nature, a pair of beautiful wives and mothers invite us into their bedrooms in the World of Playboy.

It says something about the man that Australia's leading exponent of the martial art of karate should locate his headquarters in Cairns rather than one of the capitals. Writer **Robert Reid** located Kazue Matsumoto at his north Queensland clinic to provide a compelling profile. The artwork was crafted by **Miles Parnell.**

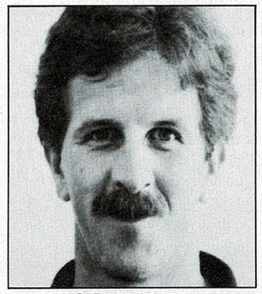
The lore of the highway dictates that the road must boast more than its share of characters. Freelance photographer **Jim Sheldon** accompanied associate editor **Neil Jameson** on a Pacific Highway idyll and the pair returned with a cast of characters we'd like to take the time to meet.

Don't for one moment believe that the genius behind the video-game craze rests with a white-smocked clutch of robots. In The Second Coming of Nolan Bushnell, **David Owen** profiles how the Atari man is turning a micro-chip of an idea into yet another fortune.

Technology has taken over in the confines of your car to offer mobile quality sound as you've never heard it before. PLAYBOY's motoring editor, **Rob Luck**, matched minds with audio expert **Richard Timmins** to define the realms of Hi-Way Fidelity and how you can achieve it. **Neil Vavoi** supplied the futuristic artwork.

The fiction store is well stocked, with staffer **Steve Bunk** filing Beginnings, the story of Frank's good-times philosophy and why nobody understands it. **Chet Williamson**'s snappy story of a confrontation with the subscription department will leave you snookered.

If all that is not enough, head for the bar, where **Elisabeth King** is waiting to tell you the For Play rules for establishing and stocking a home bar. Throw it all in a shaker with a slosh of hot reviews, **Bettina Arndt's** Sex Advice and a slice of Men philosophy, and it shapes as an invigorating August draught. Drink up!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KING

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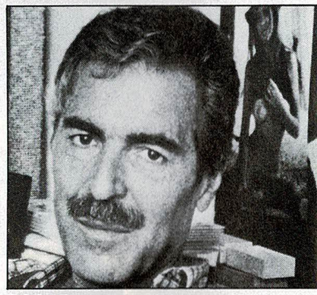
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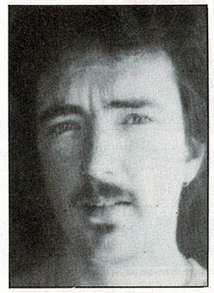
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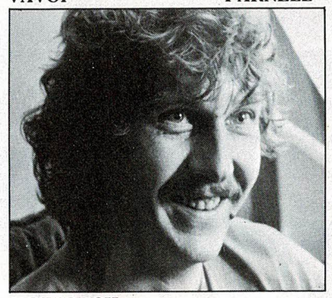
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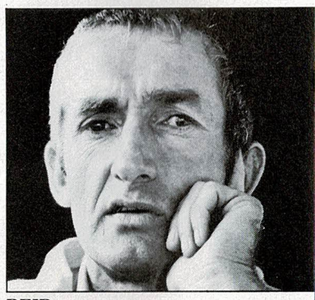
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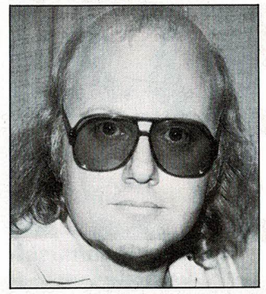
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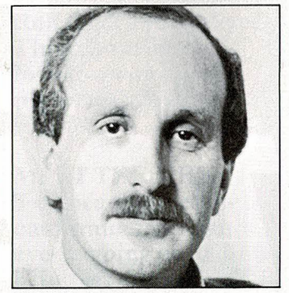
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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1983

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Photo: Rico Mettbach

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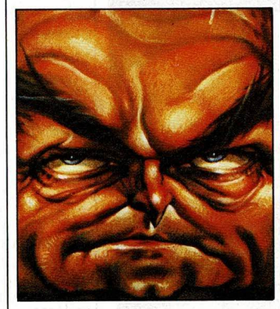

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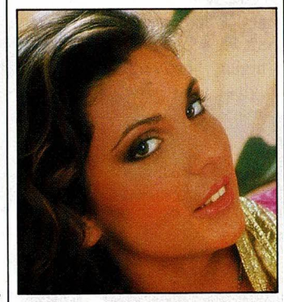

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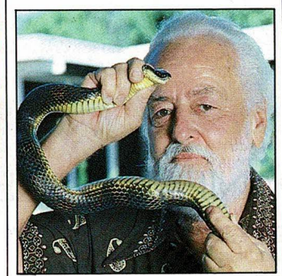

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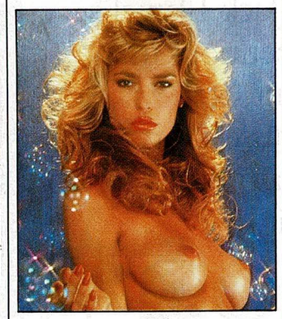

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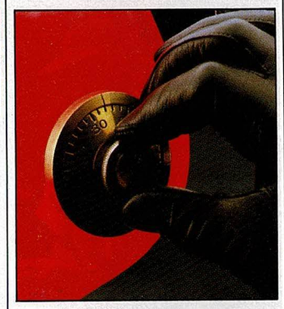

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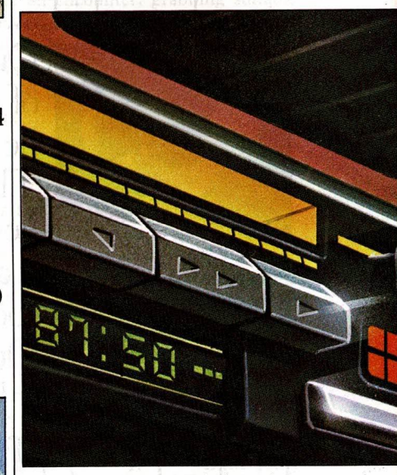

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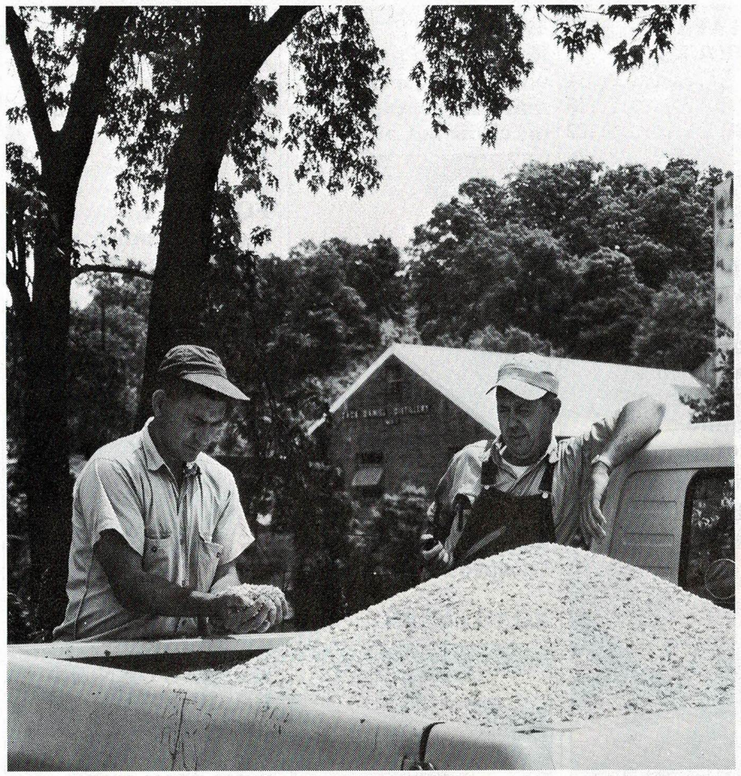

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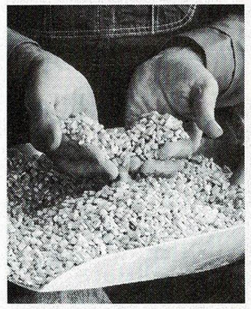

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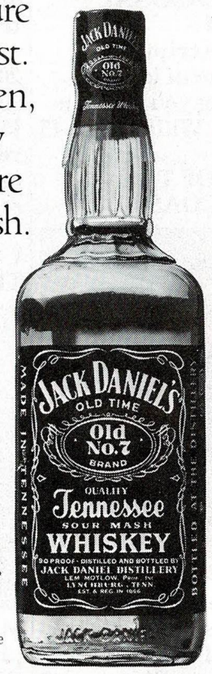

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For Girls of the Gold Coast pictorial, motor cruiser courtesy of Cheoy Lee Sales Aust, Gold Coast. Cover photo: shoes courtesy of Raymond Castles, Sydney.

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

ITCHY FEET

Thank you for publishing my contribution, Almost There, in the Dear Playboy page in the March issue.

I have been what could be called a frustrated armchair traveller, but hopefully this will soon change and my first holiday destination will be either Kuta Beach, Bali, or Club Med, Noumea.

I thoroughly enjoyed the article on Bali by Rennie Ellis in March. I have read a number of such articles by Rennie and have found them to be always very interesting, for which I would like to thank him.

The article by Rob Luck on the Cobra sports car (March) was enjoyable. We have what I believe to be an Australian equal in the Bolwell Nagari, so possibly someone could do an article on this car for Australian PLAYBOY.

Thank you for a great magazine.

R.A. Walker,
North Fitzroy, Vic.

PRAISE FOR MAYS

I guess all you guys know this already, but Melinda Mays who appeared as Miss April this year is one hell of a good-looking girl. I think she is just about the best centrefold yet featured in Australian PLAYBOY, which sure is saying something.

Photographer Arny Freytag has captured her beauty and grace perfectly. (Boy, how do these guys get these jobs, anyway? What an occupation!)

John Watson,
Canberra, ACT.

BUDDING TALENT

I would like to convey best wishes to writer Alison Owens who posed for PLAYBOY in your April issue. She is obviously a very ambitious person who is seriously interested in a literary career. It must have taken a certain amount of daring and determination to bare herself in your magazine. I'm a budding short story writer, too, but unfortunately I don't bud in the right place as I'm a male and wouldn't qualify for inclusion in your pages.

Never mind, good luck to Alison for her originality.

F.L. Jasper,
Albion, Vic.

THIRD PARTY PROBLEMS

The Playboy Interview with Don Chipp (May) was a timely and entertaining read. However, I was disappointed that Chipp didn't confront the obvious failure of "third party" politics. The histories of third parties from the Democratic Labor Party through to the Social Democrats in Britain show how even the best intentions can work to obstruct the will of the majority.

Chipp's Democrats are still a relatively new organisation and it will take time and more than a little goodwill to prove they can serve the people well. In the meantime, we should treat their claims with a measure of scepticism.

Lee Mathews,
Hamilton, NSW.

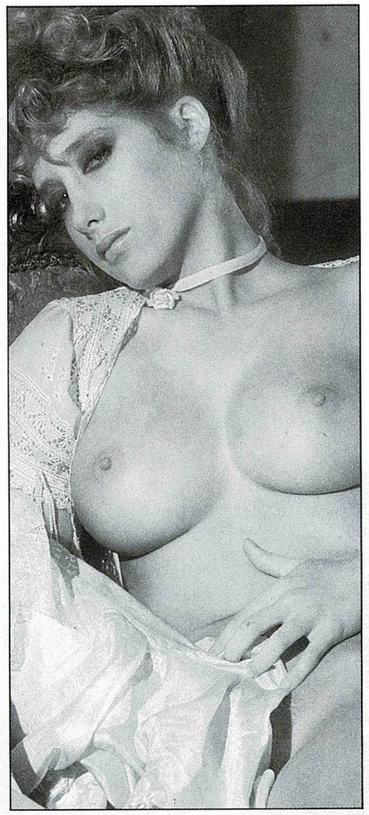
AMAZING MISS AMANDA

When I received my subscription copy of your April issue, just looking at the cover really knocked me out. Miss Dole has a beautiful body and I'm really glad that she won Playmate of the Year as I think she deserves this title.

Could I have just one more picture please? Purely for the record?

"I Love Doles",
Sydney, NSW.

Purely in the interests of research, the amazing Miss Amanda makes another curtain call — Ed.



GOAL IN ONE

Steve Bunk kicked a goal with anybody interested in all codes of football with his humorous Touchdown, Try, Scrimmage, Scrum (PLAYBOY, May). The televising of US football in Australia has heightened our awareness of gridiron and sooner or later we might even see the game played competitively here.

I.L. Fitzgerald,
Mitcham, Vic.

WEIGHT PROBLEM

So John Holmes, as revealed in The Bigger They Come (PLAYBOY, May), found fame a little hard to handle? If film-making is the art of illusion, then porn movies are the art of delusion. In this case, Holmes himself was the fall guy destined to discover the weight of that famous prick was too great to bear.

L. Crips,
Townsville, Qld.

COLD PASSION

My eyes lit up with gratitude at the sight of the Girls of the Snow pictorial (PLAYBOY, May). The slopes are a great place to meet attractive women and the apres aspect gives a snow holiday an added edge.

I make it to the snow each year and my only complaint is that alpine sex is almost anything but spontaneous. All those clothes and the problems associated with screwing outdoors in near zero temperatures mean that a certain amount of foresight goes into planning an encounter, grabbing suitable accommodation and ensuring some privacy.

But it can be done, especially if the bodies are willing. And after a ski session out on the slopes, just about everybody needs a little warming.

G.R.P.,
Cammeray, NSW.

Your features on Australian ski resorts and Girls of the Snow (May) were real winners. It's enough to send any red-blooded male off to the ski hire shop. Hope none of the lovelies who appeared in the pictorial caught pneumonia — especially the athletic Holly Cook who must have gathered a few goose bumps during the photographing of her ski jump.

Hope that you will be making this an annual feature!

"Little Joe",
Page, ACT.

Congratulations on the lovely ladies of the snow who appeared in the May issue of PLAYBOY. I was particularly taken with Cheryl Gustafson and Catherine Swanson — why not persuade these two long-legged blonde beauties to peel off their leg-warmers and pose for a pictorial?

Alex Jameson,
Salisbury, SA.

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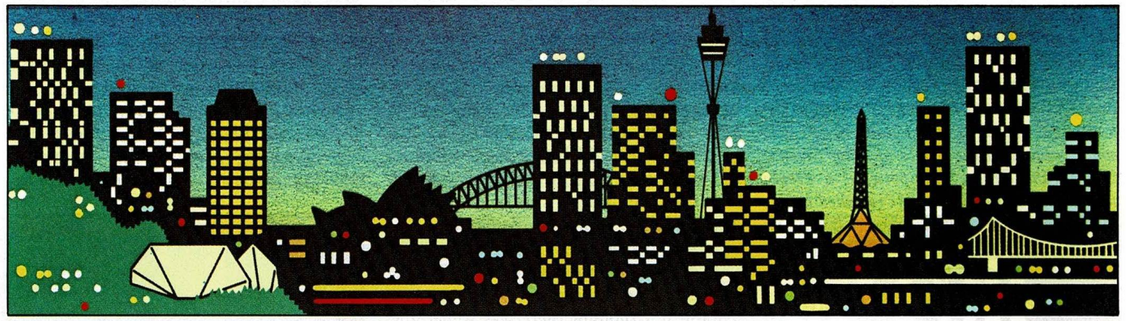
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



LET THEM EAT HASH

The two West German cops who handled the catering for a work picnic outing produced alarming responses with the serving of 80 fruit and nut cakes. A court heard that the two drug squad cops had laced the cakes with hashish, causing party-goers to feel giddy and nauseous and, uh, high. The pair were served with jail terms reflecting their breach of trust and, some might say, for making a hash of a social event.

NO VACANCIES

Sick of government institutions slapping a tax on all your favorite vices? Then perhaps you should relocate to Foster City, California. In a move that would have outraged the ordinary hotelier, the town council whacked an eight percent tariff on the prices of hotel rooms within the city environs. But nobody complained — there are no hotels in Foster City.

FOR THE BIRDS

Canberra's Hawke and Peacock aviary has nothing on the birdlife in England's crime and detection business. Reg Peacock, a security guard at a Cleveland club, was doing his rounds when he caught Kenneth Pigeon in the act of burgling the place. The police were notified and along came Constable George Bird to make the arrest — before the culprit could "wing it", no doubt.

SHORT CHANGED

Certainly not a hedge against inflation nor insurance against a budget blow-out: a recent purchase at an op-shop sale in England revealed a small fortune in banknotes stitched in a pair of women's bloomers. Police, trying to locate the owner, were obviously looking for a believer in bottom-drawer deposits.

SAW POINT

A Kentucky man who viewed seriously his wife's claim for a half share of all he owned as a divorce settlement, took to his house with a chainsaw. Intent on sawing the place in half, he had sliced through the hall, one room and some inside walls of the eight-room house before a court order silenced the chainsaw. The court also ordered him to remove the "His" and "Hers" signs he had nailed to each half of the house.

HELLUVA FALL

The righteous congregation of a Baptist church in New York thought Judgement Day had arrived when, in the middle of a service, the floor split open. The pastor was the first to disappear below, followed by the pulpit, piano, organ and finally the congregation. They were greatly relieved when they dusted themselves off, to learn they were in the church basement and not Lucifer's lobby.

BEER MINUS GEAR

The social ritual of liquor consumption often defies explanation and to add to the confusion we file this contribution, spotted outside a coastal pub: "Patrons must remove thongs and swimmers before entering." Why? To help you drink and jive, of course.

TOUGH BLOW

The curse of the Freudian slurp hexed a country disc jockey who enthusiastically plugged a hair salon offering perms, styling and the best blow jobs in town. Surely, times can't be that tough in the service industry!

Bathing beauties from the Swimsuit Australia fashion parade, hosted by Australian PLAYBOY during the Gold Coast Street Machine and Van Extravaganza at the Sundale Centre in Southport, take time out from modelling to enliven another show-stopper: the PLAYBOY Bronco Muscle Machine. Donning the latest in sun and swim gear are, from left: Veronique Gassin, Denise Robinson (who was also our own February 1983 Playmate), Kathy Tabet, Leane Wink and Janne Kerr. Needless to say, the event was a rousing success.

CHECKING IN

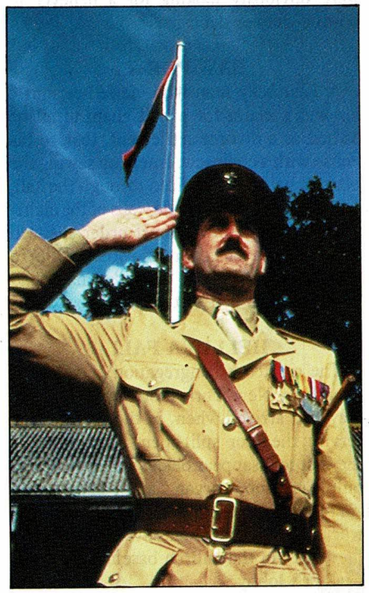
The sight of the lamppost-proportioned Basil Fawlty planting a size 14 shoe in the seat of Manuel's trousers will endure as one of the most memorable in comic history. Any viewer of (or listener to) Fawlty Towers, Monty Python, The Frost Report *or* The 1948 Show *has been creased up with laughter at the antics and appeal of John Cleese. A versatile comic, almost in the mould of Peter Sellers, Cleese (like Sellers did) possesses a deeply serious side to his nature. As revealed in this interview with* PLAYBOY, *Cleese has felt the urge to recline upon a psychiatrist's couch and is more than vexed by women and wealth. What else? Read on. . .*

PLAYBOY: Can you recall your first sexual experience?

CLEESE: I was 37, it was just before my second marriage. I don't remember it very well because he was wearing some strange uniform.

PLAYBOY: How do you perceive Australian women?

CLEESE: Australian women are the best in the world, and I mean that sincerely. They are the nicest, most down-to-earth and sexy



women I have ever met. I remember once thinking that should I decide to marry again, I'd go to Australia. That was before I met my wife, Barbara Kent.

PLAYBOY: Would you have just picked one of the bunch?

CLEESE: Well, they're a terrific bunch. The best looking girls: far better than New York, better than London. I think about as good as Californians.

PLAYBOY: Besides your work and women, what do you find intriguing?

CLEESE: I'm very intrigued about politicians and why they will never admit they are wrong. I'm also very intrigued about why the rich are so greedy.

PLAYBOY: Would you say you're a rich man?

CLEESE: No, I'm not rich. I do have a very nice house in London which I got for £97,500 six years ago.

PLAYBOY: Don't you have a Bentley that you almost drove over Elton John in Mayfair?

CLEESE: That I what!? Oh, I'm sorry I missed him. Um, let me think. I've got another 12-year-old Roller at the moment and you would be amused to know that I hire it for the princely sum of £12 a week. And the whole sum is tax deductible.

PLAYBOY: Do you still visit your shrink?

CLEESE: No, I finished with him in '78. But I'd have no objection to going back into therapy if I thought there was something else I could pick up.

PLAYBOY: Did he help you with your comedy or your personality?

CLEESE: Everything. There are many people worried about psychiatry. They think it is self-indulgent, but what they are really frightened about is emotion. That's why people are so anti-therapy, because it involves the possibility of self-discovery. When Christ said, "Know thyself," he didn't say, "Know thyself, for stamp collecting is healthy."

PLAYBOY: Are you religious in any way?

CLEESE: No denomination or label, but I vaguely believe. I feel that Christ probably knew something that very few people, if any, know.

PLAYBOY: Was *Life of Brian* your concept?

CLEESE: No, I think it was a group concept.

PLAYBOY: Is the next Monty Python film, *The Meaning of Life,* the last funny thing you'll do before attempting more serious material?

CLEESE: I don't know. There are some serious things to do and as I get older, I seem to form hypotheses about my work. At that point, writing something that's a little more serious becomes a possibility. You know, there is a tremendous difference between seriousness and solemnity. You can say something in extreme seriousness and the audience can laugh and acknowledge the seriousness of it, and that can be totally separate from solemnity.

PLAYBOY: Do people laugh when they see you on the street?

CLEESE: No, not really. People often smile: it's almost a conditioned reflex.

PLAYBOY: And they spout Monty Python material. . .

CLEESE: . . . which they often know better than I do. One of the embarrassing things is people come up and start talking complete nonsense. And I think, "Oh, Jesus, I know that they are doing a bit of a sketch and I have no idea where I've heard it or where it comes from."

WORDS TO SIT BY

For the more discerning users of public conveniences among you — i.e. those who insist on top-of-the-line loos — reading material that goes beyond the typical sketch and limerick is in the offing.

A marketing company called Creative Graffiti has canvassed 1000 public toilets in Sydney and selected some of the best as sites for eye-level advertisements. Vandal-proof plastic display boards will be mounted on the backs of doors, above hand dryers, wash basins and urinals.

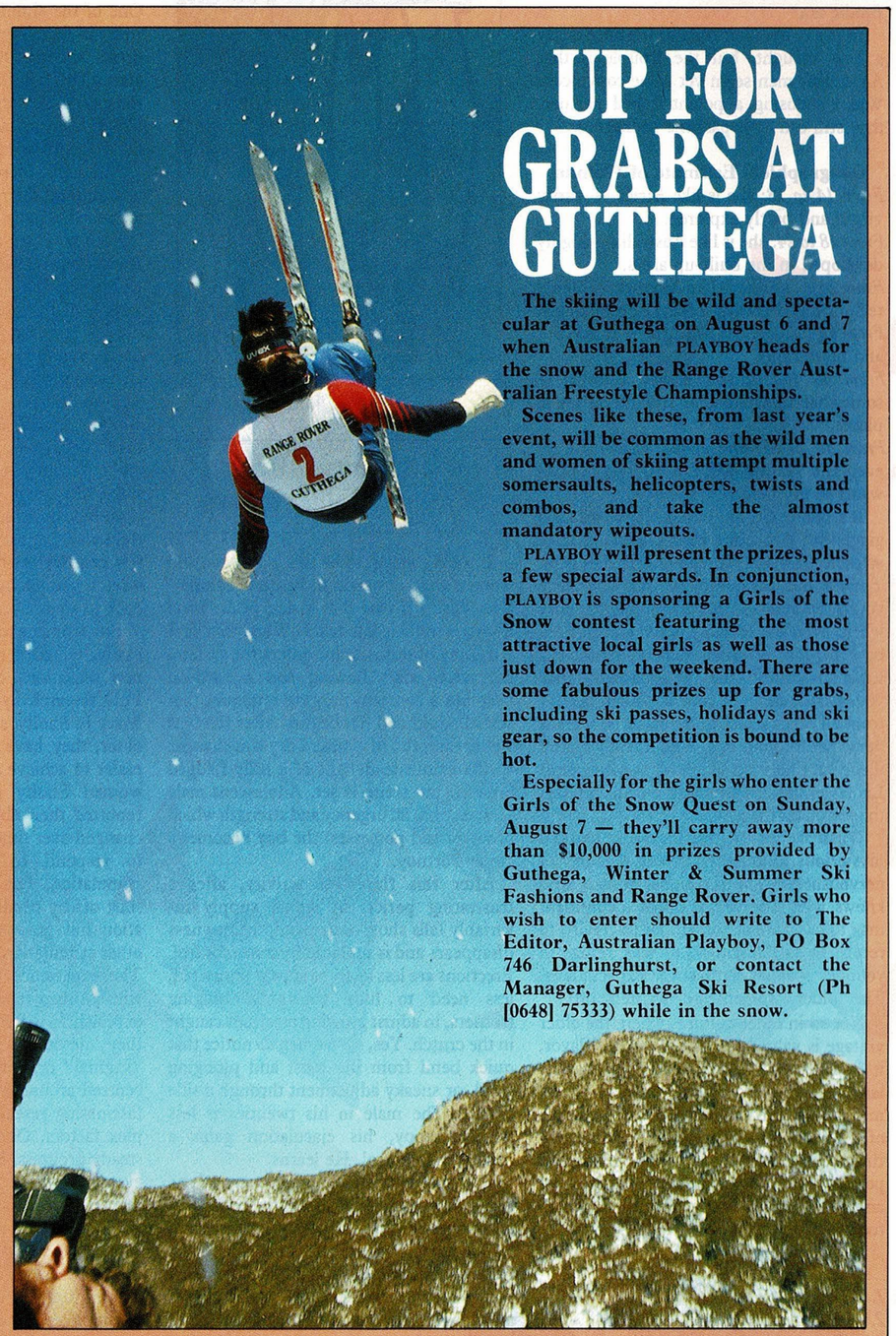
Mischa Simmonds, one of the two instigators of this cheeky idea, concedes that some products — such as TV dinners of chilli con carne — will not be suitable for toilet door advertising, but he's hopeful that a wide range of other products will be. "The toilet can be a pretty boring place," says Simmonds. "I mean, there's a limit to the number of times you can read the instructions on the electric hand dryer."

In advertising parlance, the lavatory is a "highly retentive situation". Simmonds and company should know: they conducted a market survey of how often people use public toilets, how long they spend inside, and even what they like to do in there. One thing they like to do is read. Now, if only Creative Graffiti can get them to stop writing. . .

HOME-GROWN PORN

If home-taping is making life difficult for record companies, spare a thought for what technology has done to the porn video business. Recent European tests indicate the boom in home video cameras has caused an upswing in amateur porn. According to one distributor, the suburban swinging group is no longer content with the odd bit of partner-swapping, they now want to record the event.

"It appears," offered one sales rep, "that behind the average urban facade there lurks a Marilyn Chambers or John Holmes waiting to be discovered."



UP FOR GRABS AT GUTHEGA

The skiing will be wild and spectacular at Guthega on August 6 and 7 when Australian PLAYBOY heads for the snow and the Range Rover Australian Freestyle Championships.

Scenes like these, from last year's event, will be common as the wild men and women of skiing attempt multiple somersaults, helicopters, twists and combos, and take the almost mandatory wipeouts.

PLAYBOY will present the prizes, plus a few special awards. In conjunction, PLAYBOY is sponsoring a Girls of the Snow contest featuring the most attractive local girls as well as those just down for the weekend. There are some fabulous prizes up for grabs, including ski passes, holidays and ski gear, so the competition is bound to be hot.

Especially for the girls who enter the Girls of the Snow Quest on Sunday, August 7 — they'll carry away more than $10,000 in prizes provided by Guthega, Winter & Summer Ski Fashions and Range Rover. Girls who wish to enter should write to The Editor, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746 Darlinghurst, or contact the Manager, Guthega Ski Resort (Ph [0648] 75333) while in the snow.

SEX

australia's leading sexologist answers your questions

Call it laying some groundwork, forward planning, what you will. At 33, I haven't yet entered my sexual prime but the time will come. Who can blame me for a little advanced PR to make sure there are still men around to help me enjoy my Jean Brodie era?

In praise of older women. It's not exactly a new thought, but the trouble is that Australian men seem yet to be convinced. When choosing a potential bed partner, they still can't get past the packaging:

Geographical Estimate of Woman

From 14 to 18: she is like Africa — partly virgin and partly explored.
From 18 to 24: she is like Australia — highly developed in the built-up areas.
From 24 to 30: she is like America — highly technical and always seeking new methods.
From 30 to 40: she is like Asia — sultry, hot and mysterious.
From 40 to 50: she is like Europe — somewhat devastated, but still interesting in places.
From 50 to 65: she is like Antarctica — everyone knows where it is, but nobody wants to go there.

It's one of the old pub jokes. Good for a giggle but also quite revealing about male attitudes towards women of different ages. There's the intrigue of the sexually naive young woman — the uncharted territory where even the sexually nervous man need have no fear of unfavorable comparisons. Early twenties: the well-stacked, firm young body clings to your arm inviting envy from all other males in the tribe. When she does that for your ego, does it really matter if she isn't keen on touching anything else? Late twenties: the emphasis is on technique, the search for the new.

When we hit the thirties, we're hot and mysterious. But do I detect a touch of nervousness? The sensuous woman who knows what she wants, needs a confident man to take care of her. It's easier, really, to return to safe territory, to seek refuge in younger women with fewer expectations. The older women are written off.

Not so in other cultures where the older vintage is valued for its full-bodied flavor, its warmth and vigor. But in Australia, the land of beer-filled bellies, the man hitting middle age feels the full effects of a lifetime of neglect of his physical health. At the very time women his age are hitting their sexual peak, his body starts showing sexual wear and tear. The three sexual ages of man all too often become a reality:

The Three Ages of Man

1. *Tri-weekly*
2. *Try weekly*
3. *Try weakly.*

there's plenty to be said in praise of older women

It wasn't meant to be this way. Men and women were designed to be quite compatible. Yes, it is true that males' peak sexual desire is in their late teens. When that first whammy of testosterone enters the system, the juices start flowing and a hard-on becomes a constant nagging reminder that sexual adulthood has begun. After the first wet dream, the first time a dry run changes to the exquisite delight of a fully-fledged orgasm, the scene is set. Adolescent male sexuality has an urgency and strength which obsesses and possesses: the boy becomes a closet Portnoy.

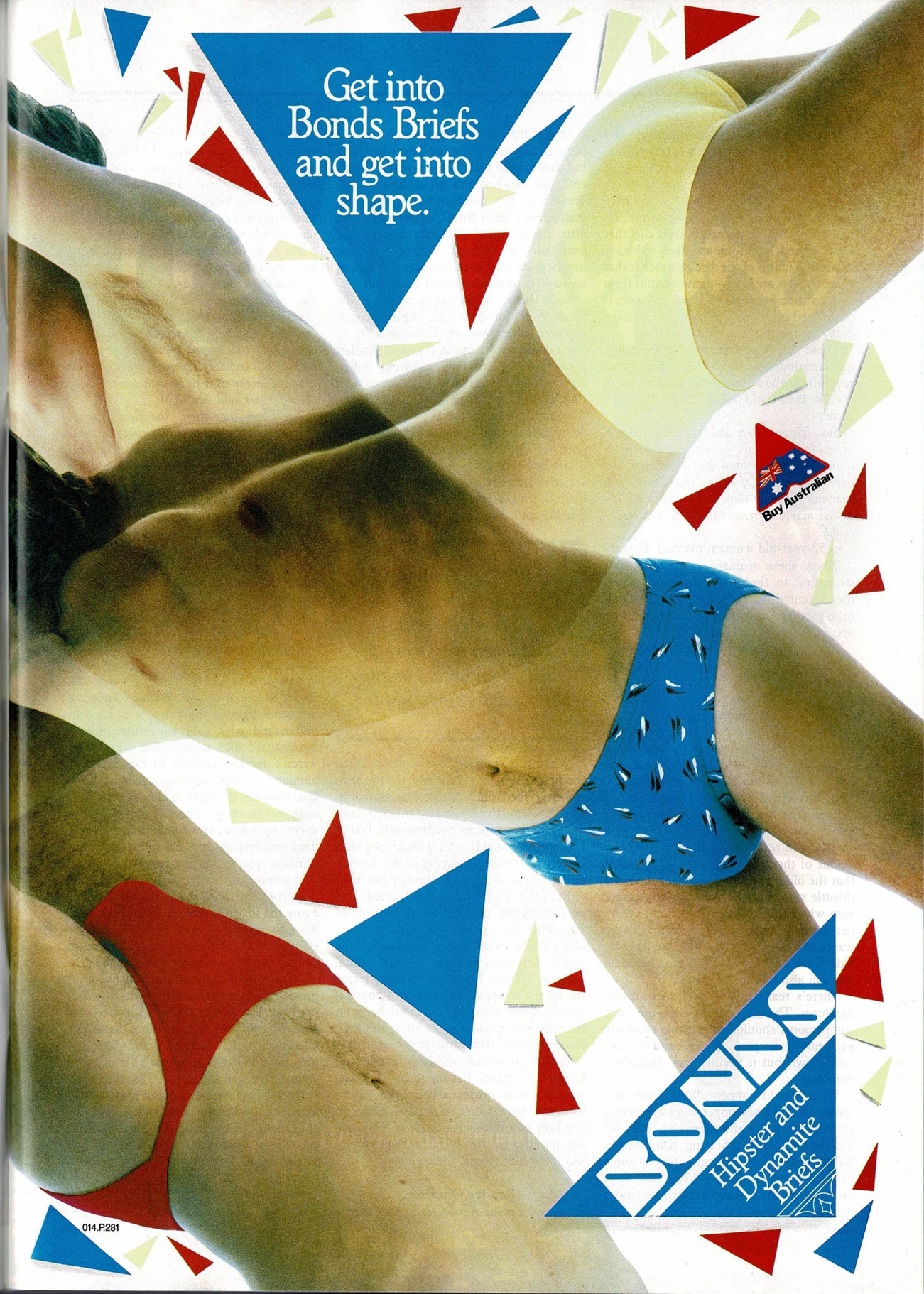
After this flurry of activity, after a frustrating period in which supply invariably falls short of demand, the newness disappears and is replaced by more control. Erections are less likely to appear uninvited, less need to hide constantly bulging trousers, to adjust growing erections caught in the crutch. Yes, we women *do* notice that quick bend from the waist and plunging hand, or sneaky adjustment through a side pocket. The male in his twenties is less trigger happy, his ejaculation gains a measure of control. He learns.

Learning is the essence of many of the sexual changes which occur in both men and women as they grow older. As the male learns to recognise the sensations, the feeling of inevitability which occurs just before he is to climax, he gains control. By adjusting his movements, through a combination of mental tricks and physical actions, he can play with these waves of sensation, increasing his own pleasure and providing more for his partner. (It's true that this control doesn't always come naturally. Some men have to be taught to delay ejaculation. It's usually no big deal. One of the simplest sexual "problems" to treat, in fact. There are plenty of self-help books which can help you learn how to start.) This control over ejaculation is one of the gifts the older man has to offer — a treat which may, in fact, not be appreciated by the younger woman.

Although there are obviously women who start off their sexual lives revving at full speed, the more common pattern is for women to enter adulthood very confused about their sexuality. It's often a long time before they shed inhibitions and learn to relax enough to respond and reach orgasm.

New research is revealing that many of these young women need very special circumstances to be able to climax. The right partner, an emotional environment in which they feel secure enough to express their needs, to explore new sensations without feeling under pressure. At this early stage, they may only respond to just the right type of stimulation, applied in just the right way, for just the right length of time. A few centimetres off target, a wee break to scratch your itchy nose and she's had it — back to square one. It takes a patient man.

But women, too, learn to respond more easily, to adapt to new patterns, to enjoy new sensations. Some recently completed PhD research by American social worker, Mary Jo Sholty, shows that as women grow older, they have more orgasms which are easier to achieve and more intense. Of the women Sholty interviewed, 97 percent reported their ability to reach orgasm had changed over time. They usually had learnt to respond to more varied types of stimulation. For instance, a woman may start off by needing direct clitoral stimulation but gradually learns to respond to other stimulation, such as penile thrusting. The experience of orgasm also changed, with women reporting that they began to experience different sensations — what they described as "clitoral" orgasms, "vaginal" orgasms or "blended" orgasms centred around both erogenous zones. It's fascinating research involving many complex factors. Obviously there isn't always steady progress. Many women backtrack as events in their lives stifle their sexual response: pregnancy, caring for children, stress, fatigue, a relationship which doesn't work. Some women grind to a halt, unable to rid themselves of the guilt and inhibitions bequeathed by their sex educators. I'm talking here about patterns, generalisations from which there are so many exceptions.



The women who are now in their forties and fifties were raised in a different era. They grew up in a society in the process of sexual change — a change described by one sex educator as: "A gradual convalescence from a debilitating disease — Victorianism. The essence of the disease is the belief that sex is wicked, loathsome and likely to lead to disaster. Victims of the disease concede that some sex acts are licit — namely coitus from time to time between husband and wife, if performed in the missionary position, in the dark, for the purpose of procreation."

These are the women who are really experiencing the fruits of the sexual revolution, the women who know what it was like before and realise how far they have come:

Sex. It's got better and better. For the first years of our marriage — maybe nine or ten — it was a very big problem. But it's changed and improved in lots of ways. Right now, I'm enjoying sex more than I ever did in my life before, maybe even more than I ever thought I could.

— 52-year-old woman, married 33 years

When these women were young and struggling to find their sexual response, they resented the eagerness of their young male partners, always there, always wanting sex:

I didn't even know it then, but I never knew what it was like to feel horny. He was always there waiting and ready and the rest of the time I felt I had to say "yes" even if I didn't feel like it. Now I love the feeling I'm a sexual person for the first time in my life. It's sometimes hard to believe the changes.

There are an awful lot of older women out there ready, willing and able to say "yes". (Yes, I *know* not all are and I'm sorry if you happen to be married to one of the exceptions.) The question is whether there are the men ready and willing to ask them.

One of the great cliches has always been that the older woman driving at full sexual throttle will be forced to seek out younger men who can keep up with her and satisfy her needs. That's fine for a fling but who wants to share breakfast with an 18-year-old? What happens if you want a bedmate you can also talk to?

There's really no need for such drastic measures. The men our own age, our life's companions, should still be able to satisfy us, peak or no peak. Male sexuality does calm down but it needn't, and shouldn't, wipe out.

What should happen? Well, most men seem to find it takes longer to get an erection at 40 or 50 than it did when they were 18. They often need a helping hand to get things moving — a gentle touch, some hand-to-penis contact. Who better to provide it than the experienced older woman?

One of the other changes which tends to occur is that orgasm may no longer be such a big deal for the man. The 18-year-old may really feel it when he's left in the lurch, all dressed up with nowhere to go. The older man doesn't suffer from "lover's balls" and often doesn't need to climax to enjoy the sensations of arousal. Without all that urgency, he may even discover the joys of sensuality, of gentleness, of touching.

So in theory, he should be just great: the ideal lover for even the most sexually ravenous older woman. Unfortunately, it often doesn't work out as it should. Rather than the man gradually slowing down, activities grind to an abrupt halt.

A lot of the problem lies in expectations. The man panics at the first sign that his penis isn't springing to attention quite as it used to. His first experience of brewer's droop becomes a signal of his approaching sexual decline. He assumes he's had it, over the hill. And the myth of the sexually spent middle-aged man becomes a reality.

Most men seem to find it takes longer to get an erection at 40 or 50 than it did when they were 18. They often need a helping hand to get things moving.

When it is simply a case of panicking at the first sign of sexual decline, the problem can easily be fixed. A little counselling can go a long way. Even when the threat is more widespread, his penis reacting with fear at his changing world — his wife developing a career, his children leaving home, his job under threat — here too therapy *can* help.

But often it's far more complicated. It is now estimated that 30 to 40 percent of impotence has a permanent, usually incurable physical cause, such as blockages in the penile arteries, damage to the sexual nervous system, hormonal changes (often the legacy of appalling neglect of physical health), heavy smoking, too many beers on the way home, those extra kilos, the high blood pressure, stress and fatigue.

Well, there you are, see the point of all my forward planning? For me to have anyone around to share my sexual prime, I need you lot to start NOW! Come on then — chuck out that beer and those cigarettes, on with the running shorts. Ready? HUP, two, three, four. HUP, two, three, four. . .

Reader Queries

I *have tried many avenues for a solution to my problem. Maybe you can help me as I have so little experience with women. I am 28 years old and not really all that attractive, but I am intelligent and a nice, caring man.*

I have been friends with a lady for nearly three years and I have now fallen very much in love with her. She has a four-year-old child whom I also love very much and with whom I have a great rapport.

About three months ago, I suggested to her that we develop our friendship into something closer and romantic. I have always known that she is not physically attracted to me, but after seeing how little respect previous lovers have had for this wonderful woman, I thought this time she might wish to be with someone who cares for her and her child.

Upon my suggestion, she flew into an hysterical rage and threw insults at me. I was deeply hurt, not so much by the fact that she turned me down, but by the manner of her knockback.

After this incident, she would not see me any more, so I sent her flowers every week, wrote her poetry, tried to ring her and sent letters. I do not want to lose her friendship and I want to be able to see her daughter as well. I don't care now if she doesn't want me as a lover; I care for her very deeply and want to be friends again. Can you help?

— K.C., NSW.

I can understand how upset you must feel at the hostile reaction you have received. It is very sad to lose a friendship that has meant so much to you. Without knowing the other side of the story, it is hard to understand why your suggestion should have caused such an explosion. I hope you weren't tactless enough to express your opinion of her previous relationships. Everyone has the right to choose their own rainbows to chase. There is nothing more annoying than to know you are pursuing a dead-end relationship and to be told so by someone who is pushing his own barrel.

Whatever the reason, it appears you have done your dash with this particular woman. From the sound of things, she doesn't even wish to return to your previous friendship. . . and that's her privilege. This must be very hard for you to accept —particularly as you are a sensitive man and have had little previous experience with women. But perhaps you should apply the advice you gave to her to your own situation. Just as her relationships may have been self-destructive, this friendship has done little to boost your self-esteem and give you confidence. I suspect you have been doing most of the nurturing in the past few years — both to your friend and her daughter. Now it is time you found someone who will give you something in return. You, too, deserve better.

— BETTINA ARNDT

VIDEO

a look at copyright, plus blood and guts on review

John Hayes is Director General of the Video Copyright Owners' Association of Australia (VCOAA). His job is to protect the legal rights of the folks who manufacture the pre-recorded titles you buy and rent. PLAYBOY asked him about the effects of VCOAA on VCR owners, video piracy and whether the video biz is in a boom or bust mode.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the video boom. At the start of the year, some retailers complained that too much growth too soon had overcrowded the market, and that many VCR owners who'd outlaid cash for Video Club memberships would do their money when the inevitable crash came. How do the video copyright owners see it?

HAYES: A lot of that talk was based on what had happened in England where many video retailers *did* go to the wall. But to say the same thing was about to happen in Australia was just sensationalist journalism. It was a bad comparison because the UK has a staggering rate of video piracy — up to 70 percent the size of the legal market. We don't have anything like that rate of piracy here, and the copyright owners have organised themselves early enough so that I don't think it will ever reach epidemic proportions.

PLAYBOY: A 70 percent piracy rate for the UK *is* staggering. Have you any estimates for Australia?

HAYES: It's difficult to come up with an accurate figure, but taking the pre-recorded videotape market to be worth somewhere between $100 and $150 million a year, the piracy rate would be somewhere between 7½ to 10 percent of that.

PLAYBOY: How does VCOAA go about catching video pirates?

HAYES: Commercial pirates, at some stage, have to reveal themselves, because they have to market their product to the public. We exchange information with the Customs Department, the Censorship Department, the Federal Police, retail stores, sales reps for our copyright owners and we monitor the press for videotape advertisements. When we think there's evidence of piracy, we could ask the Federal Police to step in, or we might take civil action ourselves. Sometimes it can take a while to build up sufficient evidence, but we've not lost a prosecution yet.

PLAYBOY: That's commercial piracy, but what's VCOAA's attitude to VCR owners who get together with friends to dub off rented videos?

HAYES: We say the solutions there are different. We're not saying take the "record" button off VCRs, we say the copyright owners are entitled to compensation for home taping and that there should be a royalty on blank tapes which would be distributed to copyright owners according to some formula worked out on sales and rental trends.

PLAYBOY: So if VCOAA has its way, blank tapes will cost more?

HAYES: Yes.

THE HOOK OF HORROR

Horror Movie — it's the 6.30 news. — Skyhooks.

The English used to make horror movies like the Japanese now make cars — detailed, dependable, durable. The most thorough manufacturer had to be Hammer Films: they set up an assembly line to mass-produce vampires, satanists, Draculas, Frankensteins, werewolves, Chinese tyrants, Egyptian goddesses and accursed jewels. Tales from 19th Century Gothic fiction were re-told endlessly with painstaking attention and much aplomb. The acting and direction were always competent, the scripts were written to a classical tradition that always had room for colorful minor players and a bit of cosy comedy.

Early Hammer films put the emphasis on the "ham", with stage-trained Thespians bellowing lines towards the far distant horizon. In later years, Hammer refined the formula to include more subtle parody.

In *Horror Of Frankenstein*, for instance, a smarmy kid tips the monster into an acid bath while Frankenstein smiles resignedly and shrugs his shoulders (Thorn EMI).

In *Lust For A Vampire*, an English nobleman almost persuades a beautiful vampire to renounce Count Dracula's spell. He doesn't quite pull it off, but he does change all the rules of Gothic fiction by pulling her (Thorn EMI).

Blood From The Mummy's Tomb and *To The Devil A Daughter* (both Thorn EMI) take themselves a little more seriously. Both involve plots to unleash fantastic evil forces upon the world and both fall flat as wickedness is unconvincingly beaten by the bumbling good guys. *To The Devil* stars Nastassja Kinski, before the name change to Nastassia. Pity she spends most of the movie enveloped in nun's clobber.

The Americans began making horror movies pretty much according to the English rules. But somewhere along the line, they wised up, moved their stories out of crumbling castles and into the heartland of suburbia. They also broke the rule that good guys always have to win: the Yanks are fascinated with the concept of evil.

Deadly Blessing (Roadshow) manages to wipe out a virile young husband and reduce his widow to soggy marshmallow as three of her friends go under the axe. Then, after she's (barely) survived an all-out blitzkrieg from devil-possessed neighbors, what happens but Old Nick rises through the floorboards and whisks her off to eternal perdition.

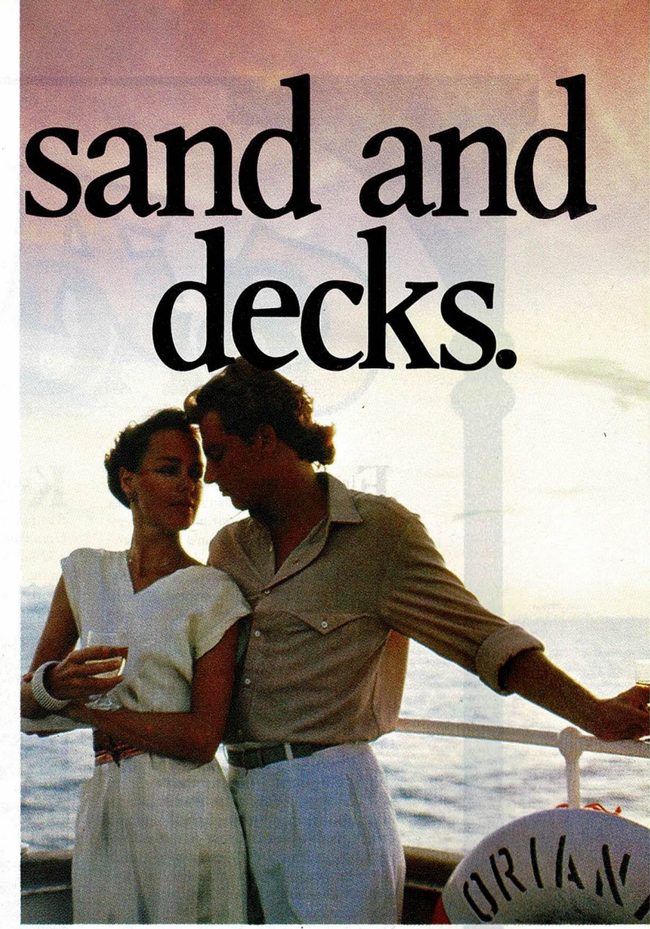
Black Christmas (Star Video) has a heroine who keeps tripping over the slaughtered bodies of her sorority roommates. The killer also makes obscene phone calls. But we reckon we know who it is: it's the girl's rejected lover. Stab! She gets him through the heart. And then the phone rings. . .

And then there's *Scanners* (Roadshow) where the villains are a renegade band of super telepaths who plot to rule the world. In the end they're foiled, but our hero suffers a terrible fate — he has to take over the body of the arch villain when his own is put through a major holocaust. *Scanners'* best moment is the exploding head sequence in the first 10 minutes.

A horror movie's greatest achievement is to make you feel — even for a split second — that those forces of darkness are out there and moving in fast. Second-rate horror is generally the pits. It can be occasionally hilarious, as with *Horror Hospital*, a frolicsome item from Roadshow's budget-priced, Vibrant Video catalogue. A jaded swinging Londoner takes an adventure holiday in a demented vivisectionist's laboratory. But most trash horror is more like *Dead Kids* (Star Video) — a messy mad scientist melodrama set in downtown Galesburg, Illinois, and featuring, of all people, Australia's Arthur Dignam.

— ANTHONY O'GRADY

Sun, sea, sand and decks.



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Every now and again we put into one of the Pacific's picturesque tropical islands.

To attempt to describe them would do them an injustice.

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For more information about the Oriana and Canberra cruises see your local travel agent or P&O Booking Centre.

Take me away P&O.

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CAMEL

CALENDAR

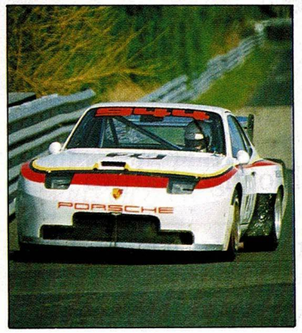
Firing Squad: The man behind the gun, or maybe the man in front of it, is Reg Livermore. His new one man show, *Firing Squad*, begins its Brisbane run at Her Majesty's Theatre on August 11. Look out for the bullets no matter what social stratum you're moving up from. Livermore has no respect.

Porta Returns: Hugo Porta, Argentinian speedster and master kicker, will be doing his best to baffle Australia's back line in the Second Rugby Test between the two nations at the Sydney Cricket Ground on Saturday 7 August.

Melbourne Antique Fair: Dealers will be out in force hoping to make a killing on everything from thumping great bits of Victoriana to four-foot-high cast iron apple peelers. See if you can catch them on the hop and take home an undiscovered fortune. The show is at the Kew Civic Centre, corner Cotham Road and Charles Street, Kew, from July 21 to 24.

Alice Plastik: First there was new wave music and now the new wave musical. This work by German writer Volker Ludwig has been translated especially for Brisbane's La Boite Theatre. The production runs until August 13.

Keeping On: Touring cars will be tested to the limit in Round 7 of the Australian Touring Car Championships at Oran Park Raceway, NSW, on August 21, in a 32-lap endurance race. Other competitions on the day include Round 3 of the Australian Sports Car Championships and Round 4 of the Formula Ford Series.

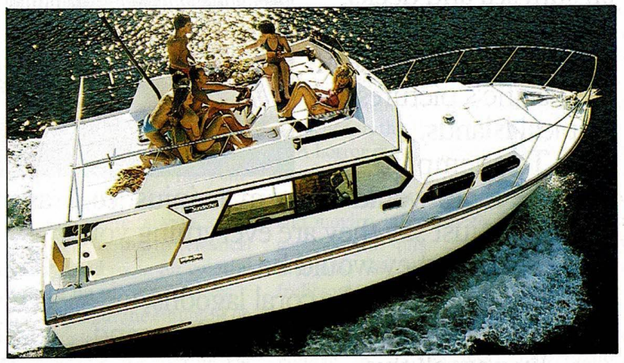


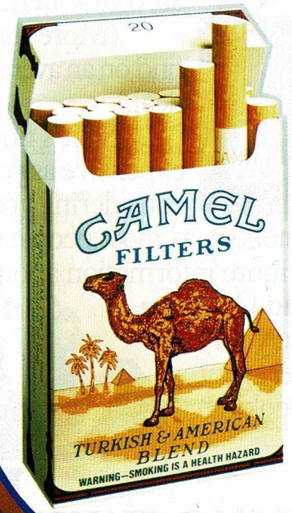
Cross Country Challenge: It's all uphill and down dale, with the occasional fence in the way, at the Ausralian Cross Country Championships in Brisbane during August. Runners from all states will participate over the weekend of August 20 and 21 at Mudgee College, Boondall. Bushwalkers, look out.

Thrust and Parry: Curses, foiled again! Fencers gather in Brisbane on August 29 to fight out the Australian Open Fencing titles. Participants from all states will include former and future Olympians. Geg Benkoo, Australia's top fencer, will be there to defend his reputation. The cut and thrust happenns, with wonderful inappropriateness, at the Brisbane Table Tennis Association Stadium, Downey Park, 86 Green Terrace, Windsor. Section finals are on every night from August 29 to September 3.

Gym Jam: It's MAG and WAG in Canberra from mid-August, and we're not talking politics. MAG is Men's Artistic Gymnastics and WAG is the same for women. Experts in Artistic Gymnastics, which is what they do at the Olympic Games, will be competing in the Australian Championships from August 25 to 27 at the National Sports Centre, Belconne, ACT. The championships are for Australian Gymnasts only and lead to selection for international competition.

Boat Show: The Dry Land Marina will be up again this year in the Grand Parade Ring at the Sydney Showground. This is your big chance to plan what to do with your next million. The Sydney Boat Show opens on August 5 and the opportunities to get yourself into financial hot water last until August 10.





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*Source: J. C. Maxwell Report Top 20 brands published November 1982.

Entombed Warriors: The touring art show of the year lands in Perth during August. These life-size guardians of Emperor Qin Shinhuang are thousands of years old. The clay soldiers and horses were dug up from the emperor's tomb site in 1974. They're here to celebrate the 10th anniversary of diplomatic relations between Australia and China. See them at the Art Gallery of WA from August 21.

Vintage Car Rally: Vintage and veteran cars take to the roads again in Perth on August 6 and 7. See the cavalcade depart from Perth's Carousel Shopping Centre at 8.30am on Saturday 6 August, heading for York, about 120 kms away. Visitors to York can look over the cars on Sunday. The drivers will probably be in the pub.

Cold Speed: Speed skaters from around the country come to Sydney for their national championships this month. The races are man against man and the competition is open to overseas speedsters. The speed battle runs from August 4 to 6 at the Canterbury Ice Rink.

Snow Skiing: All systems go for a dynamic weekend at Guthega Ski Resort on August 6 and 7 when the Range Rover Australian Freestyle Championships will be staged. More than 100 competitors (Australian men and women only), are expected to contest the sport's three disciplines: ballet, moguls (skiing the bumps) and aerials (where spectacular feats such as twin somersaults with twist are performed off a frightening launch ramp). Purely for amateurs. This weekend also offers the ultimate in apres-ski entertainment.

Alpine Racing: Guthega — the bold new resort on the NSW scene — is proving its snow and facilities by hosting the bonanza Alpine Racing Weekend on August 13 and 14. Activities include ACT Alpine Championships, Combined NSW and ACT Veterans and Australian Ski Federation Under 15 Points Race. Sponsored by Range Rover.

Those still hungry for ski and apres-ski can follow-up with the Pro-Am dual slalom the following weekend, watching racers compete head to head over parallel giant slalom courses with intermediate jumps.

Australian Powerlifting Championships: With iron in their muscles and in their grips, hopeful powerlifters from around Australia will gather at the Octagon Theatre on the campus of W.A. University to squat and press their way to fame, from August 26 to 28. Getting physical is more than a song and dance with these guys. Incidentally, powerlifting is the activity pursued by muscle-builders jin gymnasiums. . . not the same as Olympic Style lifting.

The World on Wheels: That's the theme of the 30th Sydney International Motor Show. The show promises the latest in cars, trucks, motorcycles and accessories. See what's happening in the world of luxury, power and economy lat the R.A.S. Showground, Sydney, from August 19 to 28. It's a chance to find out how carmakers think they'll survive the 80's.

Zap Kapow: Martial Arts enthusiasts can witness the best in action at the National Karate-Do Championships in August. Flying feet and fists will match it at the E.G. Whitlam Centre, Liverpool, NSW on the weekend of August 20 and 21. Winners get to represent Australia at the Asian Pacific showdown in September.

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MOVIES

dudley moore rebounds; david keith marches on

After the cloying melodrama of *Six Weeks*, Dudley Moore was a great comic in search of a good script and he bounces back brilliantly in *Lovesick*, written and directed by former Woody Allen collaborator, Marshall Brickman.

Lovesick is one of those split-level comedies that works conspicuously well whichever route you take from the mezzanine of audience uninvolvement. Downstairs, if you like, is warmly satisfying comedy about an infatuation that leads to an unlikely couple getting everything together but their heads. Upstairs, it's a witty and wonderful analysis of psychiatry itself: a Freudian slap.

Moore, as the shrink (this is *not* a reference to his size), produces an almost flawless performance in its ability to score on both levels simultaneously. Elizabeth McGovern confirms the impression she made in *Ragtime,* as the patient who germinates the seed of obsession within Dudley.

But aside from their contributions to the delineation of sensitive New Yorkers in search of a solution — any solution — the screenplay simply crackles with metaphors of modern metropolitan hang-up. With just a few short jabs, it rocks Dr Saul Benjamin (Moore) into perspective: not just in his personal idiosyncrasies but in those of his environment.

His infatuation for Chloe Allen (McGovern) triggers the same single-minded passion for which Benjamin has been treating his patients for years. But he can't help himself. Sooner or later, the male psyche was going to have to face up to an expose like *Lovesick*, and a goodly percentage of any audience will identify with Saul Benjamin, the cool, competent individual who suddenly finds himself stranded on the roundabout of the first crossroads in his life.

But whether or not you choose to identify, *Lovesick* is a genuinely funny, satisfying film — a splendid performance of a masterpiece of comedy scripting. "The message," says author Brickman, "is that psychoanalysis should be considered an art rather than a science."

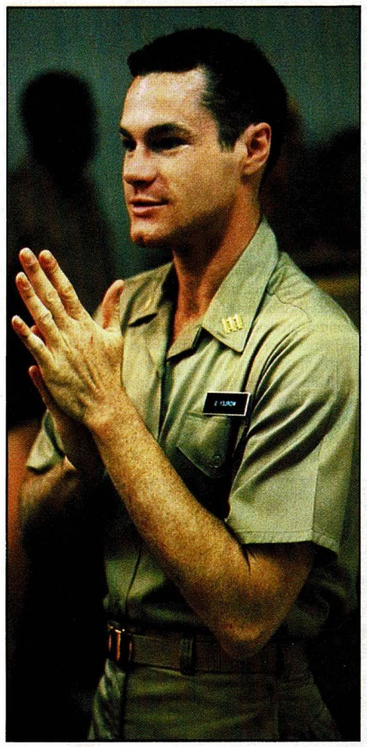
Lovesick can be considered a tonic rather than a diagnosis.

●

It may be Reagan's politics or it may be the runaway box-office success of *An Officer And A Gentleman*, but the old-fashioned military movie appears to have become the American studios' current obsession.

Latest off the production line is *The Lords Of Discipline*, a harrowing study of harsh military discipline and cultivated discrimination presented by director Franc Roddam with a credibility that raises real goose-bumps. Drawn from Pat Conroy's gritty novel, *The Lords Of Discipline* disapproves of the pressure, manipulation and mindless discipline of the military academy system while still raising a cheer for honor, integrity and the American Way. Coincidentally, Conroy's hero is played by David Keith who was decorated for services above and beyond in his role as Sid, the suicide victim in *An Officer And A Gentleman*. This time he's Senior Cadet Will McLean, whose martyrdom on a point of honor creates a moral dilemma with far-reaching implications.

Dudley Moore and Elizabeth McGovern in Lovesick.



David Keith stars in The Lords Of Discipline *and* Independence Day.

Keith's performance glistens with the spit-and-polish attention to detail of his character's values and the production also benefits by the performance of Robert Prosky as the academy's discipline director, "The Bear".

Previous offerings from both author Conroy and director Roddam have maintained a theme of a character perplexed by the values of a system whose code he nevertheless lives by. *The Lords Of Discipline* is a powerful film that makes considerable demands on its audience, both in facing up to the harrowing reality of its story and in posing tough questions in the area of personal values and idealism.

Conroy's story is actually based on a recent exposure of a secret society of cadets which manipulated a major naval college and infiltrated some of the most important civilian and military positions in the US.

●

The impact of *An Officer And A Gentleman,* and David Keith's role in it, have a further spin-off in *Independence Day,* the sharpest screenplay for a while to focus on the subject of women whose aspirations are frustrated by the hopelessness of being mentally mud-bound by small towns and small minds.

In the former movie, the girls of a gruesome factory town sought graduates of the air force academy as a ticket out of town. In *Independence Day,* Kathleen Quinlan plucks up the courage to make a break for Los Angeles and the chance to satisfy her ambition to become a photographer.

The main hurdles to clear are a boyfriend (David Keith) who is part of her in much the same way as a malignant growth, and a mother who is dying of her malignant growth, almost, one imagines, as her option for quitting town. Keith is particularly convincing as the local yokel whose face does little more than reflect the shadows of each passing day and whose plans for his girl amount to her sitting on the sidelines while he circulates in his stock car.

Director Robert Mandel throws a stifling blanket of boredom and repressed expectation over the whole landscape, then uses Dianne Weist, as the physically and mentally battered example of hometown survival, to claw an indelible and plaintive H-E-L-P message across the entire movie.

The power and persuasion of this performance kick the paving stone right off this microcosm of small town lowlife and transform a soapie into a goodie.

— ROBIN INGRAM

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It's a tremendous responsibility. Especially for a 20 year old. But as Geoff says, "You get enormous satisfaction from using what you've learnt in your training to help bring out the best in your team. And in achieving results together."

"Obviously situations which I haven't had experience in crop up all the time. And that's when I have a real responsibility to myself and my men to make decisions based on sound knowledge rather than guesswork. As a result you constantly find yourself learning and mastering new skills. And that's a challenge I always enjoy accepting. You really begin to realise your full potential and believe in your ability."

"I suppose you might say my decision to take on a career as an Army Officer is my personal 'military coup'."

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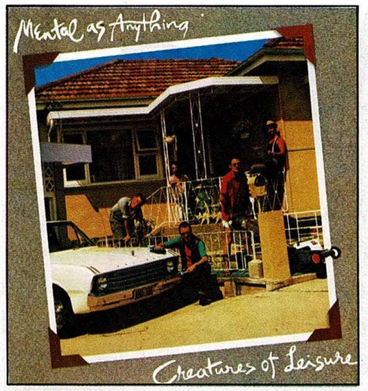

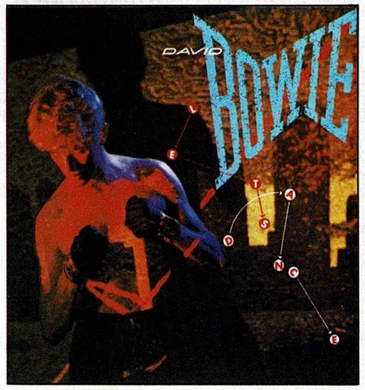

mentals, armatrading, u2 and bowie hit paydirt

Well, mow me down with a Victa, if this ain't the best album the Mentals have cut yet! *Creatures of Leisure* (Regular) trims a healthy swathe through Australian suburbia in a design that threatens to introduce Coogee to the world. Like a parody of an urban soap opera, the Mentals hover sublimely free of genuine contemporary trauma, content to make their own way. Somehow, out of this shooting range of creative mania comes a sound that can only be accredited to the Mentals.

The leg-in comes via Peter O'Doherty's single, Close Again, and the more recently launched Spirit Got Lost, penned by Greedy Smith and Reg Mombassa.

If you fly low from Coogee to Sydney you might pass East Sydney Tech, a bastion of artistic expression in that part of the world. Mombassa shows he has taken that bus route once or twice by offering a sampling of his drawings for the album package. Hang it on the wall next to the ducks while you listen to the album. When Plaza's energised Space To Let winds down side one, skip out and mow the back lawn. If you've got a tape deck in the car, you can polish the Valiant while listening to side two. Meanwhile, roll up the King Gees and do The Coogee.

●

The transition has been pretty obvious. Joan Armatrading is no longer the low-key kid who cut a couple of quietly fine albums back in early '70s England. This lady, who was once spruiked as a black Joni Mitchell, has matched her originality with the technical flair of producers Steve Lillywhite and Val Garay for her latest album, *The Key* (A&M). Lillywhite holds the modernism of acts like Peter Gabriel and U2 as his contemporary credits while Garay put the *oomph* most recently into Pointer Sisters, Motels and Kim Carnes productions.

Recognition arrives with the first track (I Love It When You) Call Me Names, and hits the vein with Drop The Pilot, a track sure to become a signature tune. The latter was produced by Garay, as was What Do Boys Dream. — NEIL JAMESON

●

Blancmange are a new sensation from England with only a slightly more distinctive taste than their name might suggest. These two boys have been playing their synthesisers together for almost seven years. But it took them four of those to finally abandon their avant-garde sound experiments and aim for the charts.

Blancmange's debut album, *Happy Families* (London), is thus an entertaining foray through the electronic pop jungle, casting up images of many of their peers, such as Orchestral Manoeuvres, Human League, Heaven 17 and Depeche Mode.

The main drawback of *Happy Families* is that it smacks of this month's fad. While it is enjoyable enough at present, it certainly will be superseded in the very near future.

●

U2 cut across all boundaries of contemporary British rock. They are a very progressive group working out of a field (hard guitar-based rock) not noted for its radicalism. Through inspired tampering with the genre, U2 have created a special niche for themselves that almost defies classification.

Though now working mostly in England and America, the group still reside and record in their homeland of Ireland and the political climate in that nation, with regards to the virtual civil war in Ulster, maintains a strong influence on their work. Whereas their first two albums, *Boy* and *October*, constituted a lyrical escape couched in nostalgic and religious symbolism, the new record faces up to the reality of extreme violence and effects a despairing protest.

The title of their third album, *War* (Island), is then entirely appropriate — to the words at least. But in stark contrast, U2 — the most melodic of hard rock bands — have never sounded more melodious and sophisticated. Gone are the guitar pyrotechnics of *October* in favor of a more subtle and varied technique, aided immeasurably by the superb production and arrangements which enhance rather than reduce the music's power. Then again, any musicians led by a vocalist as good as Bono would derive listening pleasure if they only played bagpipes.

●

Orange Juice appeal to the strong desire for warm kitsch that festers in almost all of us. At any moment you expect them to launch into The Girl From Ipanema. They are *that* tacky.

The group began life in Glasgow in 1977 and after various line-up changes they have settled on being a quartet. Along the way they picked up a Zimbabwean drummer named Zeke Manyika, who was forced to flee Ian Smith's regime in the early '70s.

Over the last five years many bands have derived their style from '60s music, but few have been so catholic in their tastes as Orange Juice. Think of the Small Faces playing the Burt Bacharach songbook and you have some idea of what the group are about. Orange Juice are not the big joke that The B-52's were, though. They are serious (to an extent), and their second album, *Rip It Up* (Polydor), contains enough primitive glamor and moist-eyed romance to beguile the most hardened cynic.

●

It has been a long wait between albums for David Bowie, but *Let's Dance* (EMI) is well worth the wait. Not only is it one of his best and most consistent albums, but it is also one of his most conservative. *Let's Dance* could be described as *Young Americans* revisited. The blue-eyed soul crooner has become the anaemic dance floor queen.

Bowie's career has seen so many transformations that it is ridiculous to try and level one tag at him.

Thus it is intriguing that *Let's Dance* is not imbued with an accompanying persona. Bowie is apparently presenting himself au naturel. Can we believe him? Is it possible to take the album at face value, as the title implies? Why not. Especially when presented with music as immediately enjoyable as the title track, the re-recorded version of Cat People and the cataclysmic pulse of Modern Love.

With Chic's Nile Rodgers co-producing with Bowie, the record's resultant sound is up-front, clean and vibrant, perfectly complementing the material. Interestingly, the only song which falters, Ricochet, is Bowie's sole attempt at experimentation.

— KENT GODDARD

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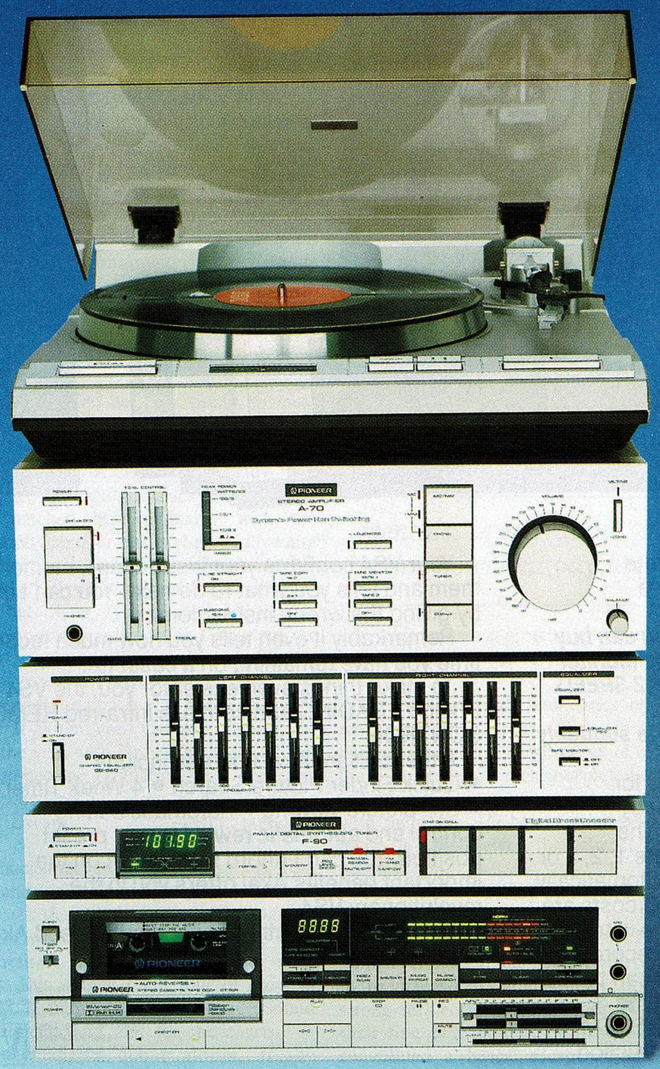

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BOOKS

Until World War II, Australia rode on the sheep's back and didn't forget it for a day. The best of our stories, our poems and our romance concerned the bush; and the men caring for their sheep were the greater part of this lore. Our pre-decimal coin, the shilling, bore the head of a ram. Our economy revolved around wool and the shearer was king. His journeying across the vast land to outflung shearing sheds made him the most travelled Australian and cloaked him with a glamor no other man had. Hundreds of thousands of them tramped this country, working harder than anyone else to bring in the golden fleece that for a century and a half kept Australia solvent.

The towns feted the shearers' homecoming with a Shearers Ball. They, more than any other Australians, removed the parochialism from isolated settlements and somehow tied together the distant outposts of this gigantic continent.

The Shearers, by Patsy Adam-Smith (Thomas Nelson), historically relates the role of sheep shearers in the development of Australia.

But it does much more than that.

It paints a vivid picture of the first settlement on our land by Europeans, throwing light on the early system of land grants to wealthy and advantaged men arriving from the United Kingdom, who became lords over huge tracts of land — with laborers coming as easily and freely as the land — and who, with many thousands of sheep on their "runs", became known as the "squatters".

To gather material for her book, Patsy Adam-Smith travelled over all Australia, recording interviews with shearers, woolclassers, musterers, cooks, teamsters, drovers and property owners — including many descendants of the first pioneers — and their words give realistic color to her story. She tells of the hard, but self-fulfilling life on the land, the treks of the shearers over hundreds of miles on foot, carrying their "blueys" to the shearing sheds; the transition to camels, bicycles, trains, motor cars, diesel powered trailers and aeroplanes, and their effect on the lifestyle of the shearers. The author deals with the coming of unionism in the 1880s and the great and bitter strike of the 1890s, which gave birth to the word "scab" and created a schism in Australia that has never quite healed.

To read *The Shearers* is to meet some of the most colorful characters of the Australian bushlands; men like the legendary Jack Howe, who, in 1892, shore 321 sheep in a day using hand-powered scissor-like blades, then, in 1904, increased his tally to 337 with machine-driven shears — a record unbroken for 50 years. And Julian A.S. Stuart, son of a convict, schoolteacher-turned-bushman-and-shearer, who was gaoled during the shearers' strike for his union activities.

shearers' tale is vivid; thrillers by ludlum and allbeury keep pace

Because she is herself a part of the inland life and has known shearers since her childhood days, Patsy Adam-Smith's book delivers a remarkably clear picture of the Australian shearer and his essential place in our history.

— LEWIS WALTER

●

From Robert Ludlum's well-stocked vault of espionage and suspense thrillers emerges *The Parsifal Mosaic* (Granada). The title is an apt choice, with Ludlum spreading the pieces of his mosaic over half a dozen countries and a score of characters. Saddled with the task of assembling this picture is a reluctant American spook, Michael Havelock. The agent quits the field following the elimination of his girlfriend on the pretext that she was a double agent. When the girl reappears, alive and kicking, months later, Havelock goes in quest of the facts.

The trail takes him inside the White House and the innermost sanctums of US power to uncover a scheme too sinister and ambitious to have been hatched by either the CIA or the KGB.

As Ludlum sets his hero unmasking agents provocateurs in a desperate chase to avert a nuclear showdown, suspense ascends to fever pitch. The elusiveness and cunning of the arch villain make for a nerve-shredding game of chess with Havelock (and reader) apparently bamboozled by the sheer complexity of it all.

Yet, like so many sand granules funnelling towards a shoot, Ludlum assembles the molecules of his story for a climactic and all-revealing finale.

Compared to Forsyth, Le Carre and Deighton, Ludlum's espionage is cluttered, gory and romantic. But the sheer intensity of the plot is enough to grab the reader from the outset, guaranteeing ultimate escapism and a rattling good yarn.

●

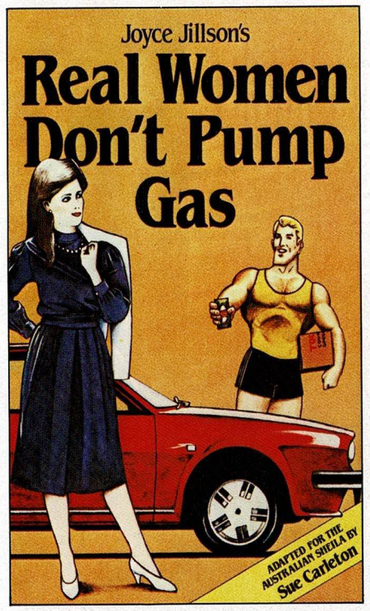
An inventive development of Britain's current disorder into a full-blown catastrophe is the basis of Ted Allbeury's *All Our Tomorrows* (Granada). In this case, it is the government's inability to maintain law and order, and the growing threat of civil war which ushers in a "peaceful" administrative and economic takeover by the USSR. Far fetched? Far from it; under the skilled guidance of Allbeury, the plot rings with authenticity.

Britain's former Nato allies raise few objections to the takeover while others consider it retribution for unsettled scores. Everybody, it seems, is prepared to let Britain stew in a totalitarian problem of its own making. Everybody, that is, except a hard core of patriotic guerrillas who, from underground cells, aggressively resist the Soviet presence.

Allbeury, a former Intelligence Corps officer, adopts the classic "occupation" ploys for this futuristic and fanciful setting. Collaborators, espionage, brutal reprisals and humble heroes are the elements, with the fighters (as were the French Resistance) finally dependent on the covert support of an external power.

Telescoping current trends into the near future is a complex task but Allbeury succeeds in brilliant fashion. Although the story embraces an impressive time slab, the author never relaxes his control of the suspense meter. As a writer capable of mixing humanism with military guile, Allbeury has few peers and with *All Our Tomorrows*, he has confirmed that status.

— NEIL JAMESON



COVER ART from Sue Carleton's adaptation of Joyce Jillson's female version of Bruce Feirstein's very funny book which was originally adapted for Australia by Alex Buzo. Got that? Unfortunately for Ms Carleton and Angus and Robertson, the funny lines don't seem to work as well in reverse. And shouldn't real Aussie sheilas not pump petrol?

When you're making love, what's she really thinking about?

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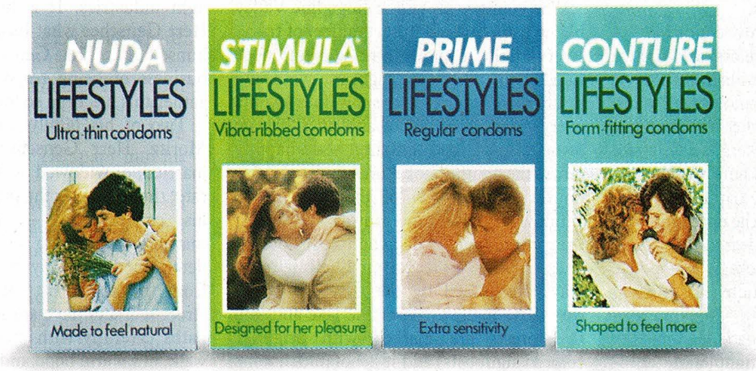

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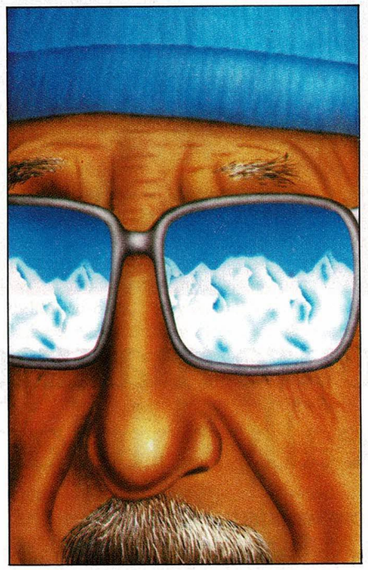

a winter of living dangerously in st moritz

Herr Genscher's first winter in Switzerland's St Moritz was 1918, the year of Armistice. He was then three years old. He is now 67 and has skied there in most of the winters between, including 1939 and 1940 when he was an officer in the German Army.

We lean now, with foggy breaths, against the windows of the *Cabine,* the cable-car. It is crowded. Everyone is holding skis. The cabin is plucked from the station and we all sway a little, though not all of us in the same direction. Herr Genscher holds his skis like the palings of a fence to protect himself against the crush. No one seems to mind this from so grave and slight an old man. The skiers in this cabin are, like the population of St Moritz below, mostly German speakers from the FDR and Austria and the German-language cantons; there are some French, Italians, a few Dutch and fewer Americans this year than usual. The English are now very hard to find.

"Astonishing that in such a year," Herr Genscher says, "the resorts of Switzerland are packed. In France and Austria it is not the same. And in Italy, you can get in where you like."

It is not so easy, presently, to travel where you like in Europe. France and Germany are so burdened with this winter that TV bulletins in the evenings give the names of towns which will be evacuated during the night. In Paris, the Seine has been flowing along expressways as if they are diversionary streams and the water around Notre Dame is so choppy that the cathedral appears to be steaming solidly upstream. The Moselle lifted runaway barges high enough to carry away the suspended gas-pipelines at Manz. In Bonn, the functions of Parliament continue now behind a retaining wall, and a news photograph from Biebergemund shows a NATO tank which has climbed, not a snowbank as its lieutenant had thought, but a row of snowbound cars.

These are not the only conditions to which Herr Genscher refers as "such a year". *The Telegraph* publishes shots of frozen railway tracks and bleak auto factories, not to show the weather, but because British Rail workers are on strike and because thousands of auto workers are laid off. And in Italy, any trip through the industrial back-blocks of the north will take you past abandoned warehouses and through armed road-blocks where police will search your vehicle for urban guerrillas.

Yet, this season, the roads leading into Switzerland are often tight with automobiles. The day after Christmas, when Herr Genscher was driving in from the north, traffic on that roadway stopped. There was no movement as far ahead as he could see. The press later reported that the line of automobiles heading for these ski fields had been 80 kilometres long.

"Neutralities are thought important only in war-time," Herr Genscher says. "It is not so. Why else would we pay the horrifying exchange?" The exchange is not as horrifying for him as it is for others. The mark is the strongest currency in Europe, but the Swiss franc is pretty much next in line and costs other visitors dearly, especially the Italians and the Americans, to judge by their complaints. Nonetheless, his point is fair, and few of the skiers in the cable-car would disagree. "In the countryside here, there is truce," he remarks.

The countryside of the Engadine Valley below us is covered in several feet of truce. Every night it snows afresh. Since both sides of this valley are high, the winds are rarely strong here, and snow falls evenly everywhere. New snow abolishes private ownership of land: children slide happily down the foothills of stores and banking-houses in full view of their astonished windows; it covers the railway line so that the progression of locomotives is proper and unfussy; each morning, clean roadways are blazed by the first courageous cars. Safe pathways over the lake and into the forests are marked with brightly-colored signposts, and it is notable that the fastidious lines of cross-country skiers who use them will keep to one side of those charming trails more politely than they would on the busy footpaths of their own cities.

Some of the oldest hotels in St Moritz are visible from the cable-car. Some have lounge-room ceilings two storeys high and hallways wide enough to allow guests to walk four abreast and yet leave room for liveried flunkies along the wall. The great Hotel Victoria was built for a visit from the Queen of England. Its chessroom has tables enough for the combat of 50 players and, set into the centre of the floor, is a grand parquetry chessboard with pieces the size of obedient children. It is in this part of town — St Moritz-Bad — that spas have warmed the ailing for 400 years. They have rested recuperating officers from the great wars of Europe: this is a resort for the belligerents of any side.

Herr Genscher is uneasy this year. More than at any other time since the war, the tourists carry an air of the '40s. After the ski-tows close, there is brisk business at the footpath news-stands in town. Dailies, flown in by midday, offer news in all the languages of Europe.

"We read them as we used to read news from the fronts," he says.

The terms they use are now commercial rather than military, but they do not read of peaceful trade. "They show the US at war against Germany in steel, and against Germany and Canada and Japan in data processors, Singapore against Japan in the little electronic pieces, France against the US in telegraphy, and Japan against everyone in automobiles. And on and on. Peace has never been so bad. For the balanced picture, we should read the newspapers of both sides. But we do not do that. Like the war-time, we prefer the hopeful figures, the propaganda."

This is an admission of some honesty, for the Genschers have a holding in newspapers. They have also holdings in banking. Herr Genscher's home and his office are both in Essen, which might also indicate the light industries. It is meaningless to ask Herr Genscher what business he thinks of himself in. The Genschers are in the business of being responsibly wealthy. I gather this has been so for a very long time.

Two of his family are with him in St Moritz. Herr Genscher is perhaps unmarried, or widowed or divorced — at any rate, there is never the presence of a wife in his conversation — and the family matriarch seems to be the sister. This determined old lady makes one journey from the apartment each day. After the street-workers have sprinkled the slippery paths carefully with gravel, she takes her walk, in a warm hood and a long fur she will soon be too frail to support, leaves charcuteries and boutiques behind without a glance, takes a footbridge across the railway line to reach the frozen lake and the skating-rink. Here, until midday, she watches from the boards while young girls trace figures onto the ice, applauding their best passes and performing the ideal position for the arm or the leg with great steadiness, although her hand sometimes rests on the rail. A few of her favorites know that she was winning points for grace and precision in competitions before any of them were born.

The nephew, Erich, evidently has a liking for dangerous sports. His uncle seems relieved that he is no longer seen on the ski-jump, but Erich still rides bobsled and skis well in the downhill where his reputation is not so much for skill as for the time he spends in the air. "Erich has a good nerve," his uncle remarks, "but the control is the problem." Since Erich is someday to control the Genscher fortunes, I gather nerve is not enough.

We are to meet Erich at the top station. Herr Genscher checks his watch. "If we are not too late," he says. "Young men are impatient."

Sudden darkening at the windows shows we are into the station. Before movement has yet stopped, skiers stream out onto the platform, to the clatter of colliding skis. A pretty American woman drops her mitten underfoot. Before she can retrieve it, the mitten is gone, lost between the platform and the cable-car. Her husband looks worried. "Don't look down there, honey," he tells her, "it'll only upset you." He tugs her away. "It was the color," she says. She is dressed from head to toe in candy pink. "I hope you realise it was the exact *color.*"

Outside the terminal, the sun is bright. The air is brittle, pure, and pains the nostrils. Skiers are everywhere. T-bars to the higher slopes are busy. The towlines lift a fresh pair of skiers unerringly every eight and a half seconds, as if they were strings drawing out duplicates of the human form stamped from a roller. Lines of them stretch out of sight.

Everyone from the *Cabine* has dispersed, except the pink American woman who has lost her mitten. She is plodding back into the terminal to demand some action by the authorities.

Herr Genscher can't see Erich anywhere. "Perhaps he has gone to the bobsled," he remarks. "I am a few minutes late." But this excuse does not entirely cover a faint embarrassment. Herr Genscher will ski to the bobrun to join him. He snaps into his skis.

"Look," he says. Over the peaks is a hang-glider. "A brief good weather, and they come." It is not an occurrence unusual enough to delay him.

"*Auf wiedersehen.*" At the rolling sound of the cannon, set on the half-hour these mornings to explode avalanches, he turns again. "Take care. It is a dangerous winter."

— JOHN BRYSON

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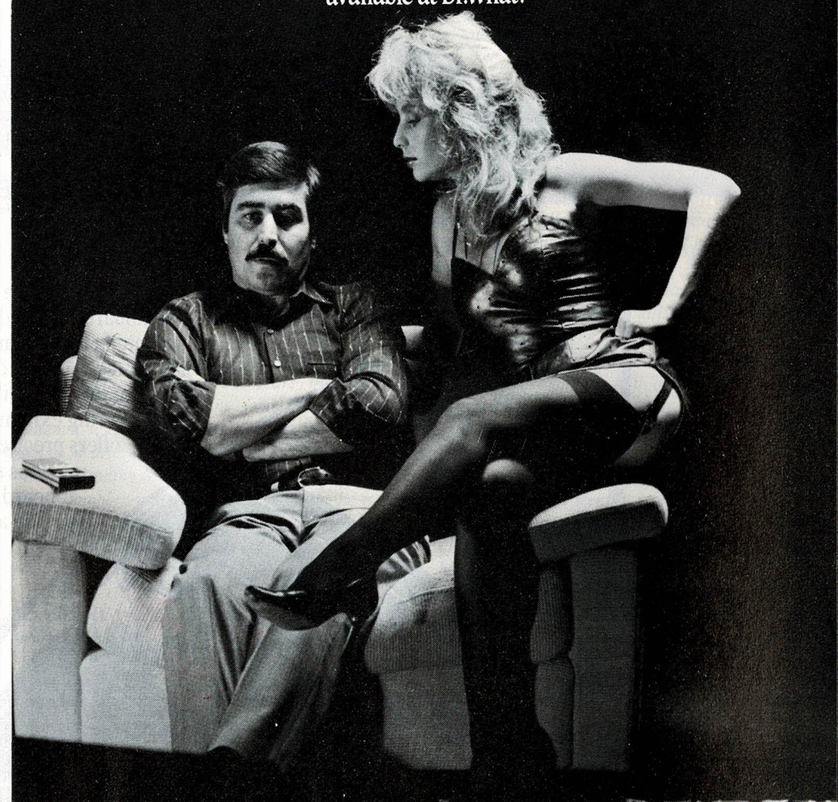

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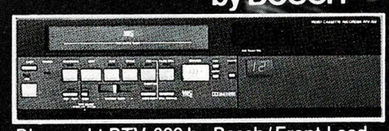

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MIKE WALSH

a candid conversation with the most watched man on television about the networks, ratings, showbiz and the sheer pressure of success

At first glance, 6 Scott Street, Willoughby, on Sydney's North Shore, looks just like any of the many modest cottages that line the streets of this unassuming suburb. There are no landmarks or trees to provide visual relief in the street, which ends in a cul-de-sac.

Yet number six is hardly what it appears to be. As part of Channel Nine's compound, the unobtrusive cottage houses a phenomenon that is of vital interest to nearly one million people every weekday. It is the base of the Mike Walsh Show, Australia's most popular talk-variety program.

The suburban setting is entirely appropriate, for no one typifies more the collective values of middle Australia than its major inhabitant — Michael Hayden Walsh OBE. For capturing the attention span of the occupants of the nation's living rooms each afternoon, Walsh reportedly earns in excess of $1 million a year.

Mike Walsh has been earning money from entertainment for as long as he cares to remember; starting with the time he screened films for clientele at his parents' hotel in Corowa, the NSW country town where he was born in March, 1938.

Walsh has always been the obsessive showman, though not in the sense of the precocious infant who pesters the household guests with cute jokes and even cuter mimicry. His forte has been in packaging entertainment. When he was three years old, he talked his parents into buying him a slide projector. A year later he received his first movie projector. As a kid he used to charge threepence per light show. He has been charging for his services ever since.

Inside the Scott Street address, the first sense of place comes from a small group of framed photographs on the wall in the reception area. They show the man and some of his regular guests hamming it up for the camera.

One of the most important cogs in the well-oiled machine that keeps the Mike Walsh Show purring along smoothly is his PR lady-cum-personal minder, Carol George. As chief flak-catcher, her mission is to keep the daily dramas and traumas from penetrating the virtually sound-proof walls of her boss's luxury suite.

Walsh is well protected: it is something he insists upon. If, after 23 years in show business, he still remains somewhat of an enigma, it is not accidental. What you see of Mike Walsh is what he wants you to see. Understanding Mike Walsh is a different and more complex matter. In conversation, he is cautious; experience has taught him to be distrustful of the media. His movements are controlled and he conveys few outward signs of emotion.

Mike Walsh's long career is very much rooted in the Australian show business tradition. He began, as did many of his peers, as a radio announcer with a Victorian country station, and progressed rapidly through the ranks to become a top-rating disc jockey on Melbourne and Sydney radio. Walsh takes credit for introducing talk-back radio to Australia in 1967 on Station 2SM.

Extremely ambitious, Walsh headed to America in 1966 to study the latest television trends and techniques. On his return, he clinched the compere's role on the national variety program Ten On The Town, produced in Sydney by the Ten Network. At the same time he continued on with his top-rating radio program on 2SM.

His switch to full-time television came in 1973, when he was lured back home from a working holiday in England to compere a talk-variety show on the Ten Network. The show radically altered the concept of daytime television and during the four years Walsh spent at the helm, it continually attracted enormous audiences.

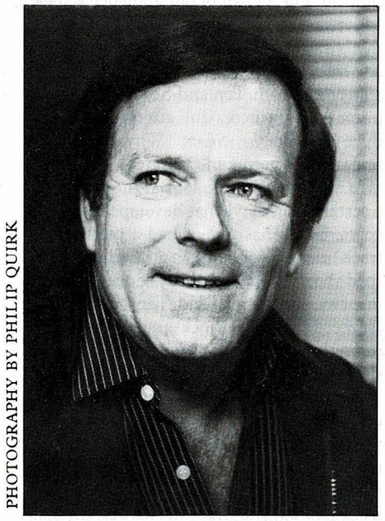
In 1977, in a move that stunned the industry, Walsh took his show across to the Nine Network.

His 90-minute, weekday variety show is beamed daily at noon from Nine's Willoughby studios to a network of 130 stations around the country. The show is seen by more than five million viewers a week.

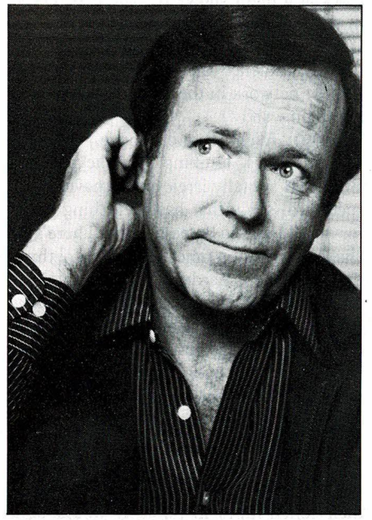
Walsh is unique in Australian television in that his own company, Hayden Productions, packages the Mike Walsh Show for the Nine Network — a situation that doesn't sit easily with the Network hierarchy. The company is also involved in stage and live show productions.

The movie projector Walsh received as a fourth birthday present has long since been replaced by somewhat more sophisticated equipment at the three cinemas he now owns in NSW. They are the Regent in Richmond and

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP QUIRK



"A couple of people were a bit stunned by our bluntness and frankness, but they accepted it after a while."



"I'm there to entertain and to get a message across. . . I don't consider the audience to be a bunch of idiots."

"I invented all these characters that used to interrupt me all the time. It was a sort of theatre of the mind."

the Hayden Twin cinema complex at Penrith (which cost an estimated $2.5 million to build).

Walsh also owns a 200-acre farm near Richmond, his personal fiefdom to which he retreats as often as his commitments allow. It is there that a privileged few see the man as his fans never will: Mike Walsh minus the TV face.

To peel away the mystery surrounding the Walsh persona, PLAYBOY sent ***Alex Shabs****, a journalist who specialises in covering show business, to interview the man who spends so much of his working time interviewing others. Recalls Shabs:*

"His natural wariness in the interview situation is easy to understand. His work has made him more than aware of all the pitfalls of public exposure, and he appears deeply committed to protecting his privacy. Our first session was tense, but the atmosphere was comparatively relaxed for the remainder of the interview. The obvious impression is that the man takes great pride in his achievements in the most demanding and risk-ridden TV format of them all. The fact that his televised image breezily disguises the tensions, trauma and intricate preparation behind the 90-minute, five-day-a-week show suggests Walsh has deserved every fat contract and Logie that came his way."

PLAYBOY: In an industry littered with fallen stars, you've not only managed to survive but have gone on to become the most successful performer on Australian TV. What did you have that the others didn't?

WALSH: Well, I haven't always been successful; I've been sacked too. I've had my period out in the cold but came back. In the last 10 years though, I've become aware of the fact that you are very vulnerable in this business. I had a bit of a swollen head in Melbourne when I was successful down there the first time, but never apart from that.

PLAYBOY: As a child, was it drummed into you that you had to be a success?

WALSH: No, not at all. There was never any great push towards success, but I think osmosis plays its part. I saw my parents being successful and naturally it rubs off. I liked the idea of being successful.

PLAYBOY: Are you a perfectionist?

WALSH: No, I don't aim for perfection, that's a little too hard. I aim to be very good consistently. I think anything you do, you should give it your best shot or get out of it.

PLAYBOY: Daytime TV is your domain. Do you think it was always ripe for the picking and you just happened along at the right time?

WALSH: If that was the case, a lot of other people would be doing it. I don't consider my show daytime TV. It's just TV. A lot of people seem to think that it's easier to win in daytime. In fact, it's the opposite: you've got no automatic sets in use at all; you have no captive audience, whereas at night-time, an awful lot of people watch TV anyway, so your sets in use are much higher. Our task has been to turn sets on to daytime television. And our ratings show that we *are* turning them. That's a much bigger challenge than getting people to turn over to you from another program.

PLAYBOY: What about the *Tonight Show* area? You have had a number of attempts in that field, achieving only limited success.

WALSH: That's not true! I had the top-rated night show in Melbourne for two years on Thursday nights. We knocked off all comers. It was only in the third year, when we changed the format radically, that it didn't work and it was taken off. The ratings had dropped down as low as nine, yet when we were axed we'd actually climbed up to 26, which is a very big rating. But the decision had been made by then. I've had quite a bit of success in the night-time field — the specials we've done have all been successful.

PLAYBOY: What about *66 And All That* on the Ten Network back in 1966?

WALSH: Yes, that wasn't successful; but that wasn't entirely my show. Sure, I've had my flops. I've had my flops in daytime and in night-time. I've had my notable failures. But you're not supposed to talk about your failures because if you do, no one else does and therefore yours look obvious.

I have a very successful show that has everything going for it and I can go home at night. There's no challenge in night-time television.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to have another crack at a night show?

WALSH: Well, I'd have to give up the *Mike Walsh Show*, and why would you give up the biggest audience in the country and the biggest network in the country to go into a night-time show?

PLAYBOY: Well, it's a challenge.

WALSH: So is jumping off the Harbor Bridge. It's totally irrelevant. I have a very successful show that has everything going for it and I can go home at night. There's no challenge in night-time. As I've said, I think the challenge is harder in daytime.

PLAYBOY: Ratings on the *Don Lane Show* have slipped dramatically over the past couple of months, especially in Sydney. Would you take over the show if asked?

WALSH: I have too much to lose. They couldn't possibly afford to put me in there. It wouldn't be a question if it came up. [*long pause*] You don't understand that, do you? That's because all journalists spend their lunch-times in pubs. It would be a pointless exercise to go into. If you're asking me if, in my old age, I would like to do one *Tonight Show* once a week: probably not. To be honest, I think I have done everything I can do in television with this show.

PLAYBOY: You obviously don't have a high regard for journalists. What is your beef with them?

WALSH: Oh, inaccuracy, completely and utterly. I just judge people who do interviews or write stories by the standards I set for myself. If they don't measure up to my standards, I don't think they've done a good job.

PLAYBOY: Are you also of the opinion that journalists spend a lot of their time drinking?

WALSH: I say that because I have put up with an awful lot of people coming to interview me who have obviously never seen the show. I would never go to interview anyone if I didn't know what their work was. I think that would be absolutely presumptuous. Most of them haven't seen the show, and they come out with the same bloody cliches about it, not knowing anything about the sort of audience we play to, or anything.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe the standard of journalism in Australia?

WALSH: Some of it is very good. There is now a good crop of television writers about. Going back 12 months, there were maybe one or two of them that were any good. My publicity people had to run the Department of Privacy, as opposed to the Department of Publicity, to keep them away. I just find it a complete waste of time to sit down and do an interview with someone if I think they are not worth it.

PLAYBOY: Can you recall the articles that have upset you the most?

WALSH: No, I can't, to be honest.

PLAYBOY: Well, what was the worst case of misreporting?

WALSH: Well, I hate that sort of "darling-of-the-blue-rinse-set" cliche. Sure, a lot of old people watch us, and I am delighted they do, but a third of our audience is male and two thirds of it is under 45. I think that's about as good a profile as you'll get for any television show.

PLAYBOY: Both Ten and Seven have made numerous unsuccessful attempts to produce a *Tonight Show*. Why has Nine remained supreme in that area?

WALSH: I think if you look at the networks, a certain house style has developed over the years. Seven has always had a pretty good track record, with quality middle-of-the-road shows. Nine has always done very well in news and variety and Ten has at times (succeeded) with shock-gasp-horrors: for example *No. 96* — they grab people by surprise.

Nine has had quality tonight shows and quality news. So, people would rather work with them because they know that everyone understands how it all works, whereas if you work at another network, you have to start from scratch, and that's the hardest thing to do.

PLAYBOY: In the *Tonight Show* area, the daddy of them all was Graham Kennedy. Do you think he'd be as successful today?

WALSH: I couldn't comment on that. It would depend on Graham's attitude. I don't think he would want to know, from what he's said to me and to everyone else, so I don't think it's a consideration.

PLAYBOY: What about the talent in the industry today, does it excite you?

WALSH: I think it's as good as you would find anywhere else in the world. Yes, it does excite me.

PLAYBOY: For example?

WALSH: I like a lot of what Don Lane does; I like Bert (Newton), he's a great communicator. I think Mike Willesee is a very good presenter and I think Daryl (Somers) has got a good boyish charm to him.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone you don't like?

WALSH: I don't think so. There are some people I couldn't be bothered with, but that's just my own personal judgement as a viewer. In the past, there have been some absolute bummers but they've gone, so why put them down again. In fact you wonder why the hell they were ever given a show. It was quite obvious from the word go they wouldn't work.

PLAYBOY: You were headed for a successful career as a pharmacist before you went into show business. Why the switch?

WALSH: I always wanted to go into show business, so I just did it. It was a good thought to get something solid behind you because in those days it wasn't the enormous industry it is now. The area I was terribly interested in was still pretty new, and the movie industry was going through a very bad time on the exhibition side, which was a major interest of mine. Radio was still reeling from the effects of television being introduced so there wasn't too much that you could be terribly secure about.

PLAYBOY: In effect, you took a calculated punt?

WALSH: Yes, and I obviously backed a winner. I think the time I spent studying pharmacy was a good period to get things sorted out. Things were much more defined by the time I got into the business. Whereas the people who went in on the ground floor, like Graham and Bert, the Brian Naylors and Brian Hendersons, came in at a time when it was a "will-it-last-tomorrow" sort of thing. There was a lot of turmoil in the industry in those days, and it was probably a good idea to stay somewhere rather safe and watch it all happen, and then make my decision later on.

PLAYBOY: In those days they were grabbing any talent they could get. Do you think the industry today is guilty of not nurturing new talent and is constantly falling back on the so-called old heads?

WALSH: I don't think that's altogether true. For example, you have people like Mick Williams on my show. He is an enormous talent who was a B-grade floor manager when we started the show. He's now emerged as a very successful personality.

John Michael Howson was originally a scriptwriter until we started developing him. No, I think there are plenty of opportunities and I don't think it's any harder than it ever was.

PLAYBOY: When you decided to quit pharmacy for radio, did it cause much friction within your family?

WALSH: No, they were cool about it. They just said if you want to do it, go ahead, but make sure it's the right move. So the onus was on me. I wasn't worried, although I worried often enough about it after I got into it. I thought, "What have I let myself in for, getting up at 4.30 in the morning in a country town to earn 13 pounds for a six-day week?"

PLAYBOY: Why did you choose radio as a starting point as against, say, the theatre?

WALSH: It looked like a very good way to develop a personality and then transfer that into television. Radio is still my first love. It's a wonderful medium for creating atmosphere. I used to have great fun with my show on 2SM. I invented all these characters that used to interrupt me all the time. It was a sort of theatre of the mind, which really is a good expression for what radio can be, if it's used imaginatively.

I like a lot of what Don Lane does; I like Bert (Newton), he's a great communicator. . . Daryl (Somers) has got a good boyish charm to him.

PLAYBOY: Was television your ultimate goal?

WALSH: As a performer, yes.

PLAYBOY: Given the restraints placed on announcers in country radio, did you find your first job at 3SR frustrating?

WALSH: I think I was having too much fun with it on air to find it frustrating. I was learning too many things. You have to learn all those physical things, like doing your own panel, which in those days was complicated. You would also have the phone ringing with funeral reports coming in for the quarter-to-nine spot and birthday calls coming in, and all that rubbish. You really had your adrenalin pumping and you would make some great boo boos.

I did the Saturday afternoon sports show once. I know bugger all about sport and I had to take three different football matches and the races from Melbourne. It was pretty complicated and I really messed it up. The result was I always had Saturday afternoons off. They put me on Sunday afternoon, which was a quieter shift because you had God and the Greeks from one till six.

PLAYBOY: God and the Greeks?

WALSH: That was the generic name in broadcasting for those programs which have various ethnic themes plus a bit of strange religions thrown in, 15 minutes of the hit parade and then God and the Greeks all afternoon. The Rev. Ted Armstrong telling you to put your hand on top of the radio set and you would be cured, and all that sort of stuff. What I did was put on a half hour tape and go and sunbake in the back yard.

PLAYBOY: You must have felt comfortable having that pharmacy diploma behind you, because it looked a pretty rough business.

WALSH: No, I didn't finish pharmacy — I never qualified, so I didn't have anything to fall back on. I'd given myself a total commitment, and that was to make it in the entertainment business, and I did.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you have some interesting experiences reading funeral announcements?

WALSH: They were classic. We used to have contests — I know it sounds sacrilegious. We used to do things, like if we had a whole lot of Masonic funerals you would always whack on a good Catholic hymn at the end. *Faith Of Our Fathers* got played quite often, and if you had an overwhelming number of Catholics passed on, it was good to put on a protestant hymn, like *Abide With Me.*

PLAYBOY: What about a return to radio? We understand there have been some big offers over the past few years?

WALSH: Well, I haven't got time for it at the moment. It depends on what I do in the next few years. My current commitment is to the *Mike Walsh Show*. But I wouldn't rule out the possibility of getting behind the microphone again.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to taper down your commitments?

WALSH: I keep saying that, but I'm still here after 10 years. It is a very hard grind. However, the moment I stop enjoying it and the public stops enjoying me, either way, it's a clear-cut decision. You just don't do it anymore.

PLAYBOY: How did you make the transition from 3SR to 3XY?

WALSH: I was down in Melbourne doing some television commercials. I'd left 3SR after approximately 18 months.

PLAYBOY: So you didn't have the XY job lined up?

WALSH: No, nothing lined up.

PLAYBOY: Why did you leave 3SR?

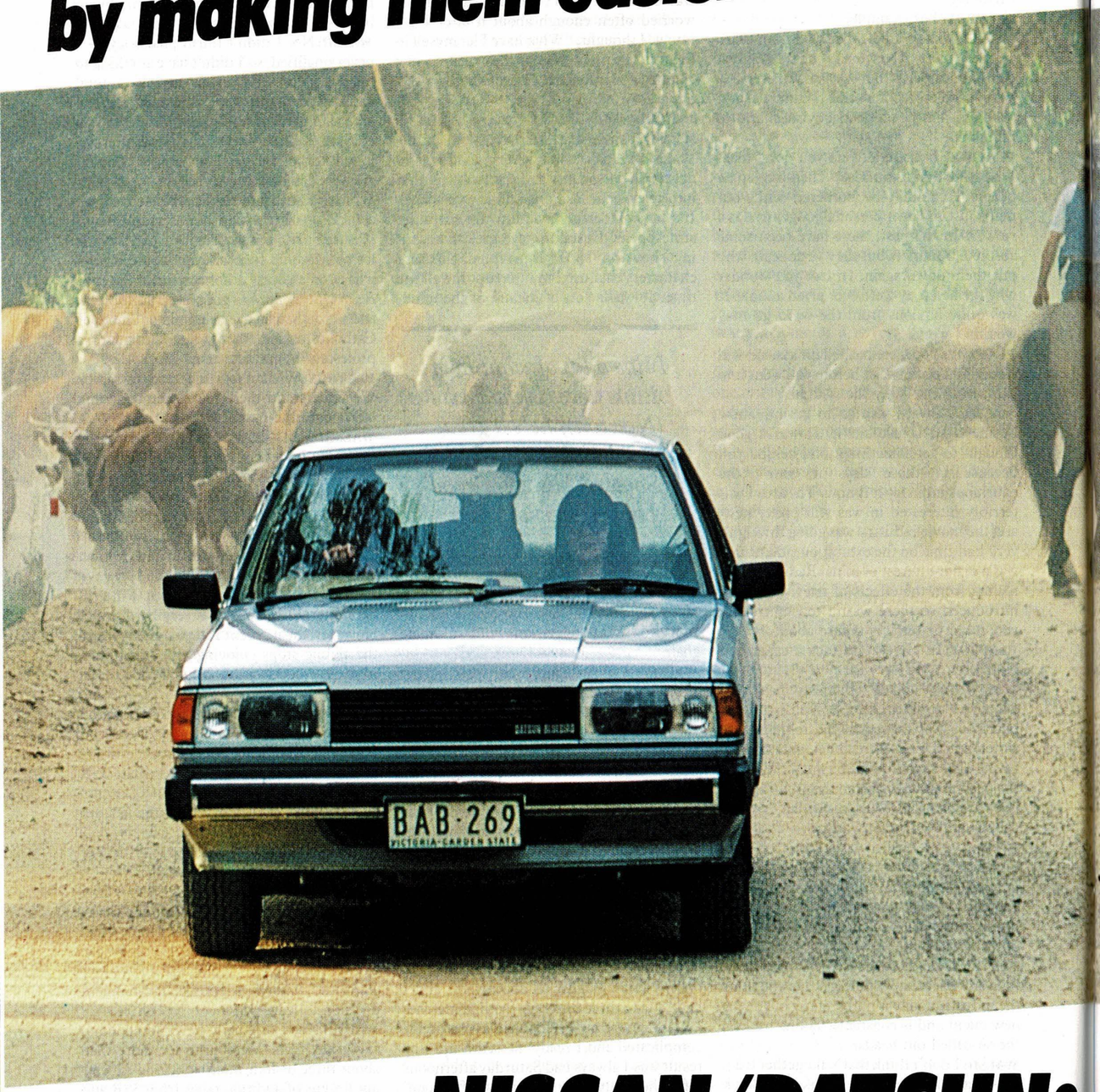
WALSH: Oh, I'd just had living on a pittance and living away from Melbourne and all my friends. And apart from a few people I had worked with in Shepparton, I didn't make any friends there.

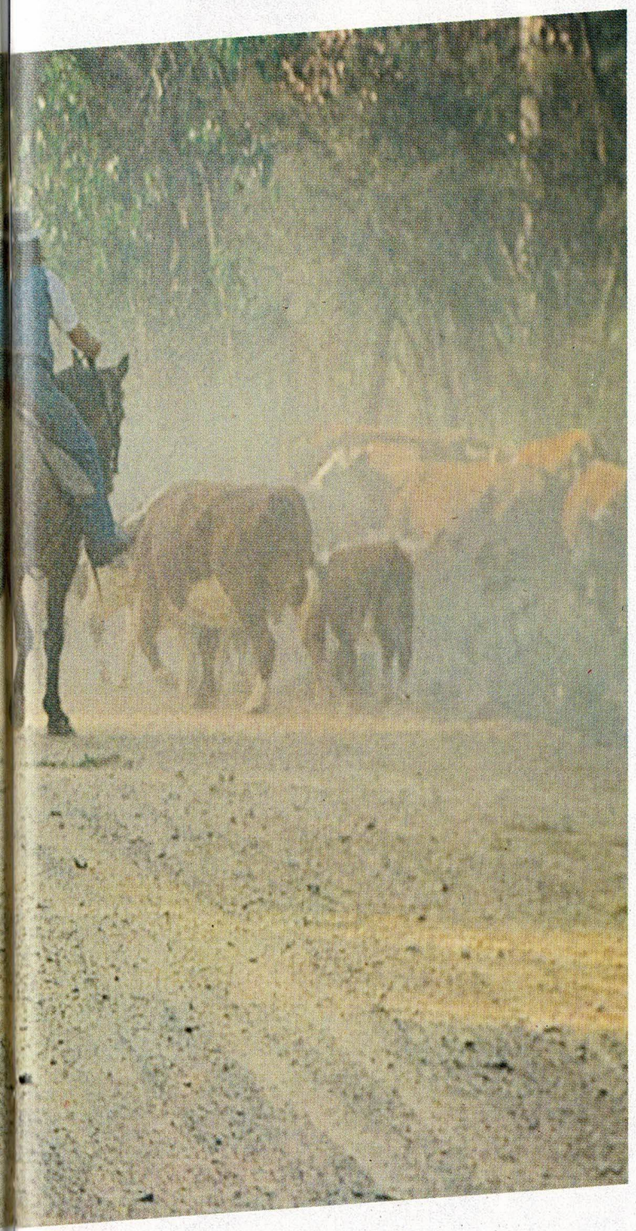
PLAYBOY: Was it a spur-of-the-moment decision to leave 3SR?

WALSH: No, I originally never intended to stay away from Melbourne for more than about three or four months. I used to send out dozens of audition tapes from 3SR and nothing happened. So, eventually after about 15 months, I just thought I would up, up and away. I came back to Melbourne and started appearing in television commercials.

(continued on page 132)

Who makes Datsuns safer by making them easier to drive?





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That's because Nissan believes that the more control you have of your car, the safer you are. So we used all our technological skills to make our Datsuns as easy to drive as possible.

We enlarged all window glass areas, front and rear, for better visibility. And designed instrument-cluster layouts so all information would be more accessible to your eyes.

We also improved Datsun's straight-line driving characteristics, steering stability and maneuverability, to counteract drive fatigue.

And we used advanced automotive safety features, such as high-tension steel plate and resin bumpers, in case a collision does occur.

We did all this with our Datsun Bluebird.

Because whether we call it Nissan or Datsun, the same kind of innovative, technological thinking goes into every car we build.

Specifications and equipment may vary according to market.

NISSAN/DATSUN: ONE AND THE SAME

DATSUN

NISSAN

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ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

HAWKE EYED

what the world thinks of australia's prime minister and his policies

"YES, BUT IS he a dangerous socialist?" It was one of those 2 am calls. Editors on copy desks in North America, having downed their morning coffees, read the day's papers and dealt with their mail, think of what to do next. A quest for the exotic will oftentimes prompt a call to Australia, rousing a correspondent who barely manages to mumble, "Oh, er, hang on while I switch on the light. No, no trouble. I was about to wake up anyway."

Three in the morning in Sydney. Noon the previous day in eastern United States and Canada. Many times the call is more for a general talk about what's happening than actual business. Background briefings, I guess you'd call them.

For instance, there's this editor I used to do some work for, a good friend, who wants to know whether Hawke's a dangerous socialist. I speculate: does he mean *dangerous* socialist or dangerous *socialist*? "Gee, I dunno," I offer uselessly. "It's too early to say." "Too early in the morning for you or too early in Hawke's term?" he demands. The conversation is going nowhere fast.

A week later, another call from another editor: "So what's it *like* down there now?" he asks. Life, I have to say, hasn't altered noticeably in the emergent socialist paradise.

A couple of days pass. A telex from an editor on a different publication: "Your cartoonists must be

opinion by chris pritchard

having a ball with leaders called Hawke and Peacock," she remarks. To date they haven't, I reply, which kills a promising idea to illustrate an article focussing on the early days of Prime Minister Bob Hawke's administration and Andrew Peacock's opposition leadership with aviary-inspired cartoons. Immediately after the election of Hawke, there was interest in the new leader's lifestyle and personality. But there was coyness, too. I filed a piece to one newspaper in North America noting that he had had a reputation as a womaniser and boozer. But the reference to womanising was edited out. A week later I was talking with another Australia-based foreign correspondent who had had an identical experience. Far from struggling to denigrate Hawke, editors were doing their best not to have articles appear overly hostile or to carry an impression that they were chronicling political liabilities. From some editors' points of view, a boozing history was less of a liability than a former fondness for the ladies, it seemed.

"Is it true he broke a beer-drinking record?" I was asked this question a half-dozen times. North American editors were fascinated by what they saw as a distinctly oddball incident during the Australian politician's university career. Nevertheless, while the beer-guzzling story earned plenty of play, there was even more emphasis placed on Hawke's considerable intellect, his earthy style and his vote-winning personality.

But US newspapers retained a healthy scepticism: they were not convinced that Australia was on its way to good times. The depth of American goodwill toward Australia is frequently underestimated in Australia. Australian music and films have boosted the country to fad status. But, even after this level of enthusiasm abates, a massive residue of goodwill will survive. Americans view Australians as a people similar to themselves, who lead a similar lifestyle.

Because they see Australians as so like themselves they find it hard to fathom that Australians opted for a course Americans would not choose for themselves. American businessmen I have talked with, aware that capitalism frequently brings widespread prosperity while socialism generally does not, commonly cannot understand the Australian flirtation with the Left. The absence of the word "socialism" in Hawke's speeches is not reassuring to them: they worry that the go-slow approach is no more than an attempt to lull the business sector into a false feeling of security. The best interpretation Americans in the media seem able to put on events in Australia is that perhaps there will be no calamitous change and that social democracy of a type that caused no major harm to West Germany will be the pattern.

But the spectre of France's Mitterrand looms large: a free-spending socialist administration vigorously pushing the nation toward a state of lessened prosperity and greater regulation. (French citizens can no longer use their credit cards outside the franc zone as a consequence of socialist fiscal policies. Electors who bear the brunt of this measure probably did not vote, in the main, for the policies that led to such a liberty-curbing restriction. Credit cards, presumably, are less common than party cards among France's socialists.)

There's no doubt that Hawke has had some success in calming the fears of the US business community. But in the short term, whatever he does will not change the bottom line, which is this: United States business remains sceptical about the aspirations of socialist governments. Socialist governments, they know from experience, may be long on reassuring rhetoric but they generally fail to deliver a sound economic climate in which business can prosper.

Americans I've talked with — journalists as well as brokers — generally found the Australian choice hard to understand. Adding to their concern were findings such as the following, reported in *The Age*, Melbourne, last April 12:

The best interpretation Americans in the media seem able to put on events in Australia is that perhaps there will be no calamitous change.

"'Individual share ownership in Australia is declining and one of the reasons is a feeling, particularly among young people, that profits are "dirty",' Mr. Nick Renton, an actuary and the executive director of the Life Insurance Federation, claimed yesterday in a paper he gave to an Institute of Actuaries meeting. He said the trend would have important social consequences. The greater liquidity of the United States share market was due to greater participation by ordinary citizens. . ."

One American colleague pointed to this difference. Americans, he observed, accept that profits and other incentives are healthy, leading to greater prosperity. Therefore, they plunge more deeply as individuals into stockmarket investment. But many young Australians, he added, apparently shun the same activity because they have swallowed the far Left's line that they will be contaminated by profit and that it would be better to sit back and share equally in the common poverty brought by removal of crucial incentives.

Repeatedly, Americans who accept that Hawke and his key aides may *want* to rule in a climate of long-term business confidence, question whether this can be done. The reason for their concern: strike-happy militant unions.

"Will Hawke be able to keep them under control?" an American businessman asked me during a conversation in Sydney. The scenario they fear is that ideologically extreme less-work-for-more-pay unions — whose commitment to Australia's present social system is, at best, flaky — may again play havoc with the country's economy, with ambitious union leaders encouraging less productivity and greater greed by inciting the pursuit of unwarranted pay claims and demands for shorter hours.

The crippling of Australia's ports, the frustration of Japanese importers who have had to face delays in deliveries of commodities such as coal and wool during long strikes in those industries — these are aspects of recent Australian history that have been well-covered by the US media, particularly by business-oriented publications. With some justification, the question is posed: is one of the aims of such strikes to promote general economic ill-health in a society run along hated capitalistic lines?

In the early days of Labor Government, with "reconciliation" the overused buzz-word, it seemed some of the more truculent unions had overdosed on sweet reasonableness. Like much of the business community in Australia, US businessmen generally don't believe in miracles or that leopards change their spots. A less confrontational approach from pugnacious unions was fine but the crucial question loomed large: how long would it last?

Americans have been fascinated to read in recent years about the activities of Norm Gallagher's Builders Laborers' Federation.

"Does he really order union members to walk off the job in the middle of a concrete pour?" an incredulous US copy editor asked me as he studied a clipping of an article about the union and its "guerrilla tactics".

In a nation where unions negotiate (often with considerable toughness) for legally binding contracts that will be respected by both sides, Gallagher's rough-and-tumble approach, with its potential to cost developers millions in lost construction time, draws gasps of disbelief. But as an Australia-based American remarked to me, "The BLF members seem to do okay living in a capitalist society. I bet they don't sit around talking Marxist-Leninism whenever they go on strike."

Two areas where strong US concern hasn't softened in the face of "reconciliation": admittance of foreign banks and the mining of uranium. Treasurer Paul Keating indicates Labor won't act soon to implement the previous Government's plan to allow foreign banks to compete with local institutions in the Australian marketplace, an event that would have brought much more aggressive competition and updated operational methods, particularly in retail banking. But Canberra says the proposal

"Yes, Rodney, I'd love to hear the big surprise. Yes, Rodney, I'm sitting down. . ."

will gather dust for a while. US and other foreign bankers note, with a residue of optimism, that at least Hawke's Government hasn't quite slammed shut the door to foreign entry.

Uranium is still an area of hope, too. One source, with links in the North American uranium industry as well as in Australia, observed: "Surely there's no way he'll cripple a promising part of the mining industry and, in the Northern Territory, alienate a considerable body of opinion."

In the opinion of this source — and it's a view held by many in the uranium industry — Hawke will move cautiously on this one but will end up with a formula to distance his Government from Labor policy, allowing the uranium industry to survive.

Labor's plan to bail out the nation's ailing steel industry is looked at with considerable scepticism by my US business sources. The common views: Western socialist governments, and some that are non-socialist, have thrown good money into inefficient steel furnaces before and will no doubt do so again. What else is new? While some jobs may be saved in the short term, the chance of this strategy leading to a thriving and competitive steel industry is generally seen as remote.

In the area of defence, there's little concern in the US. The Hawke Government's firm commitment to the ANZUS Treaty — which *US News & World Report* noted is in good shape — may cause wails of despair among the "socialist Left" faction, but it is welcomed by the Pentagon. And, while the conspiracy theorists mumble darkly about alleged CIA use of installations such as Pine Gap, it appears that it will be business as usual at Pine Gap and other facilities in Australia.

A common opinion among United States political analysts, it must be said, is that the Hawke administration will end up being a one-term Government. Sure, they argue, the Government may *try* to be pragmatic, but for how long will it succeed in maintaining this stance? How long will the usually-vocal "socialist Left" be content to see its wishes ignored? How soon will the Left demand: "Okay, you guys — now let's see some socialism." In the same way that these analysts find it hard to swallow a lurch to the left by a relatively prosperous, if economically troubled, capitalist democracy, so they remain assured voters will correct this aberration at the next federal election, having by then concluded that a non-Labor Government offers more hope of prosperity and soundly-based economic judgement. United States publications frequently described the ousted Fraser Government as "pro-business" but despite the softly, softly approach of the Hawke Government, it has yet to earn the same accolade.

When *The Wall Street Journal* ran an editorial suggesting Australians would "throw the larrikins out" at the earliest electoral opportunity, *The Bulletin* sneered that the newspaper had "ranted against Reds down under".

The *Far Eastern Economic Review* (called *The Far East Economic Review* by *The Bulletin*) published a cartoon of Hawke "leading a mad dance toward socialism". In the opinion of *The Bulletin*, "the party line for the cartoon could have come from (the *Far Eastern Economic Review's*) family connections with *The Wall Street Journal*." A far-fetched scenario, indeed. Did *The Bulletin* seriously believe that Dow Jones & Co, which has an interest in the Hong Kong-based news magazine, would issue instructions on a "party line" for a cartoon? The *Far Eastern Economic Review* is generally accepted as being an independent journal, but the comment in *The Bulletin* — which, one presumes, is proud of its own "pro-business" reputation — is typical of those sparked by a belief that there could be some sort of Wall Street-CIA conspiracy to harm the Hawke Government. Evidence of this is imaginary but, in all probability, defeat at the polls of the Hawke Government, for whatever reason, will be blamed in some circles on Big Business sabotage.

A common opinion among United States political analysts is that the Hawke administration will end up being a one-term Government.

The Hawke visit to Washington should not be seen as anything more than ceremonial: though politicians make maximum use at home of a talk and a photo with President Ronald Reagan, or whoever else is in the White House, Washington sees these meetings as little more than public relations. The string of visitors often needs a trip to the White House for domestic political reasons. Aides regard them as of minimal practical use. Real decisions don't usually result from such gatherings.

Across the Atlantic, in Britain, serious Australian matters are of little concern on Fleet Street, which, with tongue in cheek, styles itself the Street of Shame. In a nation where most things Australian continue to be considered faintly amusing, if not downright hilarious (thanks partially to Australian patriots' failure, so far, to drown entertainer Barry Humphries' drag queen act in a vat of Vegemite), there has been far greater focus on Hawke's personality and his former fondness for beer — not necessarily in that order.

British commentators with whom I've talked seem little interested in Labor's economic policies. Their own exposure to Labor governments in Britain has apparently convinced them that nothing much will change. Hawke seems fairly positively viewed, even by conservative analysts and, as one British correspondent commented to me, "he's a helluva lot better than Michael Foot", a reference to the lacklustre British Labor Party leader in whose company Bill Hayden would appear one of the world's most charismatic leaders. Hawke's dig at Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher on British television went down well, being viewed as commendable mischief. An aspect that British analysts *are* taking seriously is Australia's relationship with the English monarchy. Fleet Street, and British analysts generally, have Australia farther down the road to republicanism (under President Gough Whitlam?) than the country probably is. British journalists covering this year's Charles and Di tour of Australia agreed with the view of sources in London who suggest there's serious concern in Buckingham Palace over the potential loss of a major export market for Royalty as a commodity.

Hawke's undisguised republicanism, tied to his enormous personal popularity, could swing Australia to republican status sooner rather than later, it is widely believed in London. Oddly, British analysts — though wishing to preserve the royal tie — seem more aware of the curious nature of modern, multicultural Australia's link to an alien monarchy than Australians are. British commentators note the need for far newer nations than Australia to sever the link with the Crown — though not with bonds of friendship with Britain — in order to establish a national identity. Increasingly, they see Australia taking a similar step, even as soon as 1988. (As a republic, Australia would doubtlessly retain enthusiasm for the Royals but only as highly popular entertainers who brighten the tabloids and women's magazines.)

The importance of the monarchy's link with Australia shows no sign of diminishing in the British media. I have been asked numerous times about Prince Charles' chances of becoming an Australian Governor-General and suggestions that this won't happen are not accepted as final. The question soon pops up again. British newspapers have moved beyond this to speculate about whether, *if* Charles became Governor-General, it would be to preside over the transition to a republic or to give the kiss of life to fading monarchism in Australia.

All this froth about princes and princesses overshadows other aspects of links with Britain and the rest of Europe. But, aside from some trade-related concerns about protectionist Australia in the European Economic Community, there's no evidence of misgivings in Western Europe in relation to Hawke's first months at the helm.

How much change will, in reality, come about in links with Eastern Europe — and how much is just talk — remains to be seen.

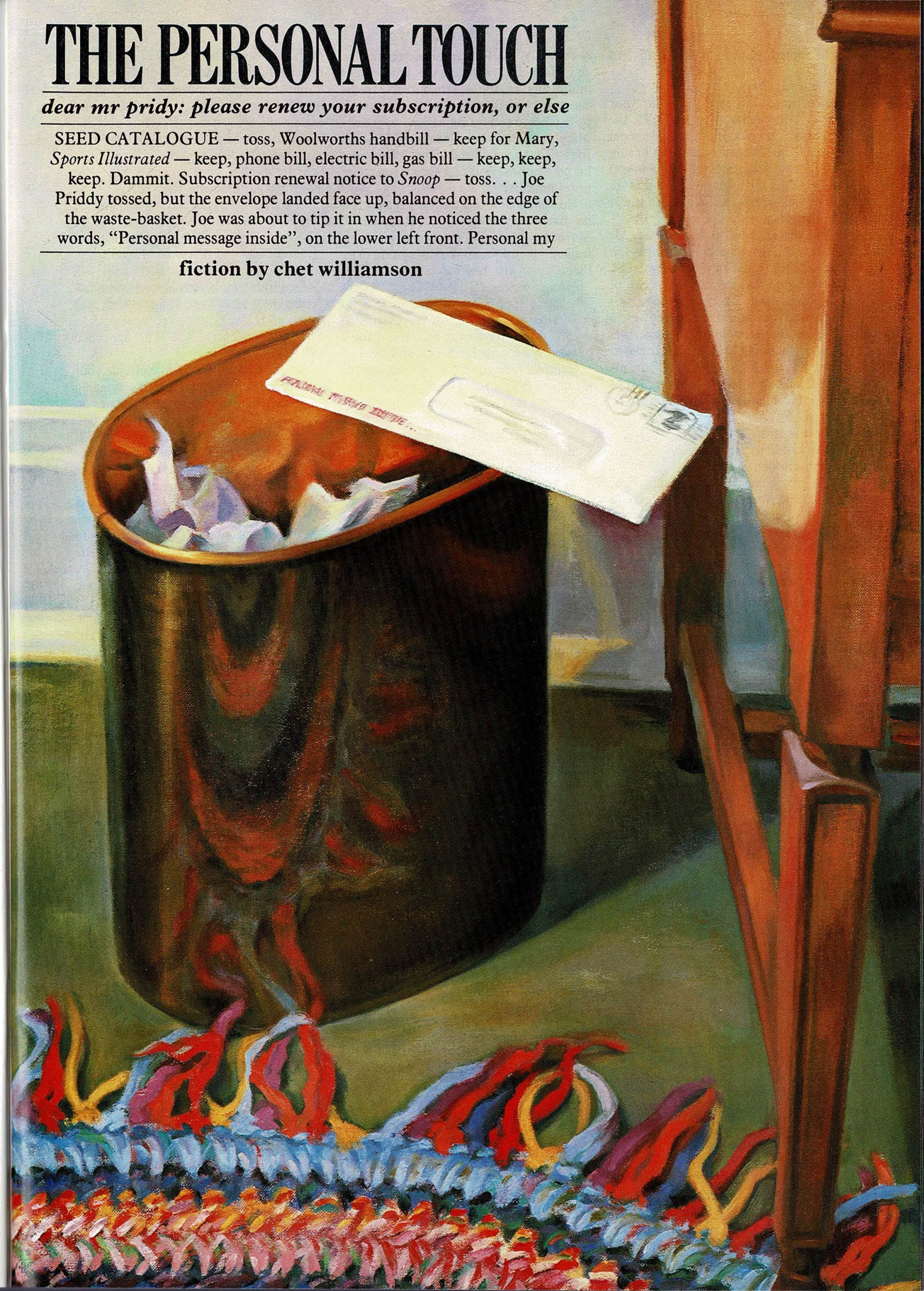
(continued on page 130)

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

dear mr pridy: please renew your subscription, or else

SEED CATALOGUE — toss, Woolworths handbill — keep for Mary, *Sports Illustrated* — keep, phone bill, electric bill, gas bill — keep, keep, keep. Dammit. Subscription renewal notice to *Snoop* — toss. . . Joe Priddy tossed, but the envelope landed face up, balanced on the edge of the waste-basket. Joe was about to tip it in when he noticed the three words, "Personal message inside", on the lower left front. Personal my

fiction by chet williamson



arse, he thought, but he picked it up and read it.

Dear *Mr Pridy,*

We have not yet received your subscription renewal to *SNOOP*, the Magazine of Electronic and Personal Surveillance. We trust that, after having been a loyal subscriber for *9 months*, you will renew your subscription so that we may continue to send *SNOOP* to you at *19 Merrydale Drive.*

We do not have to remind you, *Mr Pridy*, of the constant changes in surveillance technology and techniques. We are sure that in your own town of *Sidewheel*, you have seen the consequences for yourself. So keep up to date on the latest in surveillance, *Mr Pridy*, by sending $11.95 in the enclosed postpaid envelope today. As one involved and/or interested in the field of law enforcement, you cannot afford to be without *SNOOP, Mr Pridy.*

Best regards,
David Michaelson
Subscription Director.

PS If you choose not to resubscribe, *Mr Pridy*, would you please take a moment and tell us why, using the enclosed postpaid envelope? Thank you, *Mr Pridy.*

Joe Priddy shook his head. Who did they think they were fooling?

"Pridy," said Joe Priddy to himself. "Jesus."

Mary's brother Hank had given Joe the subscription to *Snoop* for his birthday. "As a joke," he'd said, winking at Joe lasciviously, a reference to the evening he and Hank had watched the Quincy girl undressing in the apartment across the courtyard with the aid of Joe's binoculars. It had taken some imagination to satisfy Mary's curiosity about Hank's "joke", and Joe still felt uncomfortable each time *Snoop* hit his mailbox. And now they wanted him to resubscribe?

He was about to toss the letter again when he thought about the PS. "Tell us why." Maybe he'd do just that. It would get all his feelings about *Snoop* out of his system to let them know just how he felt about their "personal message".

Dear *Mr Michelson,*

I have chosen *not* to resubscribe to *SNOOP*, after having received it for *9 months* because I am sick and tired of computer typed messages that try to appear personal. I would much rather receive an honest request to "Dear Subscriber" than the phony garbage that keeps turning up in my mailbox. So do us both a favor and don't send any more subscription renewal notices to me at *19 Merrydale Drive* in my lovely town of *Sidewheel.* Okay?

Worst regards,
Joseph H. Priddy.

PS And it's *Priddy*, not Pridy. Teach your word-processor to spell.

Joe pulled the page out of the typewriter and stuffed it into the postpaid envelope.

Two weeks later, Joe Priddy received another subscription renewal notice. As before, "Personal message inside" was printed on the envelope. Joe was about to throw it away without opening it, when he noticed that his name was spelled correctly. "Small favors," he muttered, sitting on the other end of the couch from Mary and tearing the envelope open. Could they, he wondered, be responding to his letter?

Dear *Mr Priddy,*

(Christ, another word-processor job. . . at least they got the name right. . .)

We received your recent letter and are sorry that you have chosen not to resubscribe to *SNOOP*, the Magazine of Electronic and Personal Surveillance. We hope, however, that you will reconsider, for if you resubscribe now at the low price of *$427.85* for the next nine issues. . .

(*$427.85*? What the hell! What happened to $11.95?)

. . . we will be able to continue your subscription uninterrupted, bringing you all the latest news and updates on surveillance technology and techniques. And in today's world, *Mr Priddy*, such knowledge should not be taken lightly. You'll learn techniques similar to those that have led law enforcement officials to the biggest heroin busts in history, that told of a plan to overthrow a State government by force, that alerted us to your own *four-month* affair with *Rayette Squires.*

(Wha. . .) Joe Priddy could feel the blood leave his face.

You'll get tips on photographic surveillance as well, and learn techniques that will let your own efforts equal those of the enclosed photograph showing you and *Miss Squires* at *The Sidewheel Motel* in the lovely town of *Sidewheel.*

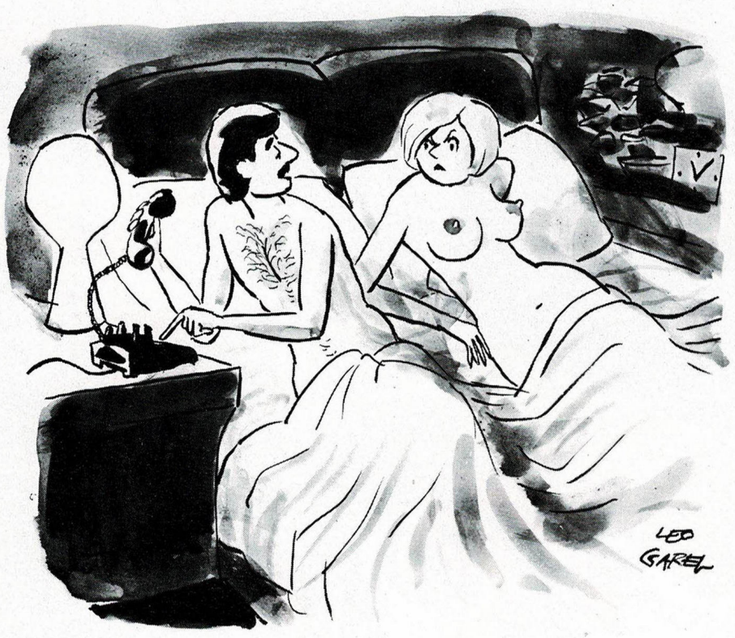
Joe Priddy dived for the envelope, which was lying dangerously close to Mary's *Cosmopolitan.* He peeked as surreptitiously as possible into the envelope and found, between the slick paper flyer and the return envelope, a well-lit color photo of himself and Rayette Squires in a compromising and fatiguing position. His wife looked up in response to his high-pitched whine, and he smacked the envelope shut, giggled weakly and finished the letter.

We sincerely hope, *Mr Priddy,* that you'll rejoin our family of informed subscribers by mailing your cheque for *$427.85* very soon. Shall we say within *10* days?

Regards,
David Michaelson
Subscription Director.

Joe Priddy got up, envelope and letter in hand, and went to the bedroom to get out the shoebox he'd hidden, the one with the money he'd been squirrelling away for an outboard motor, the money even Mary didn't know about.

When he counted it, it totalled $428.12. Which made sense, as this time, the return envelope wasn't postpaid.



"You said you wanted me to talk a while after we had sex, didn't you? Well, I'm calling Charlie."

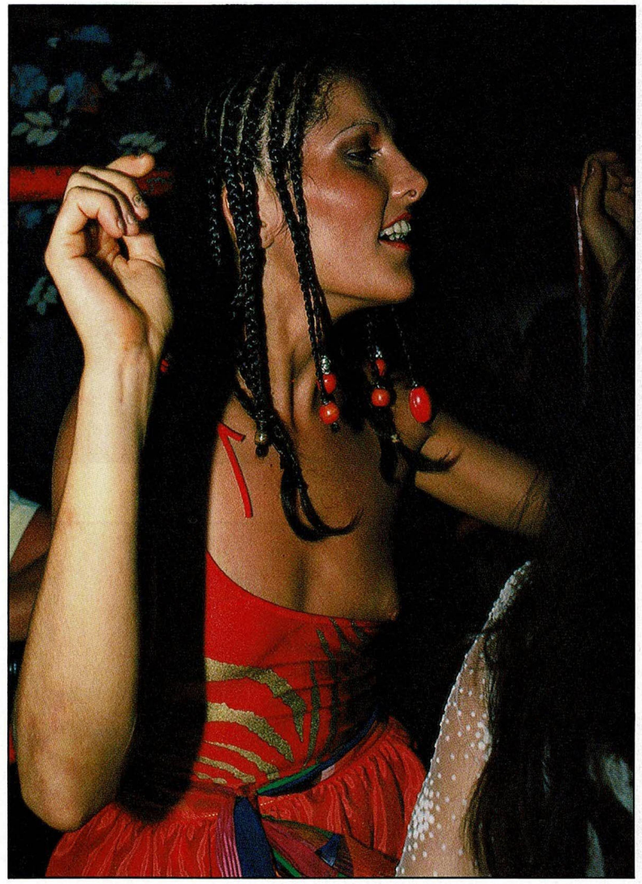
GIRLS OF THE GOLD COAST

our last sojourn in the sun left us so flushed, we decided to go back

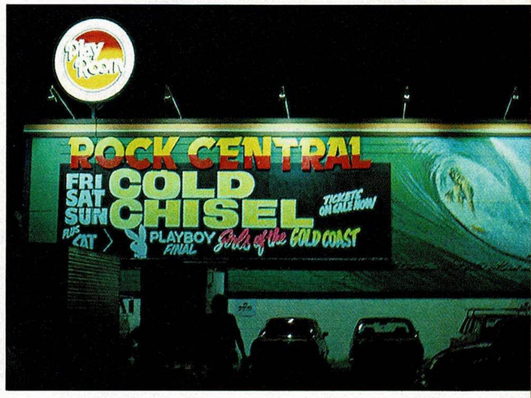
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RENNIE ELLIS, BRENT MELTON AND RICO METTBACH

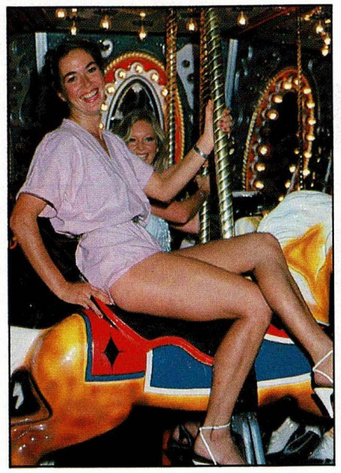
The stretch of sand from Coolangatta to Surfers Paradise may not be the most beautiful coastline in Australia, what with high rise apartments at one end and a concrete-slab breakwater at the other, but the ladies you find there are a sight to behold. The last time Australian PLAYBOY went Playmate hunting north of the border, we bagged some beauties, among them last year's Playmate of the Year, Lyn Barron. So, it was with great confidence that our team — promotions director Karol Lopez, photographer Rico Mettbach, aided and abetted by Lyn Barron and editor Phil Jarratt — set up camp during the Stubbies surfing contest at Burleigh Heads.

Left: backstage, last minute hitches. Above: topless at Surfers. Top: Louise Ralph (seen also on previous page) is not quite 18 and already vintage Gold Coast. Opposite page: Zoe Fry, originally a Brisso but the lure of Labrador and points beyond, proved too much.



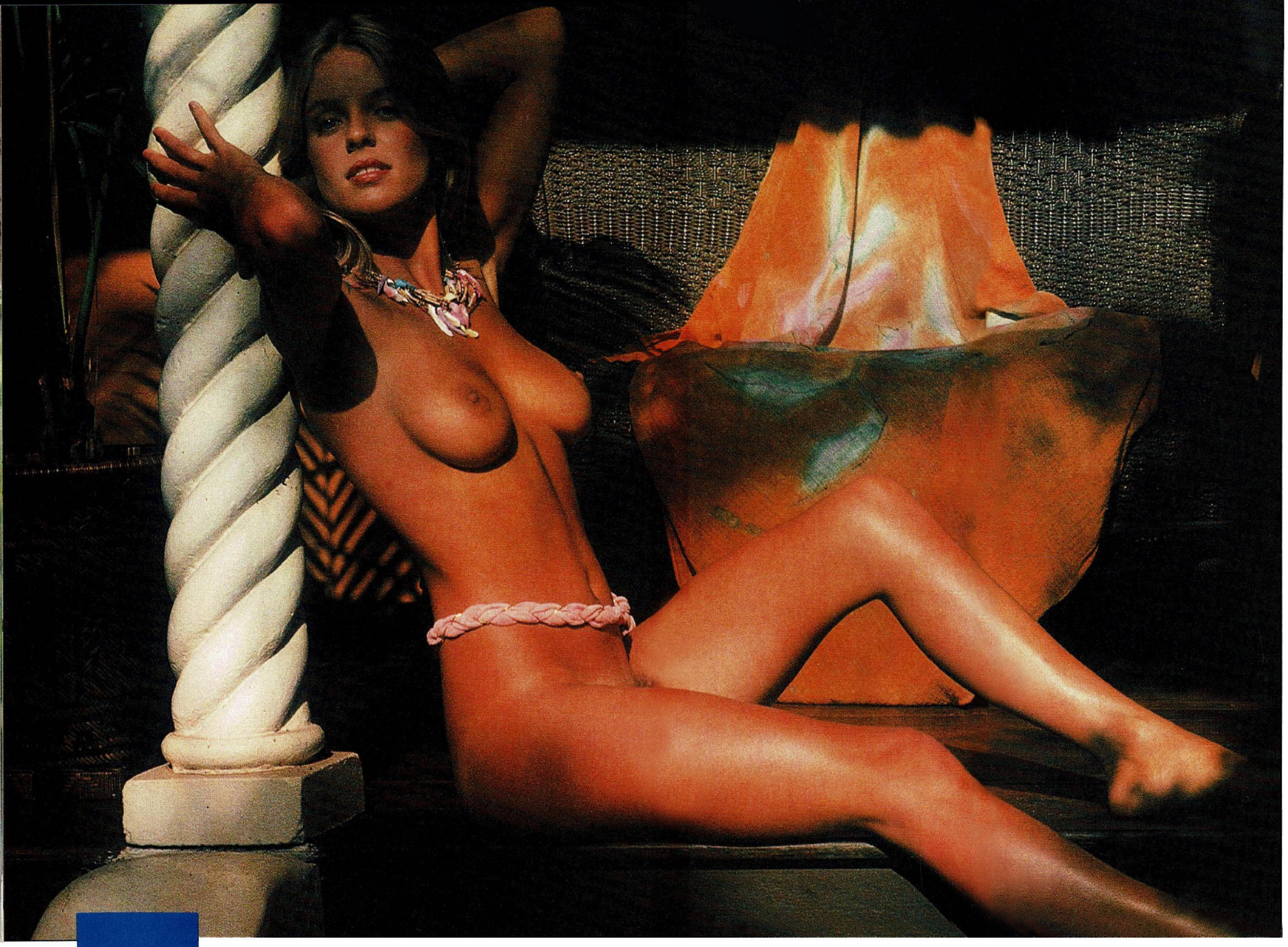
Opposite page: Cheryl Dombrowski hails from nearby Byron Bay, and when country soul gets a little too laid-back for her liking, she heads for the bright lights of Surfers. Left: all the fun of the fair; dancing the night away. Below: Satnite fever at the Playroom. Bottom: Cheryl under the shower.





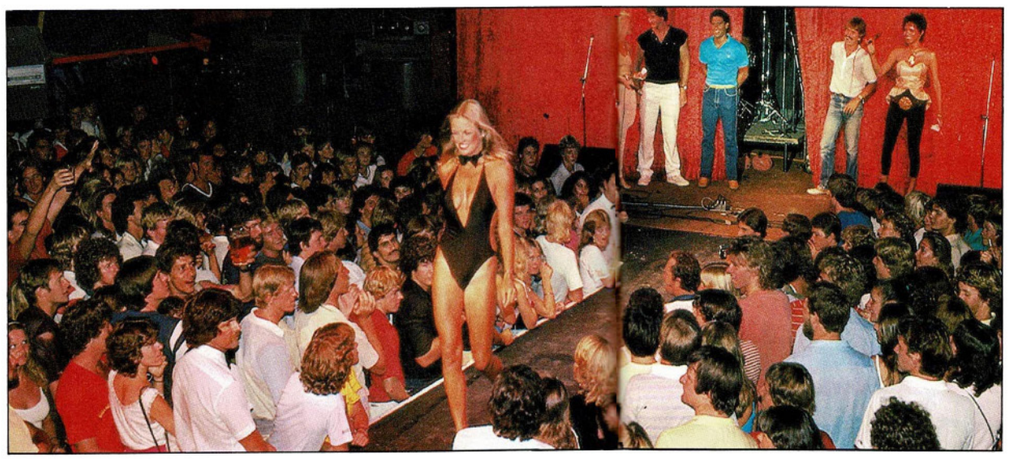
The trim, tanned and terrific girls of the Gold Coast are never more in evidence than during that week of wave-riding and general revelry. Up and down the beach, it's girls watching boys watching girls watching boys who watch the girls go by. We joined the watchers and by week's end we'd signed up 12 bronzed beauties for a spectacular Playmate Parade held (where else?) at the Gold Coast's leading rock club, The Playroom. It was Saturday night fever all over again as more than 2000 people crammed in for a night of rocking, raging and real women. All-girl band Sheba opened the show with a lively set of erotic rock and roll. Then necks craned, hearts raced and flash-bulbs popped as Australian PLAYBOY introduced the Girls of the Gold Coast.

Above and opposite page: Edwina Hefford is a model whose sultry looks have made her a big hit on Gold Coast covers and catwalks. Top left and right: the good life, Surfers style.



The judging panel — champion surfers Mark Richards and Dane Kealoha, and PLAYBOY's Phil Jarratt — had a tough time keeping score with sections of the crowd expressing their enthusiasm in mega-decibels, but when the result was announced, there was not one dissenter. Lovely Lucy Gill, England-born and now a Gold Coast surf bunny, had knocked 'em dead. Lucy — who won a Toshiba sound system and a PLAYBOY contract — later met headlining band Cold Chisel backstage and then watched their show as the champagne flowed in PLAYBOY's private box. How did she feel? "Oh my God, it's all happening too fast," she said. "Ask me again tomorrow." We did, and you'll be seeing the results in an upcoming issue.

Above and far right: Lucy in the sky, no diamonds... yet. Right: And the winner is...



MR KARATE

he's small, quiet, humble — and revered as australia's martial arts master

"If one really wishes to be master of an art, technical knowledge of it is not enough. One has to transcend technique so that art becomes an 'artless art' growing out of the unconscious."

— D.T. Suzuki,
Zen philosopher.

THE WORD "KARATE" summons up imagery of snarling, super-strong male heroes, cat-like stances, and blood-curdling yells. Toughened fists crash through walls, planks and foot-high stacks of tiles. Karate represents a strutting macho world of cock-of-the-walk tough guys, of whip-like bodies unleashed in flurries of speed. To most people, it means sheer animal aggression and superior street-fighting abilities. Karate can be all of those things, but they are part of a thin veneer of pop-art culture. Scratch that surface and it is soon discovered that the punch is just the beginning. Martial arts have long been synonymous with violent savagery. Fighting schools exist all over the world; kids practise punch-kick routines on each other's heads. Blubbery, outsized Westerners heave their way through demanding physical exercises in the search for fighting prowess. Puff, puff, puff. The fighting arts have graphic visual impact and they appeal to man's primeval urge to attack and destroy. During the first half of this century, the human species tried desperately to wipe itself out. It was a simple, straightforward case of total madness. Now, well into the second half, we can't make up our collective mind whether to strive for nirvana or annihilation. In the meantime, while that decision is being made for us

profile by robert reid

PARNELL

by our elected leaders, TV and movie mayhem occupies a high percentage of our leisure time. The mass mood has been carefully gauged by the entertainment entrepreneurs, and martial arts fighting fits nicely into the mould. Karate leads the pack, with its heavily-promoted image of attack and destroy. It goes well with beer and hamburgers, but serves only to cheapen a serious spiritual activity, developed in human blood and centuries of contemplation.

There exists a karate-within-karate, a sensitive practice of mystery, drama and change.

●

Kazue Matsumoto stands 163cm in bare feet, and weighs in at 58kg. In dinosaur language, that's a whisker over five feet four inches, and nine stone two pounds on the old bathroom scales. With his shirt off, he looks a stone heavier, with the wide-shouldered nuggety build of a good welter-weight.

But Matsumoto is no boxer. He's the highest-rated karate exponent in Australia, and somewhere among the world's top 50 instructors in the martial arts. As a result of an intensive 32-year training program, Matsumoto has achieved 7th dan black belt in karate, and 3rd dan in both Jujitsu and Shorinji-Kenpo. He has studied the arts of Kendo, Aikido and Iai-do, and is skilled in the use of weaponry, such as Nunchaku, Sai, Bo and Lo. He is co-founder and chief instructor at the Matsumoto Karate Academy, a bustling martial arts school in Cairns.

Matsumoto is young-faced and polite. His extraordinary fighting skills are tucked away during normal social activity. When he speaks, his voice is soft, slowly searching for English words and expression. His handshake is unchallenging, but relaxed and friendly. To his 300 pupils, he is known simply as Sensei (Instructor). It is clear that the relationship goes beyond a normal teacher-students connection. He is accorded careful consideration, respect, and — something rare in the Australian psyche — devotion. To outsiders, he is known as Mr Matsumoto — a mild-mannered, unassuming citizen and businessman. His popularity is astounding. The mind crumbles with the weight of superlatives littering the speech patterns of those who know him.

He was born in Matsuyama, a city on the Japanese island of Shikoku. It was 1941, a bad year for the human race. Not far away, on the main island of Honshu, the industrial city of Hiroshima churned out munitions for the armies of the Emperor.

In spite of the war and its aftermath, his childhood was reasonably happy. His father was a middle-class retail merchant, and provided well for his family. The situation altered, however, when he tried to expand his business. The venture failed and he lost confidence. After that, the family experienced hard times and deprivation. Kazue (pronounced Kud-zu-a) was a slow, weak child and his father was bitterly disappointed. Go and exercise, he said, and improve yourself. The boy was fat and sullen and lacked energy. He resented his father's admonition. After all, he, too, was a large, fat person, who never exercised.

But Kazue was a child, and had no say in his destiny. He was nine years old when his father ordered him to take up the study of martial arts. It will make you a man, he was told, therefore you must persevere towards perfection. With great reluctance, the young Matsumoto followed the path of least resistance.

His teacher was a highly-skilled karate master from Okinawa, Kinjyo Sensei. Kinjyo was old and often tired, conducting class from a sitting or laying down position. He was stern and pushed hard. The boy was trained without let-up, hour upon hour, every day of the week for almost four years. He hated each moment deeply, from the heart. It was a long period of frustration, resentment and teeth-grinding fortitude.

Finally, the old master sent him away from home to a dojo (training centre) for further experience. It was a liberation. At the end of six months he achieved black belt status. He was just 14 years old, the youngest in Japan. It was like a curtain lifting in his soul. Karate began to live and breathe for him, and his future took on a fresh, new dimension.

The master countered with an evasive move and struck back with a savage blocking punch to the outside arm. Matsumoto went down.

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He who has a hundred miles to walk should reckon ninety as half the journey.

— Old Japanese proverb.

Matsumoto learned karate the hard way. When he was 12, a misjudged practice blow shattered his left elbow. It happened with typical karate rapidity. He was sparring with Kinjyo, and had moved in to attack. The old master countered with an evasive move and struck back with a savage blocking punch to the outside arm. Matsumoto went down in agony, losing consciousness with shock and bone-splintering pain.

"Kinjyo was very fast and skilled in the old ways of karate. He hit me with a blow which is used very little in the modern styles. Old karate concentrated its moves on joints, or other vital spots such as the throat or eye. Fighting was life or death in those days, and the aim was to kill or injure as quickly as possible."

There was no doctor available at the time, and no X-ray machines. Nobody could tell what kind of break had occurred, or what should be done. Finally a nearby judo instructor, who doubled as a chiropractor, stepped in and set the arm, strapping it in a cage of wooden slats. Matsumoto sweated out six long months of pain and discomfort. When the splints were removed, his arm was bent like a boomerang.

It was a bad accident, but if Kazue was looking for sympathy, he didn't get it. Instead, as soon as he could wobble about, his father ordered him back to karate training. His arm was strapped and useless. He was still shocked from the pain. You can use your legs, his father said. It was a strict case of no karate, no supper.

Kinjyo acted as though nothing had happened, watching impassively as his pupil struggled with complex exercises. Matsumoto recalls, "I had no choice but to go ahead, so I did my best and tried very hard. I concentrated on leg work, but even to walk was extremely painful, so my training was not very successful for a time. Kinjyo Sensei was a hard master, and I hated him seriously."

The injury remained a severe handicap to the young karate student. Already burdened with an intense dislike of the art, the boy now faced a life of torment with a crippled arm.

"To overcome my difficulties, I was forced to practise harder. I think I became determined to strike back at my misfortune. Later on, in the dojo, I practised even harder. If others practised for three hours, I did six — if they did five, I did 10. If the master said stop, I went somewhere else and kept on training. In this way, I discovered the beginnings of self-control."

Thirty years later, the arm swings oddly as he walks. It is still comparatively weak, and hampers freedom of movement. In the affected elbow region, a loose bone drifts around, sometimes prodding at the skin, sometimes catching on a nerve. It gives him pain, but Matsumoto smiles it away. After 30 years, it's like an old friend.

●

Karate means "empty hand", and evolved from fighting techniques which originated in China and Korea. Sometime in the 15th century, the practices spread to the island of Okinawa, where innovative changes took place. Powerful rulers kept a tight grip on the land, and weapons were forbidden to the common people. It was a violent age and life was cheap. Bandits plundered and killed daily, without retribution. Gradually, ordinary people made use of their strong bodies to strike back at their persecutors.

When the Japanese annexed Okinawa in the 18th century, not only did they continue the ban on all weapons, but outlawed the popular martial arts movement. This led to further improvisation, which included the use of everyday

(continued on page 122)

"There's water for a month, food for three weeks, but another week of you and I'm done for!"

Sweet Movement

worldly and winsome jolanda egger is a young lady on the move

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Swiss-born Jolanda Egger is the daughter of a film-maker and hopes eventually to make her mark on the other side of the camera. She has already developed a high profile in many parts of Europe as a stewardess, model and occasional film actress. A recent trip to the US has strengthened her aspirations for a career in showbiz. Her ultimate ambition is to produce and direct adventure movies and to star in them, too, but not to engage in action stunts!

"Working with PLAYBOY has been the turning point of my life," says Jolanda. She originally appeared in Australian PLAYBOY in our September 1982 issue as part of a Girls of Spain pictorial. At that time, she was living in Marbella, next door to Sean Connery. "My secret fantasy," she confesses with a smile, "is to star as a James Bond girl, side by side with Sean Connery."

This widely-travelled young woman has well-defined tastes in men. "I like very temperamental people," smiles Jolanda. "I like rhythm, I like melody, I like the hot blood of the people from the south of Europe. But maturity in a man is perhaps the most important quality, and he should be well-shaped, middle-sized and blue-eyed." She pauses and adds, enigmatically, "But there are always exceptions. . ."

MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Jolanda Egget

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Iolanda Egger

BUST: 94 cm WAIST: 61 cm HIPS: 94 cm

HEIGHT: 173 cm WEIGHT: 57 kg SIGN: Capricorn

BIRTH DATE: 8. 1. 1960 BIRTHPLACE: Lugern, Switzerland

AMBITIONS: producer and director of adventure movies
Screen actress (without stunts for action scenes!)

TURN-ONS: Disarmament, sense of humor, realized imagination, creativeness, challenges, sports car, horse races.

TURN-OFFS: Shrill voices, tormented creatures, tactlessness, stubbornness, beer, lack of understanding.

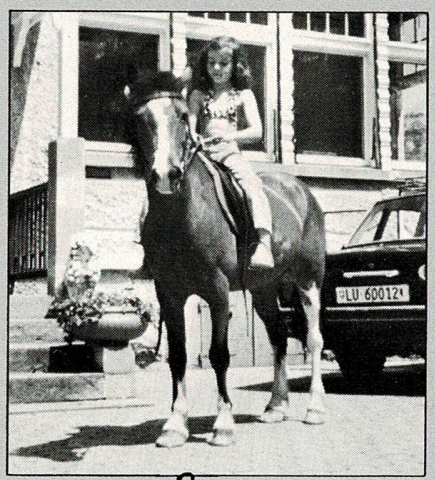
FAVORITE BOOKS: "Shōgun", by James Clavell, sophisticated erotic stories, scenarios, historical books, such as "Montezuma"

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Charles Bronson, Jean-Paul Belmando, Sean Connery, Terence Hill, Sophia Loren, Bette Davis.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Riding (professional), tennis, water sports.

IDEAL MAN: His whole appearance attractive by first and second sight, creative, mentally aware, conquistador in the world of love.

SECRET FANTASY: Starring as a James Bond girl side to side with Sean Connery (whom I know very well)



Age 8
On the back of my Pony "Sherry Brandy"

Age 19 -
representing Swiz. with my national costume

"1980" age 20
As "Ms. Switzerland"
I enjoyed Tokyo

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The doctor caught in bed with the farmer's wife explained to the shocked husband that he was only taking her temperature.

The farmer took his shotgun off the wall, primed it and said grimly: "I guess ya know what you're doing, Doc. But I'm warning you, that thing had better have numbers on it when you take it out!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *falsies* as delusions of glandeur.

An exceedingly well-stacked young nurse was walking calmly along the hospital corridor with one of her breasts exposed.

A staff doctor was passing and, noticing the voluptuous expanse of flesh, he stopped the nurse and admonished her for being so wanton.

The nurse blushed prettily and murmured, "I'm really sorry, sir. . . but it's the interns, you see. They never put anything back when they've finished."

A sperm faced, alack and forsooth,
His moment of sexual truth!
He'd expected to fall
On a womb's spongy wall
But was dashed to death on a tooth!

Where did I come from, Daddy?" piped up the small boy.

"Why don't you go and ask your mother that, son?" countered his father.

"I already did," pursued the child, "but where did I *really* come from, Daddy? Mummy told me I came out of a bucket."

"She was right, at that, Joey," mused his father. "That's just about the size of it."

The butler had been reprimanded frequently for his behavior with the female servants and was given one last chance for atonement. He promised to reform and matters appeared to be going well for a while.

One night, however, he was not to be found when wanted and was discovered in the wine cellar buggering the page boy.

When his master was informed, he pressed the butler for the reasoning behind his deceitful and despicable act: "But it's true, m'lord, that I have turned over a new leaf," answered the butler. "It's just that I've started at the bottom of the page."

At a court hearing in California, the judge asked Mickey Mouse's lawyer why Mickey was divorcing Minnie.

"Mickey claims that Minnie is mentally incompetent," explained the lawyer.

"I said no such thing," shouted Mickey angrily. "I said she was fuckin' Goofy!"

Early one Sunday morning, a veterinarian had a phone call from a little old lady who asked his advice about separating two dogs that were love-locked on her front lawn.

"Try using a broom handle," he suggested.

Not long after, the woman phoned again to report that her efforts at prying them apart hadn't worked.

"Then throw a bucket of water over them," advised the vet.

It wasn't too long before she was back on the line to say that the dousing hadn't helped.

"Now go and tell the male dog that the telephone's ringing for him," rumbled the animal doctor.

"Do you think that will work?" she asked.

"My God, lady!" exploded the vet, "It's worked three times now for me!"

Rick and his beautiful wife had been married for almost a year and everything was going very well. He was called out of town on a buying trip for his company and he assured his wife that he'd be away for only seven days. After three weeks she received a telegram that stated: STILL BUYING. WILL BE BACK IN A WEEK.

Her suspicions were aroused, so she sent a return telegram: BETTER COME HOME BEFORE I START SELLING WHAT I THINK YOU'RE BUYING.

Bobby Reiman

My husband insists I should be grateful for his having brought me to four climaxes the other night," the woman explained to the marriage counsellor.

"And aren't you, madam?"

"I'm not sure. He's a videotaping freak and three of those orgasms were replays!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Without my glasses, I can't recognise anyone until they're right on top of me!"

ROAD FOLKS

down highway one, everybody's found the promised land

IT STRETCHES OUT the promises, for 1000 bitumened kilometres from Sydney to Surfers. Fill up the tank, jump your car upon its back and ride it for a holiday, or forever, chasing the sign posts down its pot-holed distances. Like Mark Twain's Mississippi, it dictates the pace of the people who ply its channel, and offers a crust to those that glean a living along its banks.

Knowing the curves and characters up and down this highway comes with travelling it regularly — avoiding the speed freaks intent on smashing the record between the Harbor Bridge off-ramp and the "Survive This Drive" sign just north of Coolangatta. So many of the people who live on this stretch of Pacific Highway came from somewhere else. Most were bound for another destination until, usually by pure chance, they lucked into their patch of paradise on the banks of Highway One. As characters, they reflect the flow of movement past their doors but retain a sense of individualism that leaves you wondering why you never took the time before to stop and meet them. In cruising Highway One, we got to know a few of its characters.

pictures by jim sheldon, words by neil jameson

The Lone Star Tavern, just off the highway at Mermaid Beach, Queensland , is the biggest tavern in Australia. Opened by Joh Bjelke-Petersen, it's the sort of watering hole you could only expect to find in Texas — or Queensland. It was to the Lone Star's Diamond Lil' bar that Lola Nixon was induced when random breath-testing put the squeeze on the NSW club entertainment scene. With a wardrobe that would do justice to Lillie Langtry, Lola emcees in the role of Diamond Lil', calling on a lifetime career in Sydney musicals, revue, comedy and music hall to sing the openers, warm up the audience and introduce the guests.

When Eric Worrell opened the Australian Reptile Park at North Gosford 25 years ago, the highway ran right past his door. But 10 years later the Department of Main Roads put an expressway through, reducing Eric's strip to a quieter backwater. With 1000 snakes in his care, Australia's most famous reptile man is content to be on a tributary of the great Pacific Highway. People can afford to take their time, he says, and that means they're more willing to stop and look at the giant model brontosaurus, crocodiles or snake specimens — like this deadly tiger. Handling and milking snakes for their venom can be hazardous. Ask Eric: he's had his share of bites.

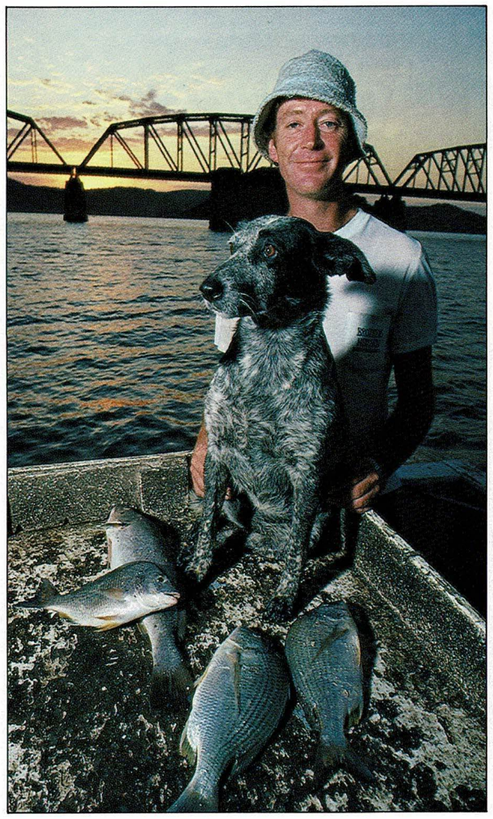
Maria Radics doesn't like prawns. So what? She doesn't have to eat them! No, but in the 14 years Maria's been trading from her shop where the highway meets the Hunter River at Hexham, tonnes of prawns have crossed her counter. "There's no way I'd ever eat one," says Maria as she ladles out another scoop. Maria fled Hungary 26 years ago and now lives behind her shop, almost in the shadow of the Hexham Bridge. Downriver is Newcastle and upstream lies the wine and pastoral heartland of the Hunter. But for Maria, the intersection of river and road is the place to be. She doesn't like prawns; but the highway travellers do.

Purfleet. Hugging the highway on the southern outskirts of Taree, the aboriginal settlement once offered city folks a squalid glimpse of the black man's defeat. Now, the vision has changed. Out front of "Gillawarra", Purfleet's Health Centre, the aboriginal flag flies. Inside, health worker Tracey Davies is treating a patient, 10-year-old Erica Mercy (pictured). Tracey is the daughter of administrator, Mrs Pat Davies, whose role as a black activist has dramatically improved the lot of her people. Since 1980, the aboriginal community has been running the centre independent of the Health Commission. Like the flag, it's a symbol of hope in Purfleet.

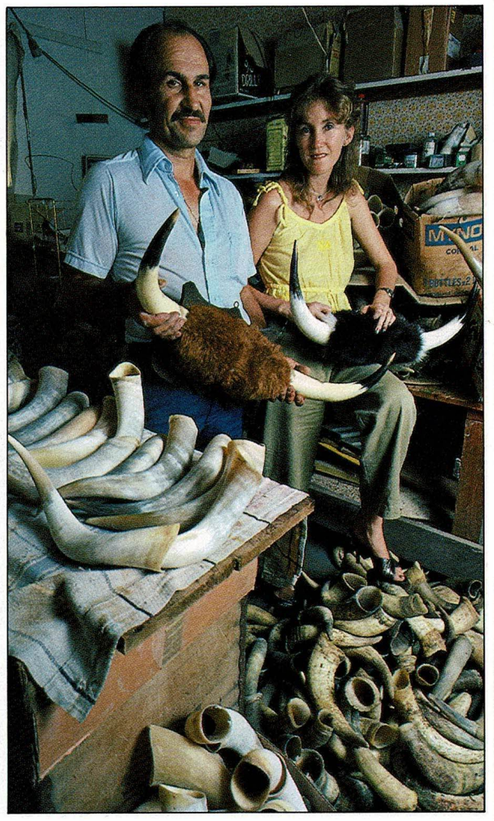
On the crest of a hill at Woolgoolga, NSW, sits a Sikh temple. It and another, down in the town, service the religious needs of the town's 400 Sikhs. The first Sikhs to settle in Woolgoolga arrived in 1939 and others followed, usually via the northern NSW and Queensland cane fields. There was no special attraction in Woolgoolga, except hard work, and there has been plenty of that in the timber and banana growing industries. B.S. Lalli, pictured with his family, fulfils the Sikh role of a reverend brother. When not performing religious duties, he works the family's plantations. Woolgoolga Sikhs don't encourage intermarriage, but like most Aussies, enjoy beer and cricket.

Six years ago Wayne Scott quit his job down south as a bundy clock servicer and headed up Highway One, intending to buy a caravan park. He never found the van park but to the dismay of his wife, Irene, settled on a small petrol stop and fast food joint at Halfway Creek, just south of Grafton. Since then, the Scott family has turned it into one of the busiest transport stops on the coast, with a 24-hour, seven-day restaurant catering exclusively to truckies. Word-of-mouth advertising, home-style food and the relaxing haven of the restaurant mean that as many as 30 rigs might be parked outside at any hour of the night. During the truck blockade of 1979, the Scotts played hosts to 40 truckies for what the owners described as the easiest 10 days of their lives. "The boys did all the work," recalls Irene. "They built our back fence, cooked, made the coffees and caught eels in the creek."
Wayne Scott runs errands up and down the Grafton-Coffs Harbor stretch, helping truckies who have broken down, or delivering parts. He says they're all good fellas and come from all walks of life and backgrounds: "Chiropractors, businessmen and professionals included." Over the years, the Scotts have become close friends with many of them. "It's different here," says Irene. "There's always something different because you never know what will come down the road next."

John Reed is a prawn fisherman out of Brooklyn on the Hawkesbury River, almost under the Pacific Highway bridge. With the company of his dog Cindy, he supplies local markets until drought breaks the food chain and the prawns disappear. That's when John holidays, or catches a few fish.



When the Grafton abattoir slaughtered a giant steer, Rick Tietz polished the horns for presenting to Slim Dusty. Rick and wife Linda run the Summerland Skin Centre, after moving north nine years ago in search of horse stables. Instead of horseflesh they deal in souvenirs.



20 QUESTIONS: JAN STEPHENSON

the aussie superstar golfer tells how being one of the world's sexiest female athletes affects her life, on and off the links

***Robert Crane** cornered the constantly touring Jan Stephenson at her home in Fort Worth, Texas. He reports: "Besides being one of the top money earners on the women's golf tour, Jan is the sexiest woman athlete in professional sports. She reminds me of an Olivia Newton-John — only made out of bricks. To clear up an image problem in her native Australia, Jan had a television crew film a portion of our interview as part of a special to be televised back home. I think she's afraid of becoming too Americanised."*

1.

PLAYBOY: You could be a model or an actress. Why are you golfing?

STEPHENSON: There are millions of pretty girls and great actresses, but it's very difficult to be a top golfer. It's so disciplined and I'm so emotional. Most of the people who do well in golf do so because they're not emotional. They're boring people. It's such a challenge for me to totally control myself.

And there's nothing in the world like winning a tournament. That's what it's for. It happens so rarely — the game is handling the fact that you get defeated most of the time. So, when I finally succeed, I get goose bumps. It's the greatest.

2.

PLAYBOY: If you hadn't made it to the pro-golf circuit, what would you be doing?

STEPHENSON: I'd be a dance teacher. I love to sweat and heave and breathe and hurt and burn and get dirty. All my life I've done something physical. When I was seven years old, my dad wanted me to be an Olympic swimmer. I would train until I hurt. When I was eight and a half, he decided he wanted me to be a tennis player. I hated it. When I got to golf, at least I could do it at my own pace and I was my own boss. A lot of people are amazed at how hard I work out. There's something good about getting all dirty and grimy and nasty and then showering: you feel twice as clean.

3.

PLAYBOY: Are you a bad loser?

STEPHENSON: Yeah. But golf has made me grow up. I used to be very immature. I was a big star in Australia; I always won and I was really obnoxious about it. When I came over here, I was a nobody, and it took me a long time to get to the top. I was so *convinced* I would win the world championship last year. But I finished second, made $26,000 and was miserable. I cry a lot. If I have a bad round, I'll burst out crying. If I'm not in contention, I absolutely hate it.

4.

PLAYBOY: What is the reaction among your fellow golfers to your off-the-links activities?

STEPHENSON: I'm very misunderstood. I do so much promotion and press for tournaments and for the Ladies Professional Golf Association. Anything I do, even for myself, is helping the association as far as I'm concerned, and a lot of the girls don't see that. Actually, it's much tougher to do the promotions and the glamor part than just golf. I would love to be able to play and have nobody bother me.

5.

PLAYBOY: Does flaunting your sexiness get in the way of your credibility as an athlete?

STEPHENSON: Last year, I rebelled and wore pants on tour. People were complaining that they weren't seeing my legs, but I thought they might realise that I'm a golfer, before anything else. When nobody knew me, I wore tiny tank tops and little short shorts. When I got to be known as a golfer, I stopped that. Now, it doesn't matter.

6.

PLAYBOY: How do you deal with the women's movement?

STEPHENSON: I get a lot of negative mail from women. But no one is more independent than me. Nobody is as much a boss of her career as I am. I would love to have somebody open my door all the time. Normally, I'll be renting a car at two in the morning going to some little town to do an exhibition the next morning and there will be no one to help me with my bags and I'll have to walk across a dark parking lot. As soon as there's a man around, I forget really quickly how to open the door.

7.

PLAYBOY: Which male golfers can you beat?

STEPHENSON: There's no comparison between male and female athletes: period. If you put us on the same tees, any male player on the tour could out-drive me because power is so important. If we hit the same irons to the green, I think I could beat them all. Tom Watson's a fantastic putter, and putting is, probably, the worst part of my game. I work so hard from tee to green, I don't have the hours to spend on the green. When I came over here, I was such a good putter and had such a bad long game. I've over-corrected. But if we all hit five irons into the green, I'd beat them every time.

8.

PLAYBOY: How do male golf groupies approach you on and off the course?

STEPHENSON: Off the course, men will interrupt my dinner and ask if I'll have a drink with them. There's no way. Often, they'll tell me off. They think I'm a bitch. It's just that my private time is very important and I'm really a very private person.

On the course, I love the attention. It annoys the girls a lot. It helped me in a tournament last year in Hershey, Pennsylvania. I started about five shots back on Sunday. I bogeyed the first two holes. I had been putting badly all week, but then made a 30-footer downhill for a birdie. The next hole, I two-putted for another birdie. Later, I made a 15-footer for yet another birdie. A lot of the guys in the gallery started screaming: "You're going to win. We know you can win. Please birdie." My galleries seem to be getting louder and louder. The guys coming out are younger and younger, and half of them don't know anything about golf. They get drunk and, by the fifth hole, they're loud and obnoxious. I love it. They scream "We love you." Anyway, they convinced me I was going to win the tournament and I did. One guy wanted to get to know me so badly that he told everyone that we were secretly married and I didn't want anyone to know. He's crazy. He's not allowed to come on the golf course anymore.

Another guy left me a wedding bouquet in my locker with a note saying, "Please meet me at the church at 9.30 in the morning." All the girls loved that. On the Sunday of the tournament, he showed up dressed in white and carried a bouquet of white flowers all around the golf course. How embarrassing!

9.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had sex on a golf course?

STEPHENSON: [long pause] No. I wonder why — maybe because it's my office. I love to do things that are exciting and different. I've had sex in a lot of places. I wouldn't want to have it in the bunker because of the sand. I'd kind of like to have it on the green because it would be nice and soft.

10.

PLAYBOY: What physical features do you like or dislike about yourself?

STEPHENSON: I like my flat stomach and my eyes. I absolutely hate my thighs.

11.

PLAYBOY: Who are some sexy male and female golfers?

STEPHENSON: On the women's tour, Nancy Lopez has a certain kind of sex appeal, especially since she's lost weight. There aren't any men on the tour that I think are sexy. I think baseball players have wonderful bodies; golfers don't. But what I want in a man who I live with is totally different from what I want to look at. Now among baseball players, I've got to go with Jim Palmer. Unfortunately, I feel like I never got off the ground with Jim. I did a cover with him for a sports magazine. When he arrived, my hair was in curlers and my face was real white and one of my eyes was swollen. I'd been in Florida and I was allergic to all that pollen. I looked like hell. Jim said: "You're Jan Stephenson?" Thank you. He looked gorgeous. He had a suntan from spring training and he was wearing a tuxedo. I had to stare into his eyes for two hours while they took pictures. I couldn't find a thing wrong.

12.

PLAYBOY: Defend the proposition that golfers make better lovers?

STEPHENSON: Maybe it's because they have such a good touch. In golf, you have to be good in all areas: you have to be powerful, strong, have stamina and be able to control yourself. Plus, you have to have an unbelievable touch. All these things are important in making love: especially discipline and patience.

13.

PLAYBOY: Your private life has been making news for quite a while. What's going on?

STEPHENSON: That's a good question. I was married last September in Fort Worth to Eddie Vossler, after my marriage to Larry Kolb was annulled. Eddie and I had been living together for years, but one day I said, "I'm gone. I'm mad. 'Bye. I'm leaving." I figured that if we didn't have a piece of paper saying we were married, we didn't need a piece of paper saying we were divorced. I thought it would really hurt Eddie if I married someone else, and I married Larry.

The whole thing had started when Eddie hired Larry to help me with our business. Larry turned around and, I believe, took advantage of us. He had me convinced that he absolutely adored me. I'd just broken my foot, so my golf was gone. I had to restructure my life. Larry said he'd be my valet and he'd cook for me. I'd get up to go to practice and he'd cook breakfast and do my laundry. He was basically a servant. I thought, This is great; this would be great as a marriage. He said all he wanted was to marry me. So I thought, I'll agree to marry him just to keep him quiet. I was thinking maybe it wouldn't be so bad. I tried to make the best of it, but I couldn't stand him. He drove me crazy.

The marriage was annulled. The judge recognized the fact that Eddie and I had had a common-law marriage. Larry refused to accept that, mainly because he thought that if *our* splitting were declared a divorce, he could get half of what I'd earned. I'd quit before I'd let him have a penny. His appeal was denied. He could reappeal the annulment, but I don't think he will.

14.

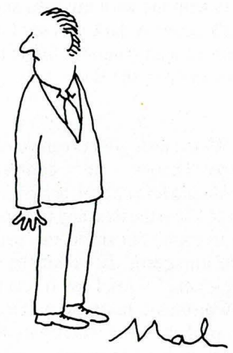
PLAYBOY: Is Jan Stephenson too much for one man?

STEPHENSON: Yeah, there's no doubt about it, I'm a handful. It's very difficult for one man to handle all the "mes". I couldn't have a man who wouldn't want to participate in my career in some way. Otherwise, I'd never see him and it's fun to share. When I win, I want everyone to feel as good as I do. When I'm down, I need a man.

15.

PLAYBOY: Why do golfers wear such bad clothes?

STEPHENSON: Golf is so old-fashioned. People are getting more modern but the golf clothing hasn't come along with it. It's really sad. Tennis clothes are beautiful. I hate to wear golf clothes. The colors are horrible. It really takes away from the game.



16.

PLAYBOY: How do you give yourself strokes?

STEPHENSON: I have an insecurity problem. When I look in the mirror, with no make-up on, I think, I'm no big deal. It really concerns me that I'm not good-looking. When I want to give myself a stroke, I dress up, go out and somebody will tell me I look great or I'm wonderful. That'll pump me up pretty good.

17.

PLAYBOY: Are overweight people kidding themselves when they golf for exercise?

STEPHENSON: No. Admittedly, if you stop for a hot dog and potato chips and you drink beer all the way around, then you're kidding yourself. But even with a golf cart, it's unbelievable exercise. You're out there for five hours — so, you're not eating for five hours — and with the swinging, the bending over, you burn about 350 calories an hour. Running, maybe you burn 700 in an hour but that's a lot of running. Golf stretches your stomach muscles.

18.

PLAYBOY: Do your breasts ever get in the way of your swing?

STEPHENSON: No, not at all. *I* don't notice them at all.

19.

PLAYBOY: How does a guy get to carry your clubs?

STEPHENSON: He has to keep his mouth shut. I may bend a little for men off the golf course, but, when I'm on the course, I'm the boss. My dad is caddying me now and he never says a word about golf. But that wasn't always true. Once, I threw some grass up and asked him, "The grass is downwind, isn't it?" He said, "It's against the wind." He was looking at the flag blowing towards us and I was throwing the grass up at the tee. Well, the wind was swirling. We were a little behind and it was time to tee off, so I took a club according to his advice and it flew to the green. The wind was coming downwind. I blew the hole: chipped it up almost in the hole and — on purpose — missed the putt to show him that it was his mistake. Sometimes, I'll ask: "Which way is that wind?" and he won't say a word.

20.

PLAYBOY: Okay, once and for all, what's the difference between a hook and a slice?

STEPHENSON: I would prefer to be a hooker any time. Most people are slicers: that is, they hit the ball left to right because they're in bad positions. A hook is where the ball veers right to left, comes from a powerful position and you're still going to get a lot of land. If you slice the ball, you're doing a lot more wrong.

So, it's good to be a hooker.

"Daddy!"

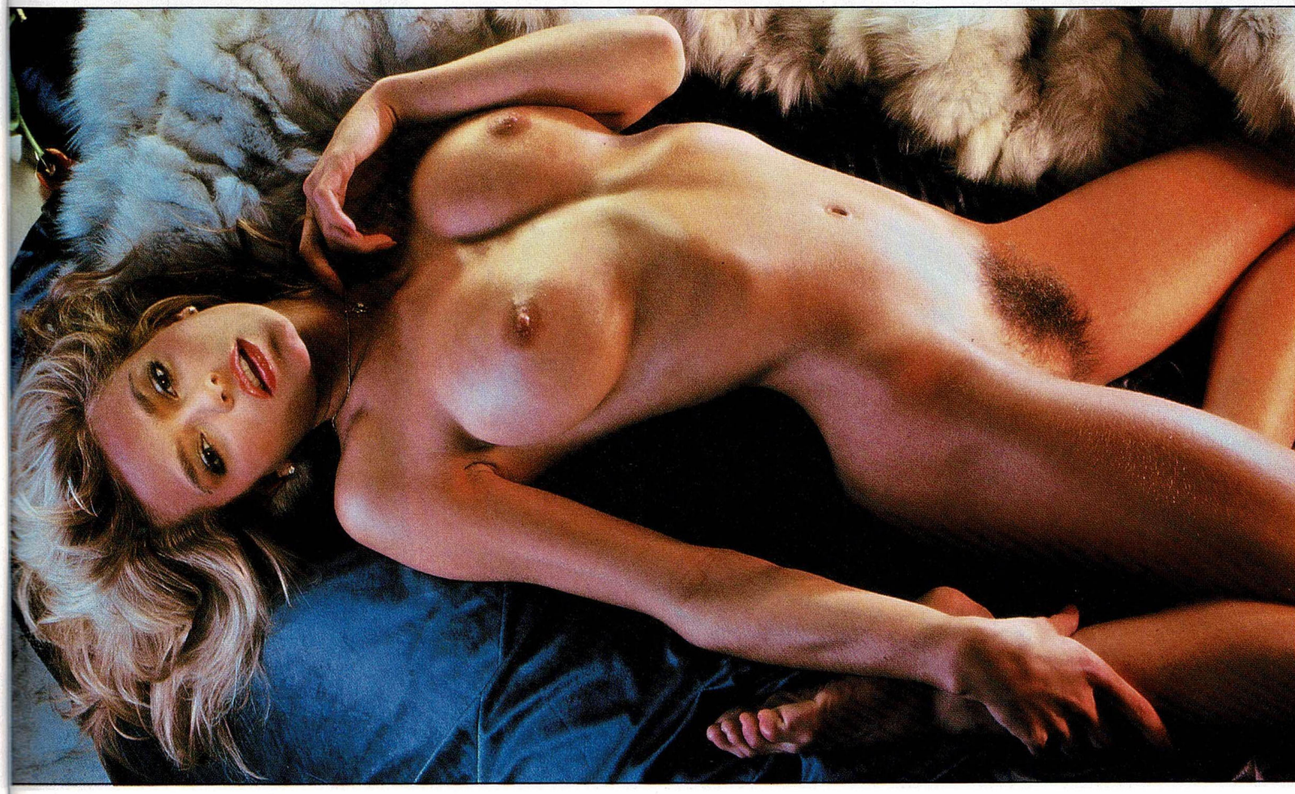
"I think we've been given a bum steer."

US PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Beautiful Marianne Gravatte first appeared in our pages in December, 1982, under the heading In Full Flower. Things have continued to blossom for Marianne, but when she heard she had been chosen US Playmate of the Year, her reaction was, "Are you sure?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Marianne is basically very shy and enigmatic, and fame and fortune are unlikely to change this totally unpretentious girl next door. She admits that posing for PLAYBOY and undertaking modelling assignments have been a marvellous tonic to help overcome her shyness. "I'd like to try acting, too," she says, "but first I'm going to need some lessons. I'd rather wait to know what I'm doing than just go out and make a fool of myself."



Marianne's self-effacing manner seems to endear her to all who meet her. And nothing quite prepares you for encountering such a girl. As US PLAYBOY staffers put it: "There is no rehearsal, no school of cool that will enable you to maintain an air of *savoir faire* in her presence. Instead, you're more likely to stumble, to stutter or to lose command of the language altogether. She simply has that effect." Marianne's confidence level must be rising by the hour and PLAYBOY has just given her the biggest vote of all.

BEGINNINGS

they're worried about frank. he's having too much fun

FRANK'S a mess," said Janet. Abe, her husband, watched Janet stroke her throat under that riddled-with-wounds look, the Caravaggio one."Two cherry tarts, thanks," he said.

The waiter nodded his rooster-comb of orange hair and moved off, his thin face clenched with a resignation that would have been more appropriate if Abe had said, "I'm going to bash your face in, thanks."

"I know what's wrong," she continued. "He just needs one good woman — that's what's missing in his life."

"True, he doesn't have one good woman," said Abe, as he took out a cigarette. "He's got about 50 women."

"One good woman," she said, taking the unlit cigarette from her husband's fingers, "is worth 50 sluts."

Abe lit it for her. "That's what I meant."

They looked at each other. Janet tilted her head slightly, so the smoke would drift away. A smile suggested itself on her red lips: the Smoking Mona Lisa. Abe disliked that one even more than Pierced With Arrows. "Ah, the tarts," he said.

Their forks hovered briefly above the pastries, then descended.

"He courts trouble," she said. "That theory he made up, that Philosophy of Beginning. It's destructive, Abe, I tell you it has me worried."

Abe laughed. "Frank may be a bit of a yobbo, but he'll get over the philosophy business. He still knows a wank when he's having one."

"Get over it? It's taken over *him*. Did you know he's writing things down now?" She reached around her chair and began scrabbling through her purse. "Don't you say it's for his memoirs, either. All those little trysts, he can't stop analysing them, he's writing all the details down. Look at this, he gave me this yesterday, I don't know *what* to think of it."

Abe took it and read, in Frank's clear, rather childish handwriting:

The Philosophy of Beginning

In the beginning, there was infinite opportunity. As the beginning aged, opportunity withered. In the end, there was only one choice.

Every end brings a new beginning, and every beginning holds infinite opportunity.

Beginnings are to be cultivated. Endings are to be approached resolutely, like a man at a door unto unknown new opportunities.

There is infinite opportunity in ending, although in the end, there is only one choice.

When the one choice is to end, it is to begin.

When the one choice is to continue, it is to begin again.

When the one choice is to begin, it is to begin, to continue, to end, and to begin again.

Abe looked up from the paper to the face of his wife, which he thought should be in a shawl at the feet of Jesus on some wall in a European art gallery.

"Isn't it sad?" she said.

Abe guffawed. "What time's he supposed to come tonight, anyway?"

"About eight," she said, dourly.

"Well, you'd better either keep me away from the booze until he shows up, or keep him off the philosophy. The combination could ruin an old friendship." He chuckled and forked his pastry.

"You may think it's all a joke, but I tell you, I'm worried. He can't keep going on like he is. He's not enjoying himself. It's like he sees himself as an experiment, like some sort of a specimen instead of a human." She paused a moment, then said, "Remember when we went to Hobart, that time he picked up the girl in the casino? They both *seemed* to be excited. But if you looked closely, they just *seemed* to be. It was play-acting, like a movie. His life is terribly unreal. I'm afraid he's flirting with insanity."

Abe saw Mona Lisa sailing into the foreground, and winced as if he'd been struck with a glob of boiling honey. "Frank doesn't have any worries," he parried. "In fact, I should have the worries he has."

Coming out of her reverie, Janet shuddered at the pathetic leer on her husband's face.

●

DECEMBER 14 — Though her lips and fingernails are unbitten, they bleed. Her face is as drained as the sky after a heavy rain. But in her black eyes, I see those rain clouds still reflected, and in her wild, black hair, the storm. She has been someone, this woman, and is playing for love with a master deal. Any man who sees only a card game in a casino is seeing nothing.

I take the fifth stool, on the far end, to allow time for calculation. One is a drunken,

fiction by

STEVE BUNK

overpainted woman with a big stack of chips. Two is a Yank in a cowboy hat, wearing heaps of clothes and chain-smoking. Three is empty. Four is a small person with a small moustache, crowding his hoard as if each chip were a day in his short, small life. If it weren't for the dealer, I'd leave now. Her furore, barely contained in the motions of her hands and the roiling clouds of her eyes, compels. I begin to sweat, acidicly, like a competitor. But the game is just an excuse to remain here.

The cards flash: seven, tray, queen, jack; she draws a 10. We four peer cautiously, as if some horror will spring out from underneath the down-cards. She checks hers like a nurse making rounds. As the others draw or hold, I gaze into her barely-controlled fury with the fascination one usually reserves for violent acts of nature: whirlpools, waves pounding cliffs, dust storms in the outback. But whenever she glances at me, the fury subsides, steels, becomes one human machine in cool accord with another. It's dead inside this calm. I want to release her passion on me, harness it and ride us both into the face of whatever abyss awaits. . . I'm getting drunk. I'm also holding a 20. She turns up her down-card: 19. I'm the only one she has to pay. I let the bet ride.

The cards appear: eight, five, deuce, ace; she takes a king. The painted lush asks for a card. We see that she's hit a 17 and busted. The Texan hits his 15, gets a face card and whacks the 10-gallon hat against his knee. "Shee-it," he says, perfectly. The small person scrapes for another card, gets a queen and starts as if he's been slapped. He rubs furiously at his moustache with the side of his index finger, stares at the dealer, stares at his cards, covers his meagre pile with one hand (on which a cheap turquoise ring bobbles), sighs and asks for a card. She delivers it. Whimpering, he collects the rest of his funds, clambers from the stool, and is gone. Despite etiquette, I've waited until now to turn up the jack that matches my ace, because I wanted to see her reaction. The blacks and whites of her spark, an electrical charge that immediately recedes. It's enough.

We play on. We play until the Yank yawns and ambles toward the cabaret, until one or two bypassers have dropped a few hands, until the drunken woman falls off her stool and has to be helped by a floorman into the lounge to await the probably likewise sodden wrath of her husband. We play until management calls in another dealer, an aquiline creature with white hands who reeks of after shave. I triple my standing bet for one hand. It's a push. I get up and leave, much to his indignation. She still lingers at the bar.

"Bad luck," I say. "Can I buy you a drink?"

"No." Her whole body crackles with aggression.

I consider diplomacy, then suddenly decide, what the hell; I take her wrists and gather them behind her back, drawing her body close to mine. She's warm, her breath slightly stale. "You remind me of the sea," I tell her, because it sounds good.

After a long moment, she says. "If you think you're going to fuck me, you're crazy."

"I know I am," I say, wondering if any of this could be original.

We stare at each other, our faces inches apart, bright with challenge.

●

DECEMBER 15 — It turns out she's a biter. Her name is Angela, a laugh in itself. After the requisite amount of drinks and insults, we go to her place, which is a short walk from the casino. Nothing unusual about the flat — walls and ceilings, a few prints and plants, a bed. We have another drink, then I pin her against the living room wall for a kiss and start running my hands over her body. She returns the kiss by ramming her tongue halfway down my throat, then punches me in the stomach. I grunt, and grab both her arms. She bites my lip, drawing blood, so I slap her, hard, and

She returns the kiss by ramming her tongue halfway down my throat, then punches me in the stomach. I grunt, and grab both her arms.

catch her palm on the upswing. Then I twist her wrists behind her back with one hand, yank her hair with the other and bite her on the shoulder. She screams so loud I'm afraid I bit too hard, so I ease up. She wrenches free, her black eyes full of tears, her lips red from my blood, laughing.

I chase her into the bedroom. She turns, takes a big swing at me, I duck under it, tackle her around the waist and we fall on the bed. She's laughing and saying, "Son of a bitch," fighting like a dervish. The blouse is sheer, with buttons, no problem; I tear it off. But her skirt is too stiff and tight, with a zipper I can't find. After more kisses and curses and some wicked in-fighting, I manage to remove her bra, but she rolls away and is halfway off the bed, slithering on her stomach, before I catch her. I grab her by the hips, rip off her knickers and am up under her skirt before she can say, "Rear Admiral". She goes off like a bomb, everything flying in opposite directions, one hand under there stroking away, the other one trying to tear chunks out of the mattress.

"Son of a BITCH," she bellows. "Wait, wait, wait," and she crawls, keeping me coupled with that guiding hand, the rest of the way across the bed until her head is touching the floor. Completely upside down, she now appears to be content. Aware at last of who's in charge here, I dutifully buck and wing, until of course the inevitable happens and we both topple the rest of the way off the bed into a heap on the floor, yelling, "Son of a bitch."

Shortly after this, in an untangled moment, I smile into her eyes. Kissing me, she digs eight bloody grooves down the length of my back.

●

"Not to be vicious," said Janet, "but all those women he goes out with are such *dull people*." She chewed vigorously on her tart.

"Dull, dull," said Abe. "I for one couldn't possibly dandle one of those dull young things on my knee for more than two or three weeks."

"Coffee, sir? Cappuccino?"

"Yes, thank you, waiter," said Janet.

"And two brandies," said Abe.

The waiter's heavy lids fell down, his eyes rolled up, he pirouetted towards a stage-right exit.

"You can dandle to your heart's content, but I'd better not catch you, or I'll dandle you right out the door."

"Questionable use of the verb, but I take your point," he said. "Anyway, I'm not that kind of guy. It's all right for him, probably more than all right" — he stifled a snicker — "but some of us are made to go the distance."

"I keep telling you, it's not all right. There's something wrong, I know it. A person just can't continue to live like that and be happy. It isn't normal. And this beginnings thing — he's become obsessed with *endings*, that's what it is. His life has become a series of beginnings, middles and ends, like a *story* of a life rather than a real one."

"I reckon you're the one who's making a story out of his life," said Abe. "But even assuming you were right, I don't know what we could do about it, anyway." He plastered more pastry between the tines of his fork. "I mean, what could we do about it?"

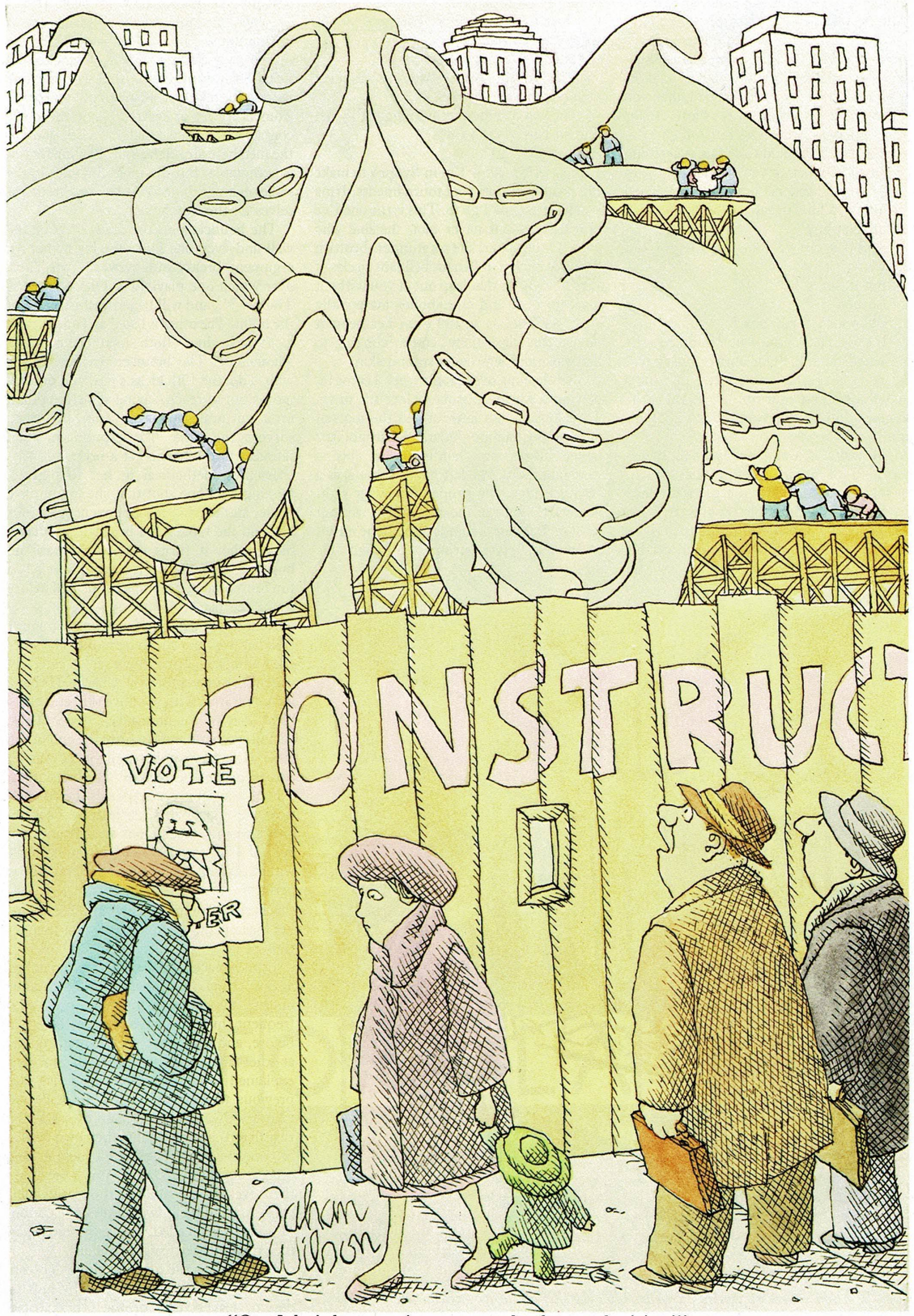
"I know what you *mean*, dear."

This look, with the astonished eyebrow, always reminded Abe of Lauren Bacall asking Bogie, "You know how to *whistle*, don't you?" Watching Janet light a cigarette, Abe envisioned Bacall standing at a doorway. Christ, could that woman wear a dress! "But you're wrong, Abe, there is something we can do. I agree that he has a right to live his own life any way he wants to, of course he does. I wouldn't dream of trying to forcefully change his ways. But we can always introduce a new element, and see how he reacts. After all, he's such a little boy sometimes. And what are friends for if not to influence each other in positive ways?"

"A little boy, is he?"

"The classic babe in the woods. What he needs is to become involved with a woman who's also a friend. We need to get him involved with someone he can relate to on more than just a physical level."

"And who do you have in mind?"



"Gee, I don't know. . . it was supposed to be a condominium!"

"Good question. I can't answer that yet. Who do we know?"

"Look, maybe he *likes* to relate on just a physical level. I remember once he said that girls like bad boys, just as boys like bad girls. It's only when you get married that you become men and women, for better or for worse. Anyway, we can ask him tonight. I'm sure he'll be delighted to tell us everything he thinks. Or better yet, he can read it to us." Abe finished his brandy and reached for hers. "Who's to say our life is so much better than his?"

"And how are we doing over here?" said the waiter.

"Beaut."

"Lovely."

"I guess we'll pay now."

"It's a sad fact," the waiter bubbled as he presented the bill. "One always must pay."

"You may be interested to know something about your tip," Abe said to the waiter. "You don't get one. I don't like your hair."

The waiter froze. Janet tittered. It was her kind of humor. Before the idea of apologising occurred to Abe, the waiter had disappeared behind a plastic gum tree, his orange locks bobbing with indignation.

"The one I liked," Abe said to get his mind off his little guilt, "was the one who had hair like that waiter. The pool player, what was her name?"

"Irina."

"That's right. Irina. I wonder whatever happened to her."

"She was just another boring tart," Janet said wearily. "Who cares?"

●

FEBRUARY 20 — I'm in Sydney to make the rounds of pub pool tournaments. Irina is at the first one I go to. This is the one I've heard about but never met, the one who wins. I look at her; she's a stunner. Scottish descent, maybe. Red hair, brilliant circles of sky-blue vision that leap out at you without moving, nose and cheekbones masterfully chiselled, breasts so full even her peasant blouse can't lose them, cotton clinging to her waist and legs like a second skin.

She's leaning over a table when I come in, playing a warm-up game before the draw. The blouse is not low-cut and the roots of her flaming hair aren't dark. All around the table, blokes are holding their beers, watching. With her left hand, she makes a strong bridge, the proper way. Her right handles the butt of the cue lightly, without tension. Bent low behind the ball, she makes a smooth, even stroke. Although it's obvious she knows how to play, Irina's presence in this shabby place seems incongruous.

The pub already is full of smoke and sweat. New tunes and 10-year-olds alternate on the juke box, all up loud. Most of the women are fat or scarred; some make eye contact with selected male crotches. Most of the men here are on the dole. Playing for fun is acceptable, but the most fun goes to the stakes-winner. The also-rans talk to themselves on the way home.

The bouncer pins the draw-sheet on the wall and everyone looks for his name. An argument breaks out between two Toms over which one plays first. One is listed as Thomas N., and will be in the third game of the night. The other is listed as Tom N., and is 19th in line. Both men claim to be Thomas N. The bouncer decides who is who, Tom the 19th kicks a post and quickly moves out of reach, saying something dark in a guttural language. Tom the third surveys the place like a publican, then saunters to the bar to get a beer.

Irina is methodical in her first game, missing only one shot that she might have made, and leaving her opponent with four balls on the table. One beer later, I play a bloke who, it turns out, would have no business being there if it weren't officially a fun tournament. He slops in one ball before I sink the black.

Round two will be a long time coming. I look her way, but she's surrounded by sloe-eyed admirers. Irina, however, is carefully watching a player they call Charlie. He has a leonine frame, with the olive skin and curly black hair of Mediterranean stock. We're standing several metres from the end of the table. He has a long shot, a slight cut into the corner pocket nearest us. He lines it up slowly; a lot of green separates the cue ball from the object ball. Charlie draws back the cue, raises his face to look straight into the eyes of Irina, smiles and hits the cue ball without taking his eyes off her. The shot is perfect.

Charlie triumphs easily and Irina wins her next game also, but I have a tougher time of it.

In the quarter-finals, Charlie is matched against Irina. The hoons, the down-and-outers, the petty crims and pros who frequent this place have all seen these two before, and they leave their vantage points at other tables to gather around this one. It's explained to me that, while Irina has won previous tournaments, she's never beaten Charlie. Even as they set up the rack, the two already are locked into their own worlds of concentration. They don't look at each other, they don't exchange quips, they keep their eyes on the table or the tips of their cues. Around these two players, the curtain of sound has receded, until only smoke and the smell of beer hang in the air.

Charlie wins the toss and elects to break. He sinks the 10, and whether by luck or design, leaves most of the other stripes

(continued on page 128)

"We don't care *if you're 32 years old. At this clinic we inform the parents of anyone for whom we prescribe a contraceptive device."*

FOR PLAY

the secret to a well-stocked home bar, says elisabeth king, is in the combination

ANY SUCCESSFUL social occasion, whether it involves two, four or 50 people, is dependent on a balanced blend of the right ingredients. The food or drink, personal chemistry and the ambience should always be heavily imprinted with a good dose of the host's own inimitable style. And few things display a man's tastes and expansiveness better than a well-thought-out home bar.

A good home bar should never resemble the corner of a cheap bordello, imply that the owner is a closet alcoholic or be a shrine to tastelessness. By keeping things simple and unfussy in both the choice of design and the manner of displaying the stock of drinks, setting up your own bar need not be synonymous with huge expenditure.

As for the alcoholic content of a bar, there are three levels for which to aim: catholic, in the embracing-all-general-tastes sense of the word, staples only, and the wide-ranging and exotic. Your ultimate plan will depend on whether you have modest or grand pretensions, how much money you wish to outlay and how much you know about your friends' drinking habits.

The best plan of action for stocking a bar

CONSTRUCTION BY PARVIZ SADIGHIAN/PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

is to start with the indispensables and then gradually build up your range with the drinks that lie one or two rungs down the ladder of vital importance. Gin, vodka, whisky, white and dark rums, tequila, brandy and sweet and dry vermouths form the hard core of a good drink selection; Campari, bourbon and Pernod constitute borderline cases. There is no need to choose the absolute top brands, unless your friends are noted liquor authorities; for most people, medium-priced brands are quite adequate. If you plan to serve cocktails, bear in mind that all the great classics contain at least one liqueur and therefore you must have a small but comprehensive range of the most useful ones. Benedictine, Chartreuse, Galliano, Cointreau, Drambuie, Grand Marnier, amaretto, Kahlua or Tia Maria, cassis, curacao, Southern Comfort and grenadine are among the most widely-used liqueurs, and you can start off with one or two, amplifying the number as you go along. The best mixers to keep are soda water, tonic, ginger ale, lemonade and cola.

If you cannot afford to stock a good basic selection, a good ploy is to remove any question of free choice. Perfect the making of one or two special drinks: a masterful cry of "I make a great Margarita (or Harvey Wallbanger or whatever)!" will nearly always be met with a positive response, and you'll then only need a few extra drinks on hand for the inevitable few who insist on being flies in the ointment.

If you really want your bar to be more than an elaborate storage place for alcohol, you should invest in the right equipment. The old platitude about a workman being only as good as his tools is extremely apt behind the home bar; thankfully, the few standard items you really need are relatively inexpensive. A standard cocktail shaker, ice bucket, tongs, a 30 and 45ml double-ended measure, a long bar spoon, a wire-edged strainer, a lemon squeezer, a good corkscrew, a mixing jug and a heavy-duty bottle and can opener will suit most people's requirements. For those who really want to progress a little further, a cutting board and fruit paring knife, a funnel, an ice crusher, an ice pick and bottle pourers are also extremely useful items to have on hand.

Once you have acquired the right equipment, spend some time learning how to make good mixed drinks properly. This is an incredibly useful skill that not only awes other men but is very alluring to women. Most females do not like the short, hard mainline stuff; as any professional barman will tell you, when it comes to drinks, the female is far and away the more adventurous sex. Color is very important and knowing how to make such things as Tequila Sunrises, for example, with their post-coital flushes of grenadine on the bottom, can help to set the tone for the evening. Other useful pointers worth knowing are that younger women go for sweetness, while nymphets are very predisposed to frothy, milky combinations reminiscent of thick shakes.

Chilling any glasses, whether a beer mug or an elegant cocktail flute, increases a drinker's pleasure. If you have enough time, chill glasses in the refrigerator for 30 minutes, or if in a hurry, pop them in the freezer for five to 10 minutes or simply fill the glasses with ice cubes and then discard before adding the drink.

A good supply of clear solid ice is mandatory for success, and if you are making it yourself, boil the water first before freezing it. If you don't do this, oxygen gets trapped in the ice and turns it cloudy.

When a drink demands fruit, always try to use the fresh variety. Citrus fruits are the most called for, and a good trick to help you extract the maximum amount of juice is to roll the fruit over a cutting board or other hard surface first to soften the internal fibres. When you need the ubiquitous twist of lemon, lime or orange peel, always make sure that the colored zest is free of all the white membrane.

If you're really ambitious, there's the option of stocking up on at least 20 different standard glasses. Most amateur bartenders, however, can get by with a quarter to a third of this number and still cater for the majority of drink demands. Here's the basic run-down:

- Two types of cocktail glasses — short (about 120ml capacity) with a stem of sufficient length to defend the liquor from hot hands, and long (about 250-300ml capacity). If your budget extends a little further, a few martini glasses could be included.
- Chunky Old Fashioned glasses (named after the famous '30s cocktail) are also excellent all-rounders; they are suitable for a great number of cocktails served over the rocks, and also are good stand-ins for whisky glasses.
- Wine glasses are, of course, a must — the 250ml size is best for red wines, and the 180ml for whites. If you are really impoverished, the versatile bulb-shaped *ballon* glass is not only appropriate for wine, but for many cocktails, and this should be your number one preference. Be warned, though, the *ballon* has a large capacity so be careful not to fill glasses more than half full if you want to stay aware that you are having a good time.
- Champagne glasses should always be tulip-shaped flutes, not only because they retain the sparkle better but because they show that you are a man who knows how to do things properly. Never use those saucer-shaped templates of Marie Antoinette's breast.
- The traditional brandy glass, with its short stem and round bowl, adds a touch of class to the home bar. Medium-sized models are the best as enormous ones tend to look, and make you feel, absurd.
- Rich, sweet liqueurs are particularly popular with women so it's a good idea to keep some tiny, thin-walled liqueur glasses.
- A dozen or so thin-lipped beer glasses, small sherry glasses and perhaps a few "proper" whisky glasses complete the strip model glass shelf.

"What did you forget, dear?"

The things you enjoy needn't cost the earth...

...as you'll find when you change to Escort 25s

Join the Club

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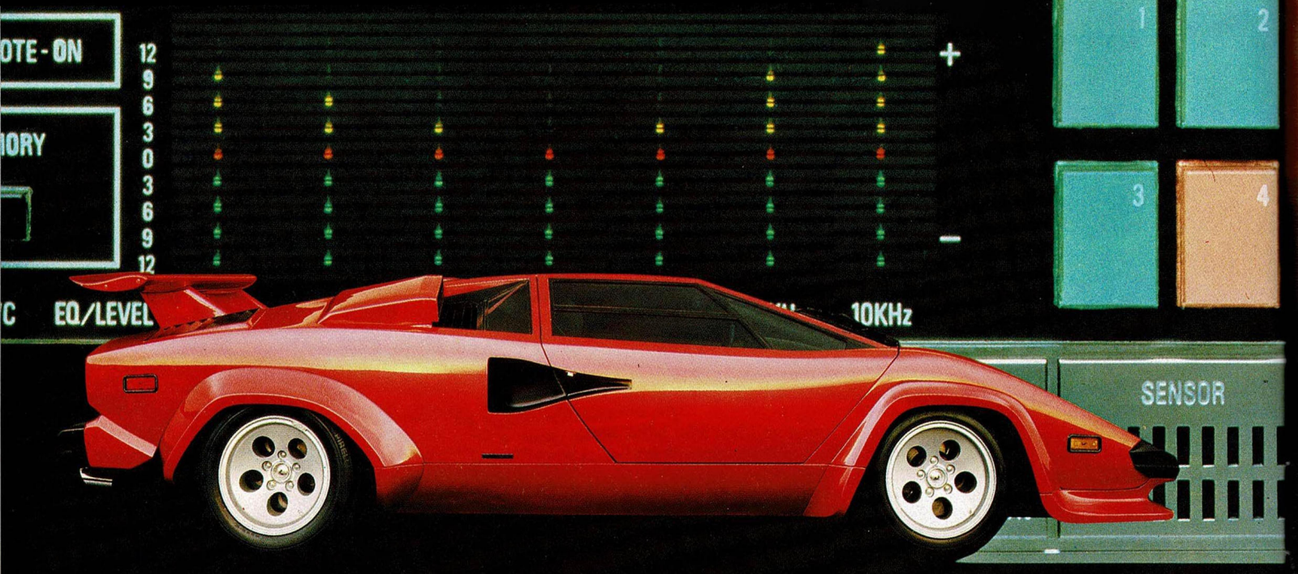
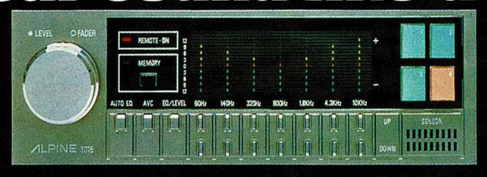


Alpine high fidelity can make every car sound like a Lamborghini



The sound system that comes as standard on this Lamborghini has to be anything but a standard sound system. And when it comes to shaping sound to suit a car's shape, Alpine Car Audio Systems are unequalled. Pure sound. Crisp, clean, accurate highs and a remarkable bass response that can transcend the ambient noise environment of any vehicle. Alpine is very simply the best car audio available today. Superbly matched and brilliantly designed, Alpine technology has virtually closed the gap between reproduction and reality. To make sure you get the best advice possible when you're buying a car audio system, Alpine Audio Systems are available only through a network of professional experts.

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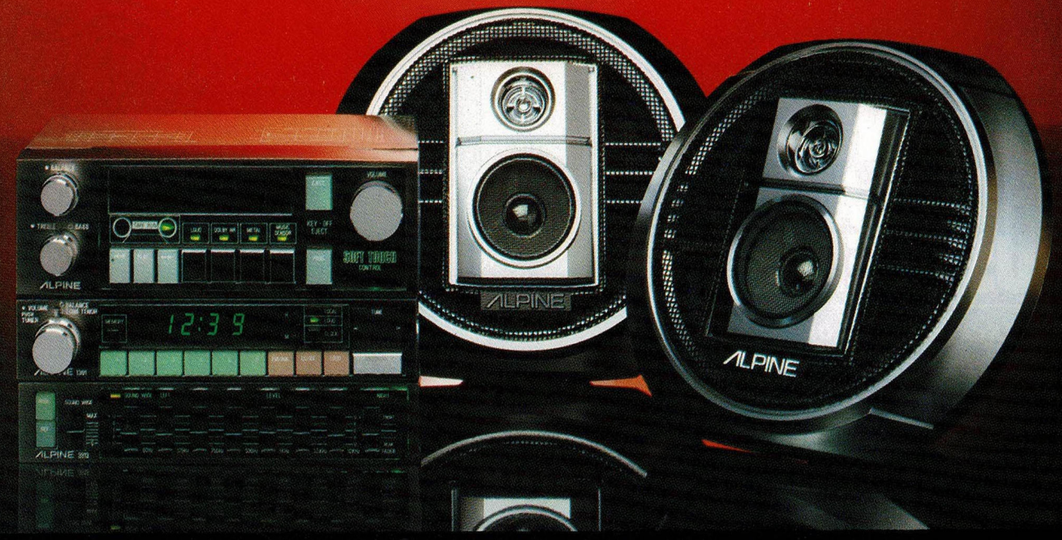
ALPINE
car audio systems



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Selected from the superb range of 37 high quality Alpine car audio components, the "SuperSystem" consists of 6 outstanding units.

"SuperDeck" Model 5311

Separate bass and treble controls, Dolby* noise reduction, metal tape capability, unique cassette glide, music sensor search for tape programmes and illuminated feather-touch controls.
Retail value $369.00†

"SuperTuner" Model 1301

Automatic scan/seek tuning, illuminated feather-touch controls, 6FM/6AM station memory and local/long distance tuning capability.
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"SuperSound" Equalizer Model 3313

Studio style music mixing with 7 band equalization, front to rear fader controls and illuminated front panel.
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50 watts per channel output (100 watts total music power) with only 0.04% distortion. Dual input sensitivity and pulse regulated power supply for superb, clear amplification.
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60 watts of music power with frequency response of 40-22,000Hz. Direct radiating horn tweeters and midrange cones give superb clean high and midrange performance to complement 6½" bass woofers.
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Just answer three simple questions about the six-piece Alpine "SuperSystem" (the answers are all on this page) and tell us in 25 words or less why you would like the "SuperSystem" in your car, and you could win. First prize is this magnificent car audio system, normal retail value $1485.00†, and there's 10 consolation prizes of one year's subscription to Australian Playboy, each worth $35.00.

Here are the questions

1. What is the total music power of the "SuperPower" amplifier, 3502?
2. How many FM stations can the "SuperTuner," 1301, remember?
3. How many bands does the "SuperSound" equalizer, 3313, have?

Now, tell us in 25 words or less why you would like to have the Alpine "SuperSystem" in your car. Just print your entry neatly on a sheet of paper and send it to:
Alpine "SuperSystem" Contest
P.O. Box 1312
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Please don't forget to include your name and address, and post your entry to arrive no later than Wednesday, 31st August, 1983. Winners will be advised by mail and announced in the January, 1984, issue of Australian Playboy.

Conditions of Entry

All entries become the property of the advertiser. Entries will be judged on accuracy and neatness and you may send as many entries as you like, provided they are each in separate envelopes. The judges' decision shall be final and no correspondence shall be entered into. Entry in the competition indicates acceptance of rules and conditions. This invitation to enter is not applicable in those States where it could contravene State Laws.

*The word Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories.
†Prices subject to change without notice.

ALPINE
car audio systems

Another fine product from Warburton Franki, a division of the ANI Corporation.

THE SECOND COMING OF NOLAN BUSHNELL

after seven years of exile, the man who created the video-game boom is back with a new bag of tricks. can he make lightning strike twice?

"ATTENTION, passengers," a voice announces. "Next stop in the Tunnel of Love: Italy!" Soon an enormous singing female robot pig with a French accent is confessing, "I keep dreaming of Sorrento. . ." The lunchtime crowd here at Chuck E. Cheese's Pizza Time Theatre in Sunnyvale, California, is divided between men in their twenties and thirties and girls in their elevens and twelves. Most of the men are in the next room playing video games (of course). Most of the girls and I are chewing on pieces of pizza and listening to Italian love songs. On the walls above us, a pair of elephant feet are clapping, an assortment of cymbals and skillets is being pounded on, and flags of the United States, Italy, California, and the Confederate States of America are waving furiously, making a sound like laundry snapping on a line. I turn to a prepossessing preteenager sitting near me and ask her what she thinks. She swallows a

profile by david owen

ILLUSTRATION BY KUNIO HAGIO

mouthful of pizza and sighs, "It's awesome." Call me sentimental, but I find it vaguely reassuring that little girls in America can still be swept off their feet by a roomful of robots singing "That's *Amore!*" Drugs, atom bombs, Nancy Reagan, law schools — how riled up can you get if you know the old-fashioned values are intact? Maybe the future won't be scary and terrible after all.

The source of this uplifting optimism is Chuck E. Cheese, a computer-controlled mechanical rat who was supposed to be something else. "We thought he was a coyote," says Nolan K. Bushnell, Pizza Time's founder. It takes a certain amount of moxie to name a restaurant after a rodent, even if you do it by mistake. But Nolan Bushnell has never lacked for moxie. You may remember him as the man who turned $500 into a company called Atari. Or as the man who sold the same company four years later for $28 million. Or as the man who invented the video game (now, *that* would be something to tell your grandchildren).

So what's a guy like that doing selling pizzas? For one thing, he's making a fortune. Before Bushnell came along, the single inescapable fact about the pizza business was that every order took 20 tedious minutes to fill. Your typical Big Mac is ready and waiting before your typical McDonald's customer has found a place to park his car. But pizzas take time. Stop by a Pizza Hut on your way home from work, and you'll see a lot of hungry people drumming their fingers on the tables, watching the ice melt in their Cokes.

Bushnell had the imagination to see this dead time as an asset, not a liability. (And you wonder why you aren't rich.) Why not give those cranky people something to do for 20 minutes? Even more to the point, why not give them something to do that costs money? So Bushnell built an oversized pizza parlor — he prefers to think of it as an undersized Disneyland — and filled it with video games, miniature amusement-park rides, and a chorus of performing robots. Today there are close to 200 Pizza Time Theatres in the United States, Canada, England, Australia and Asia. An average outlet rakes in more money every year than an average McDonald's, and it can turn a profit nine times that of a traditional chain pizzeria. By 1985, Bushnell predicts, there will be 1000 Pizza Time Theatres worldwide.

When Bushnell hit the jackpot with Atari back in the mid-1970s, a lot of Wall Street-types dismissed him as just another lucky Californian who had stumbled out of a hot tub and into a pot of gold. But now that he's made a second killing, the people with the serious money are looking at him very carefully. More specifically, they're rubbing their hands and waiting for this coming October, when Bushnell's seven-year non-compete agreement with Atari expires. People who attach themselves to Nolan Bushnell have a disquieting tendency to become extremely rich, overnight. And while he hasn't exactly been sitting on his hands since he left Atari back in 1978, there is a certain expectation that the real bonanza won't begin until he's entirely on his own again.

In the words of the man himself, "We'll blow your socks off."

●

"Robotics," said Nolan Bushnell, helpfully, like the grown-up in *The Graduate* who tells Dustin Hoffman to check out plastics. We were sitting in about 15 rooms at the Plaza Hotel in New York. Bushnell was puffing on a pipe with such intensity that it was sometimes difficult to see his face. To judge from the cloud, he was smoking coal. He is a large man, 40 years old, with dark curly hair and a dark curly beard. He has a deep, friendly laugh. He owns, but was not wearing, a top hat that he affects "on occasion". Once or twice, he rose from his seat and strode powerfully around the room like some thitherto undocumented species of bear. This is a man who has so many ideas that he finds sleep personally insulting. He was being interviewed by someone who takes naps when he isn't tired.

"Robotics are probably the biggest thing that's just about to happen," he continued. "In your home. Bringing you a cup of coffee. Getting you a beer."

People are always coming up to Bushnell and asking him what the next big thing is going to be. "Next time you have one of your zillion-dollar ideas, Nolan," they tell him, "just give me a holler and I'll invest some money." No problem, Bushnell says, I've already got it: robots. "Well, hmmmm, Nolan," the people invariably say, "why don't you let me know about your next big idea *after that*."

The awful thing about being ahead of your time is that nobody believes you until afterwards, and then they figure you were just lucky. In the early 1970s, when Bushnell was trying to interest the business world in video games, which he had just invented, he heard all kinds of dire predictions. Hoodlums will break into the games and "steal the TVs", executives told him. Nobody will be able to figure out the rules. Nobody will want to play. Even later, after success had apparently vindicated him, most manufacturers figured the video boom was a one-shot deal.

Now, of course, all anybody wants to hear about is video games.

"Hey, innovate me some more like you did last year," Bushnell mocks. "Design me a new game cartridge. Well, there's no question but that I could build a hundred-million-dollar company relatively quickly making game cartridges. *Yawn.* I want to build a *billion*-dollar company that's going to last forever."

Robots, Bushnell believes, will someday be the second major purchase a family makes. You'll buy a house, and then you'll buy a robot. You won't have any choice! You'll be living in the future!

"Here's another great one."

"International robotics travel," Bushnell says, gazing into the mists. "There's a little garage and it's full of robots and it's in London. And you get in a little machine and you put on a headset and pretty soon you are there. You get to drive the robot around, and look at Big Ben, and walk down the streets, and that sort of thing. For all intents and purposes, according to your senses, you're in London. But you're really in one of my pizza parlors."

Even as we speak, Bushnell is building robots. At a company called Catalyst Technologies in Sunnyvale — in a low, rust-colored building that looks like an enormous car air-conditioner — a team of computer technicians is putting the finishing touches on a rudimentary robot that will be for sale by the time you read this article. The head of Catalyst Technologies is Nolan Bushnell. Catalyst is actually an umbrella organisation that encompasses more than a dozen independent corporations working hard to make the future an interesting and, undoubtedly, expensive place to live. The company building the robots is called Androbot. Another company, called Cinemavision, is fiddling with a color television screen that will give you four times the resolution of your present set. Timber-Tech computer camps are already making your children smarter than you are. Byvideo, under the direction of a former head of Atari's coin-operated-games division, is laboring to make the mail-order catalogue obsolete.

The Catalyst idea is simple. Silicon Valley, Bushnell says, is filled with bright young engineers who have good ideas for computer-related products but know nothing at all about running a business. When these people — who in simpler days were known as nerds — start their own companies, they often bog down in minor details. Their fundamental inner nerdiness simply overwhelms them.

"For example," says one of Bushnell's associates, "which Xerox-type machine do you buy? Well, a technologist can get *fascinated* with the intricacies and engineering that goes into the machines and spend three weeks making his decision. It'll be the right decision, but he'll spend too much time doing it. Our product at Catalyst is essentially to provide the entrepreneurial team with the key to the door. They walk into their office and, lo and behold, there's a desk and a chair and a telephone system that works, there's a full accounting system, purchasing, receiving, there's a stack of papers on the desk and when the leader gets through signing his name 35 times, he's incorporated, he's got employee benefit plans, he's got insurance, he's got the whole works, he's got his patent secrecy forms, everything he needs, and he can devote his efforts to the development process as opposed to making mistake after mistake."

Think of Catalyst as a day-care centre for the scientifically encumbered. The set-up enables Bushnell to keep his fingers in lots of pies, which is the way he likes to operate. For a man who has more ideas than he knows what to do with, it's close to an ideal situation.

One idea that Bushnell doesn't quite know what to do with yet (and won't until he can compete with Atari again) has to do with video games that defy the ordinary definition of video games. "Envision actually going against the dragon in *Lord of the Rings*," he says. "To go in and actually play a *real* game of Dungeons and Dragons, so that you're *there*. Or let's say we'll put you in the Middle Ages and teach you history in a more realistic way than any class or sterile, stupid textbook." He says his pizza parlors now contain only about 10 percent of all the stuff they eventually will, and that there's no limit to what the technology will someday be able to do.

"I'm interested in doing for the kids what the educational system will not do for them," he says, "and that's prepare them for the next century. I'm really interested in making sure that the fabric of society holds together, and I think you do that by making sure that the kids are properly trained. I think the American school system is the shits. Kids nowadays are being taught to be functionally useless in the 21st Century."

If you're like a lot of people, you probably figure you could get by for another decade or so with just reruns of *The Love Boat*. But the future is going to arrive regardless. In the world Bushnell contemplates, kindergarten kids will learn to type before they can write, pounding away on computers with big, bright keys. Robots will provide companionship and therapy for kids who can't make friends. Passengers on aeroplanes will amuse themselves by playing video games built into the backs of the seats in front of them.

Bushnell leans back and puffs contentedly on his pipe. "Catalyst is the only instance I know of in which a for-profit organisation has become an entrepreneurial incubator," he says, puff, puff, puff. "A hot-house of new ideas and technologies." Puff, puff. "A warm, cuddly environment for success."

●

Nolan Bushnell's father, a struggling cement contractor, died of a heart attack when his son was just 15. Young Nolan suddenly found himself at large in a house full of females, a situation he did not fail to take advantage of. "I was a little bit of a ne'er-do-well," he says. "It's hard to say that I was a compassionate pillar of support to my mother."

(continued on page 118)

"'Where does it hurt?' Why, it hurts where the little stars are flying out, of course."

HI-WAY FIDELITY

in a special report, rob luck and richard timmins enter the laser and computer age of highway hi-fi

THE TIME: The near future.
THE PLACE: A big city. An electronic guideway.

You are in your personal transit unit (PTU), stealthily gliding across town, guided by your on-board computer. You want music. You open your wallet, select a slip of plastic like a credit card. A slot in the dashboard swallows it. Instantly, the cabin fills with clear, pure sound. Living sound, with real ambience. You are front row in the concert hall.

It's not just fantasy. The technology is already here. Putting it in place is a matter of time, and money, and shift in social values. Such systems seem certain to come within five years, probably less. You will force their introduction

The system is the Soundstream Audiofile Digital Card. The sound "image" is "printed" on a plastic card. Prototypes use index-size cards and miniaturisation to credit-card size is already planned. The digital card or "record" is placed in the set and scanned by a laser which reproduces the sound through conventional amplifiers and speakers.

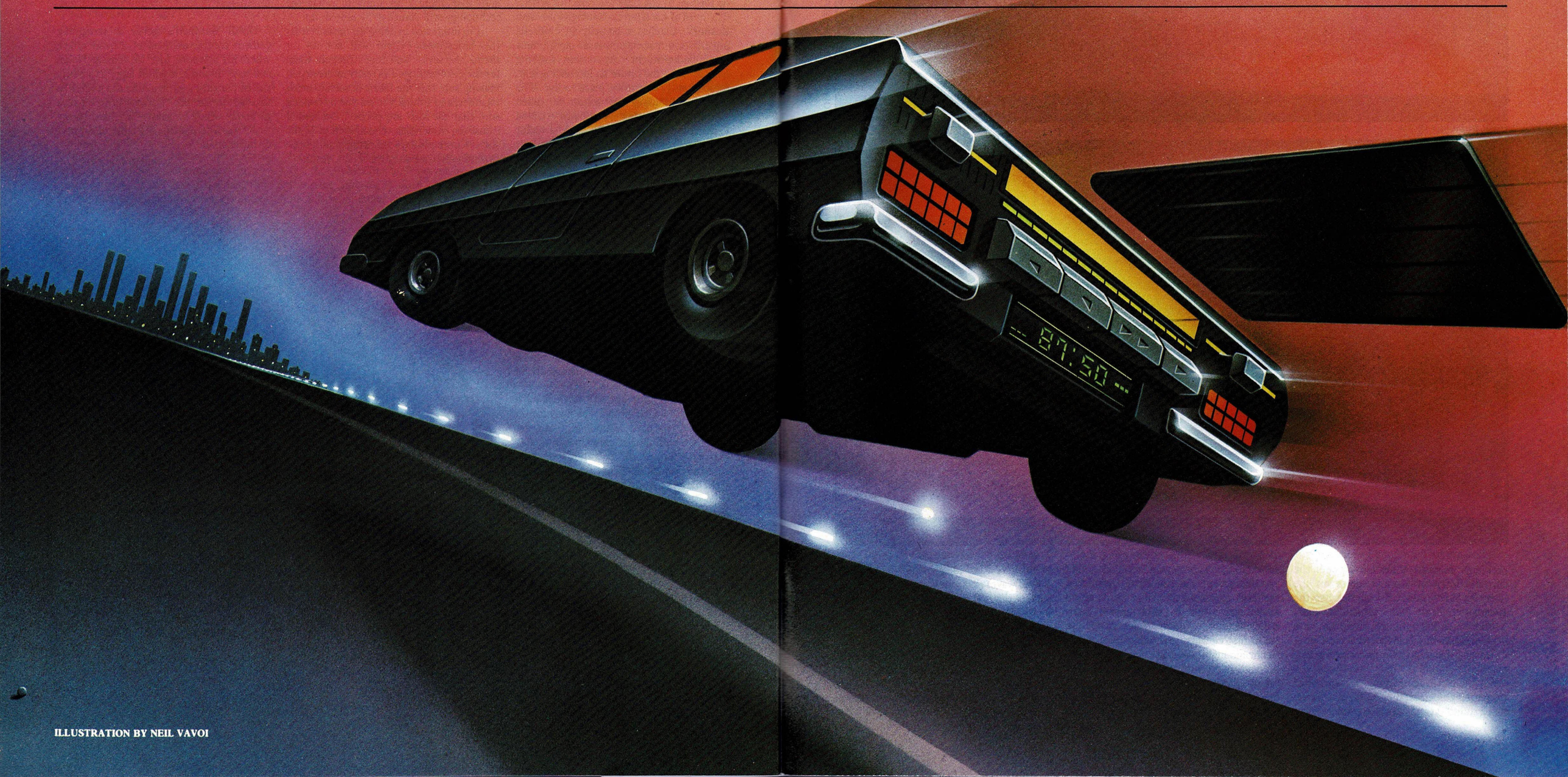
There is no surface-to-surface contact as on a record or tape, the contact can never be lost due to vibration or damage of the playing surface. In fact, the musical "imprint" is virtually indestructible, there is no wear and the card has an infinite life. It is unaffected by heat and humidity, and the scanner can read both sides. It is so compact that a comprehensive music collection could be carried in a pocket wallet. A full library in the glovebox.

It could have been purpose-built for the motor vehicle. Except for one thing: personal recording. At present, the recording system demands fabulously expensive and complex laboratory equipment, so "blank cards" and home recording currently are out. This may seem the ultimate solution to the problem of personal pirating of original music, but if not overcome by the designers, it ultimately could spell doom for the system.

There is a precedent: cartridge tape systems. Conceived by the man who gave the world the Lear Jet, eight-track cartridges offered a standard of musical reproduction that cassettes have yet to match nearly 20 years down the technological road. But there was no simple or inexpensive home-recording system, the continuous loop tape system practically defied convenient program selection, was prone to failure and short life, and was difficult to clean. The system was bulky, too.

In the electronic equation, convenience didn't match quality, so cartridges couldn't cut it. They ended on the technological scrap heap. Soundstream's Digital Card is likely to go the same way if personal recording problems aren't solved. It's the same issue that threatens Compact Disc, fresh on the market here and recently previewed by Australian PLAYBOY.

Size-wise, Compact Disc simply ain't new. Philips tried a similar system more than 20 years ago without the laser "pick-up arm". The new-wave electronics have pushed the breakthrough, but some of the



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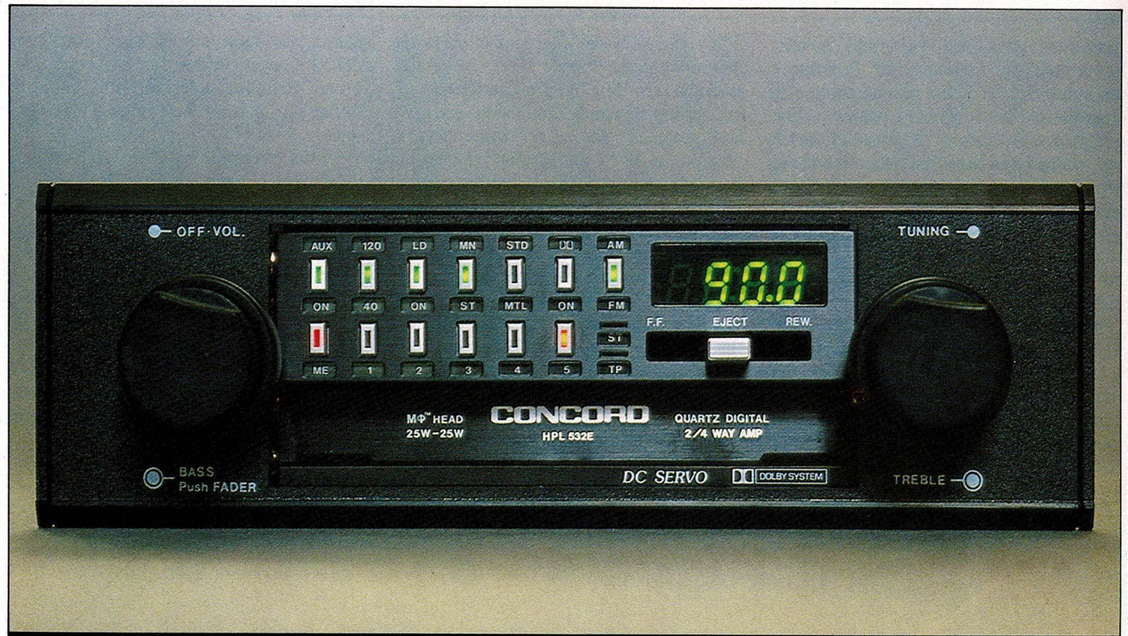
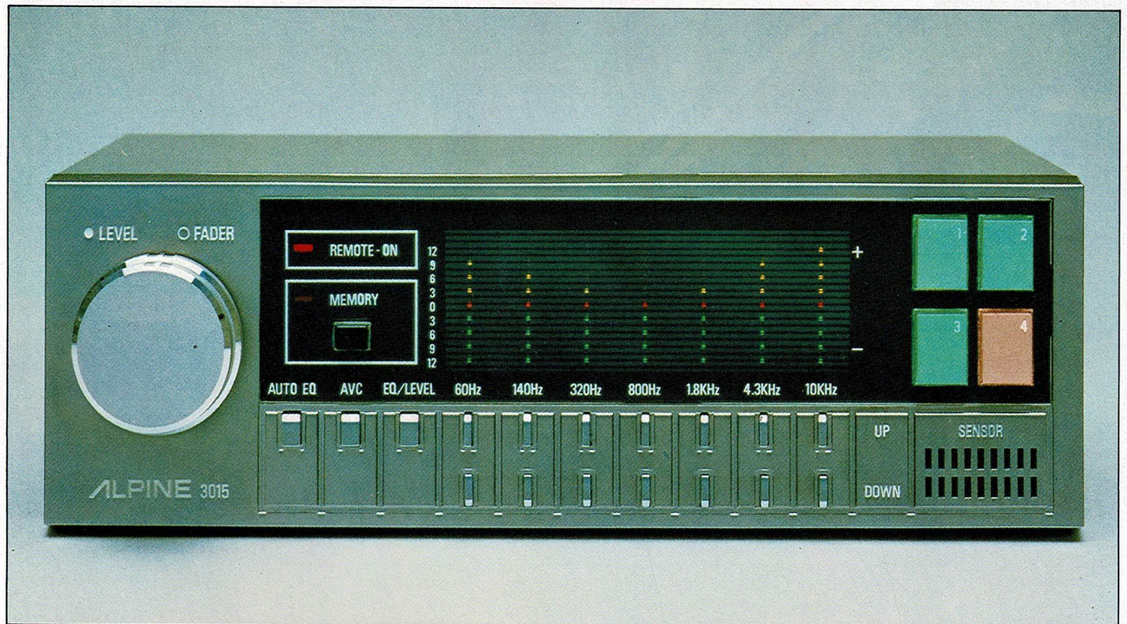


Concord's latest press-button electronic deck.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER SIMONS



Alpine Graphic Equaliser incorporates Spectrum Analyser.

problems remain. Vibration is one: the current flurry of manufacturers on the scene haven't beaten this bugbear, so the system is o-u-t for autos. In fact, Soundstream Digital Card, five years later in development, could well leap-frog Compact Disc into the automotive marketplace.

So, that's the future: a world of computer-guided traffic, PTUs and future shock sound systems. But the present is just as exciting. The new generation sound systems accept the heavily compromised modern automobile, utilise its natural advantages and short-circuit its deficiencies.

On first viewing, the motor vehicle is an electronic nightmare. The thing is made of tin and glass, with cavernous holes, and boom-inducing nooks and crannies. The interior is skinned with vinyl, cloth and carpet of inconsistent qualities, and stacked with hardware ideally located to make sound waves ricochet. Under the bonnet is a gadget that shakes, rattles and rolls, makes noise and fires off high-voltage sparks. The whole thing leaps and bounds around at varying speeds over mediocre surfaces. It is a trap for noise and vibration induced by road, mechanicals and the wind, it is a masterful suntrap and a humidifier almost as efficient as a glasshouse nursery. It is an electronic disaster area.

Some of these factors not only work against electronic equipment, they are decidedly anti-social. Because of this, car manufacturers have tamed a lot of them. After-market accessory manufacturers have led some of these trends, but now the equipment is more frequently installed on the production line. This applies to air-conditioners that take moisture away and cool the cabin, soundproof kits that shut out noise, suspension controls, seats, and retrimming that quietens and smoothes the internal environment.

And motor vehicles have some advantages too — even over the normal domestic abode which stays put and is less affected by elements and extraneous noise. For example, the designer of the home music system cannot control the location of the listeners, the placement of the speakers and the acoustic environment.

In all motor vehicles, the audience is fixed. So is the audio equipment — particularly the speakers. With reasonable up-grading of equipment and its location, dramatic improvements in listening quality can be made. And, of course, the environment can be "tuned". Progress in recent years has been heavy in this direction from both car manufacturers and the after-market audio equipment suppliers. Cars have gotten smoother and quieter; cleaner cockpits have developed; higher quality materials are prevalent, cloth is largely replacing vinyl and the air in the cabin is cleaner and cooler.

The equipment manufacturers have begun tailoring speaker systems to cars and locating them in logical positions. The level of the receiving, playing and amplification equipment has improved.

Except for one thing: the efforts are the products of two industries, largely heading in their own directions. The confluence of ideas has frequently been by coincidence, almost never by design.

Sure, manufacturers have punched better stereo equipment into their cabins, but they've never made it up to the lateral thinking process and considered making car and stereo system compatible. However, there's been a revolution. Curiously, it has come from the country which has trailed the world standard in both motor vehicle interior ergonomics (the science of human-to-equipment engineering) and sound systems: the USA.

The sound system is the Delco-Bose concept fitted to certain dinosaurs produced by The General, the US automotive giant. It's billed as "the first time a music system and the listening environment have been designed together", and that's not just referring to automobiles, it is meant to encompass *all* music systems.

A whole rash of critical reviewers from the automotive, music and hi-fi industry has rushed into print to support this viewpoint. But, as with a lot of American technology, the supporting hype gets so overblown it seriously distorts the value of the achievements. Not all the Bose audio engineering principles are accepted at face value by our experts, but the importance of the development is no less emphatic.

What has really gone down here is a car and a stereo system designed for each other. This is a massive breakthrough, with a massive price-tag attached. Bose claims to have invested more than US$12 million to get the system up to speed for just a handful of General Motors models — Cadillac Seville and Eldorado, Buick Riviera, Oldsmobile Toronado (all compact front-wheel-drives) and the new Chevvy Corvette. GM probably spent double or triple that to rejig its cars to suit parameters laid down by Bose. This included everything from the way in which the body was welded, the panels fitted, and the sound insulation laid (an extra 40kg weight was added) to the grade and type of carpet and cloth trim employed, the position in which it was placed, and the way in which the fitments were installed. Even the "leak" or gap between the front buckets and the floor was an important consideration. The sound

What has really gone down here is a car and stereo system designed for each other. This is a massive breakthrough, with a massive price-tag attached.

systems themselves are quite different from anything previously seen in cars. The facia component houses radio tuner, opening for cassette insertion, and knobs for tuning and volume. There is no balance control, nor is it necessary.

By employing a computer, and a computerised "listening mannikin" called Morgan, the speakers were placed in such a way as to give perfectly balanced stereo reproduction to every passenger in every position in the car.

The speakers are completely self-contained speaker-amplification units ensconced in their own element-proof, acoustic module with individual 25-watt amplifier per unit. They are *not* interchangeable and are connected by fully shielded cables. Instead of the heatfins common to most powerful car systems, they have the most sophisticated two-state switching system. The units are apparently impervious to any kind of electrical interference, and unlike most car sets, do not generate any "noise" of their own that can be reproduced through the system. Part of this is achieved by removing the amplification circuitry from the area of the tuner and the tape transport mechanism.

The Delco-Bose unit (produced under the label of GM's electronic and parts division) produces a quality of sound that seems to be worthy of the term "hi-fidelity". In automotive systems, it is closest to producing the "surround sound" quality of reproduction that you get in a concert hall: a blend of sound that is transmitted directly from the instruments, and the "ambience" of sound reflected from the walls.

An important aspect of the Delco-Bose system is that pure sound is produced at low levels. This runs against the current of a lot of automotive sound technology where power or volume is used to overcome deficiencies in the listening environment. Bose found that by employing the acoustic enclosures for the speakers, 1/30 of the power was required to provide the same sound pressure (or volume) at 50Hz. This explains why a relatively small amplifier power (25 watts-per-corner) is able to produce a claimed sound quality and output higher than some sets on the market which offer 100 watts and upwards.

If such a quantum leap into the future of audio hi-fi is easily accepted by the average individual, the barriers to universal use are difficult to rationalise. The Bose-Delco system remains unique to a handful of GM models and it is certain to spread to many others. Equally certainly, it will not be scheduled into rival car makes (Ford, Chrysler etc) because the development of the system requires advance model knowledge, and conflict of interest between rival manufacturers arises.

Similarly, the system is unlikely to be fitted to Australian cars. Its development cost for individual models (several hundred thousands of dollars in the US) could not be economically spread across small production runs like ours.

The future may bring system packaging that enables manufacturers to provide for the inclusion of the Bose system in their vehicles, but this is a distant hope. This has shifted the focus to simpler development in the Original Equipment (OE) field and the more radical after-market systems.

Australian motorists are offered one of the world's most staggeringly comprehensive ranges of systems from both directions. General Motors has been up front in local OE sound system development in this country. Its vehicles are now offered with Eurovox sound systems, which were designed by Australian technicians to suit our tough user and broadcast conditions, built in Japan to capitalise on manufacturing economies and fitted in Australia to rigid installation standards.

The up-market models (as fitted to Commodore SLE) offer among the world's most sophisticated equipment in simple-to-use consoles. Typical equipment is electronic push-button and search-tune radio, auto-reverse tapeplay, and two-knob control functions.

Reception for both AM and FM broadcasts is very much up with market requirements considering our distances and

questionable broadcasting techniques and regulations. Tape play modes and reproduction quality through reasonably powerful amplification and good quality speakers are high.

Ford — naturally opting for a different product — has achieved similar levels with Philips equipment, slanting its aim towards facia equipment and sound management systems (graphic equalisers, etc). Pioneer has achieved enormous penetration in the small-volume manufacturer market and amongst the importers, fitting premium-line sets to marques as varied as Rover-Jaguar, Fiat, Lancia and Audi. The units lean heavily on console features and digital electronics.

Japanese manufacturers and importers (of vehicles) typically supply the market with well-equipped, fully-optioned cars that include stereo systems sourced in Japan. Unfortunately, these have fallen far behind the general market pace, resorting largely to facia gimmickry at the expense of good sound reproduction and quality radio reception. This has helped to shore up the after-market suppliers at a time when their markets should be failing in the face of more original equipment competition.

The after-market is literally drowning in car sound options at prices ranging from Best and Less, to Bring Your Own Bank Vault. The bottom end is well stocked with cut-price traders offering generally cut-price quality. Amazingly, the level of included features is high, so that a motorised audio enthusiast can go hunting among stacks of graphic equalisers, power amps, and electronic tuners geared at prices below simple sets available from the up-market manufacturers.

Typical in this company is a Three-in-One system offered by Dick Smith Electronics incorporating tuner/deck/graphic for $299. Tandy and others compete, and there is a flood of base-model Japanese sets offering similar facilities with similar price scales. Many are marketed under the multiple-unit "stackable" system requiring a large console area for installation. As with the original game, a stacked deck is not necessarily a winner.

Up the scale, the styling and power-gearing of the manufacturers diverge into different and competitive fields. Much of that competition is based on marketing and sales-hype, regardless of quality. Gadgets are given priority over performance, features sell ahead of performance.

What much of the market misses is that such devices don't improve the music reproduction — they simply alter it. In many cases, they are altering faults that the sets have built into the reproduction. Because of the demands of audio engineering in the automotive field, a lot of specialising has developed. Some manufacturers concentrate purely on producing speakers, or enter the market that way. Others produce only decks, or amplifiers. Bose — already mentioned for its superior OE equipment — produces a state-of-the-art speaker/amplifier system. Expensive ($850 upwards), efficient (100 watts RMS), and flexible (it uses four direct/reflecting weatherproof speakers similar to its home hi-fi equipment), the unit still requires a front-end or tuner/deck. And it requires a quality one which is also expensive; Concord and Alpine decks are popular in this context.

Alpine recently moved some "future shock" audio concepts out of the realm of fantasy and into the real-life car cockpit.

Their new modular system incorporates a sound-modulation device that automatically adjusts listening volume to compensate for outside noise levels. The unit is hitched to perhaps the most advanced graphic equaliser yet fitted in a car sound system. The Alpine 3015 Graphic uses seven stacks of LEDs to display the different frequency bands. Boost and cut are adjusted by push-button instead of the conventional sliders and the adjustment is shown on the "screen". The 63 LED display also doubles as an audio spectrum analyser, drawing pretty visuals of the music being played.

The after-market is literally drowning in car sound options at prices ranging from Best and Less, to Bring Your Own Bank Vault.

National — a big volume marketer in home and automotive hi-fi — produces a radical module in the car component concept — a roof-mounted console that brings the idea of the 747 flight-deck into your cabin. It's called, appropriately, the Cockpit, and it integrates tuner, cassette deck, amplifier, graphic equaliser and other gadgetry into one unit that screws to the ceiling of the car.

National Panasonic provides conventional options for those with cars that won't take this system.

Other manufacturers in the automotive field just about make up a *Who's Who* of consumer hi-fi producers. There are at least 15 well-regarded names visible in this apparently compact market — from giants in the market-place like AWA-Clarion to those struggling for identity (Grundig, Pearce, Simpson, Ten).

There is one strong difference that sets automotive hi-fi apart from domestic, and that is installation. In most cases, if you can operate a powerpoint you can do your own home installation. In the automotive product injection, you need to be a multi-talented genius — electronics expert, mechanic, developer and sound engineer.

There are very few installation experts. The rank and file car sound experts lining the popular boulevards stock equipment, not installation and service. The customer staggers out into the street, armed with impressive boxes of gear, pamphlets loaded with impressive jargon and a receipt tagged anywhere from $200 to $2000. He then goes in search of the elusive outfit known as the car sound installation centre.

He very frequently falls into the arms of a backyard business with a backyard approach to the business of fitting car sound. The automobile is gouged and ripped to pieces, the car sound package is nailed in with the finesse of a boilermaker. The result is something less than adequate. Fortunately, the car sound salesman has compensated — the amplifier is enormously powerful and when fetched up to half throttle, will drown out the rattle of the speakers, the dance of the cassette in its cradle and any possible objective thought on the part of the operator.

This is where the car sound industry needs to get its act together. There are some signs of effort and the novice buff should guide himself carefully to the biggest, most reputable operators. The basic rule is, you pays your money and you takes your choice. Be wise and aim high here. The customer who spends a grand on gear and then goes after a $50 installation has only himself to blame.

Concerned companies marketing quality products are aligning themselves with professional installers. We found this with the Bronco project, where a scout of the scene produced an excellent package from Concord (deck, amp and speakers) and a company that knew all about installing Concord (StageCo Carsound at Seven Hills, Sydney).

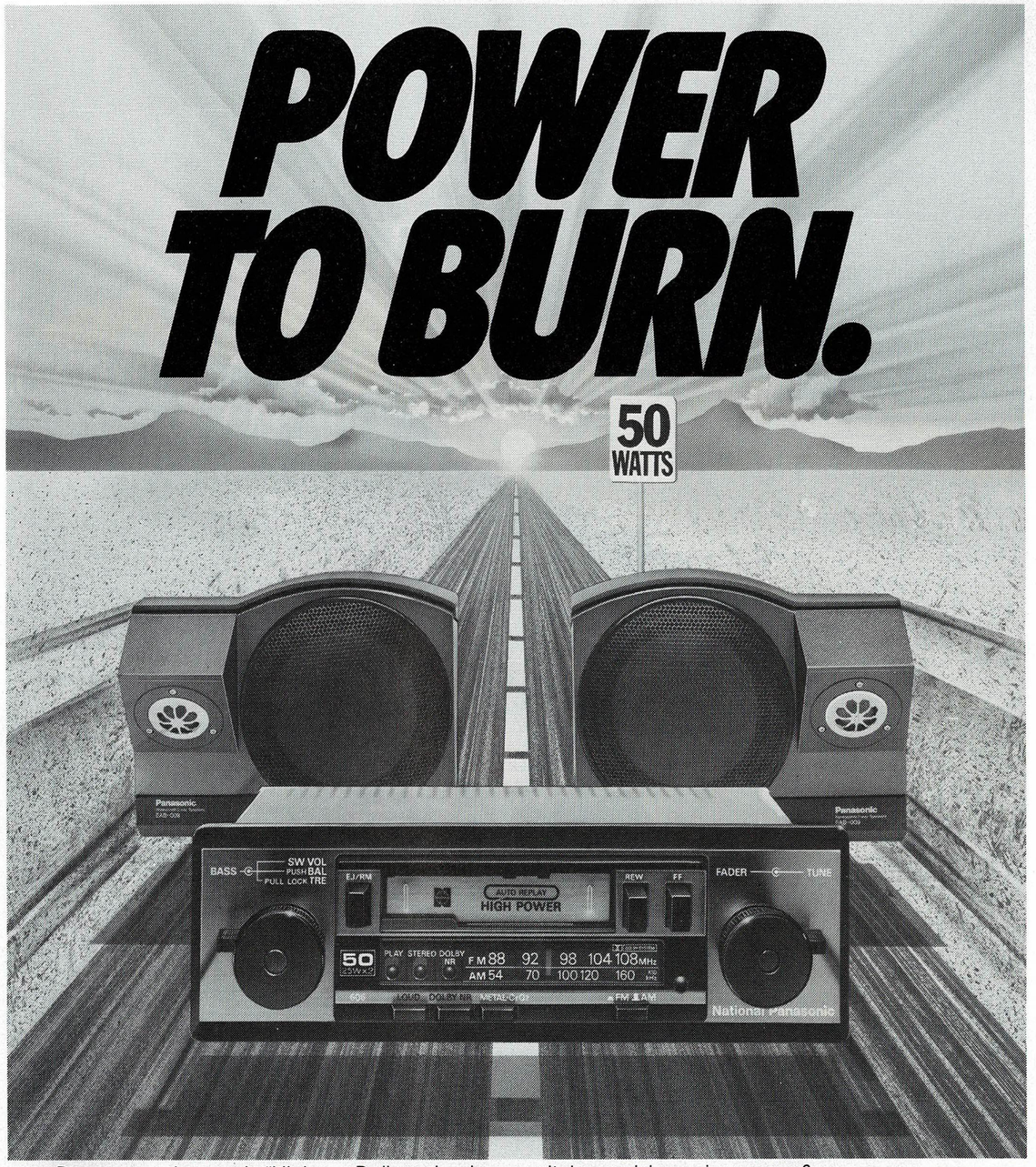
We aren't a nation of across-the-country commuters like the Europeans, so we're a long way from their sophisticated information services, and the radio componentry to support it.

One of the best we could use is the coded traffic emergency service. European sets which subscribe to this system are tuned to boost volume automatically on a given broadcast signal from the station. You get to hear all the emergency traffic report because you don't have to fumble for the controls. And that means you can steer around the freeway pile-up, the fog, the traffic jams or the emergency up ahead.

We have a way to go, but we've come even further — to the point where you can enjoy performance motoring and quality car sound. A long way from Enzo Ferrari's famous quote of the '70s. He told a customer plagued by electrical interference in his stereo just exactly what his choices were: "My good man, you have to decide — do you want to drive a performance car or a stereo system?" Now you can have both.

What's more, pages 100-101 tell how you can win an Alpine car stereo system.

POWER TO BURN.



Do you see the words "High Power" on the console?

Hear this machine and you'll think that's an understatement.

For here you get a whopping 50 watts; and there's no need for an extra amplifier as it's already built into this one unit.

That should save you a bit.

As you can see, this machine also gives you Dolby, a loudness switch, provision for metal tape, and four-way balance controls.

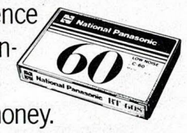
2 YEAR WARRANTY

Don't drive a car, drive a set of speakers.

Did you know that the world-famous Honeycomb design that's featured in our Technics Hi-Fi range is now available in car stereo?

And did you know what a startling difference this can make in your car?

Audition this National system and you'll experience a dramatic demonstration of more power for your money.



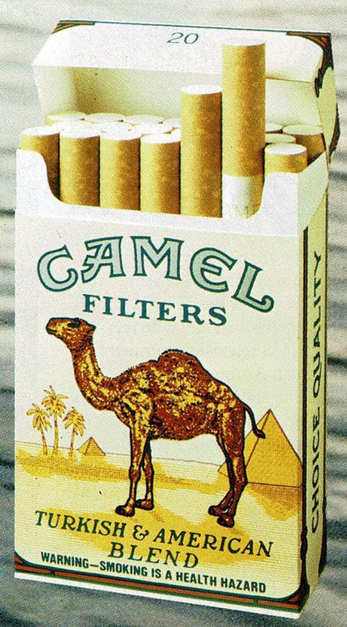
Get National Tapes. They're the difference between music and hot music.

National SUPERSONIC POWER

Dailey/NPA 169

CAMEL

Discover the Camel experience.



CC1185/83 RJR5321 In S.A. and W.A. Camel Virginia 25's is available in place of Camel Filter 20's.

MEET THE MRS

two marilyns, both titleholders in mrs america competitions, are winning wives in our book, too

Both of the women featured in this pictorial are married. Between them, they've cooked more than 8000 meals, changed more than 3000 nappies and washed several tonnes of clothes. Yet, Marilyn Griffin and Marilyn Parver, Mrs Oklahoma in 1980 and Mrs Georgia in 1981, respectively, seem to have changed only in the appealing glint of experience that now accompanies the shyness in their eyes.

Both Marilyns are not only mothers, but working mums. Marilyn Griffin, 36, is the current director of the Mrs Oklahoma Pageant and is a model who recently appeared in US television commercials for American Airlines and Coca-Cola. "It's hard to stay in shape," says Mrs Griffin. "When you're — shall we say — mature, gravity begins to take over." These pictures are proof that gravity hasn't taken *her* over.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR AND DAVID MECEY

Marilyn Parver, 30, is a make-up artist who owns and operates (with a partner) a popular Atlanta beauty salon. She has also been a make-up consultant for major movie and television studios, where her list of famous clients ranged from Burt Reynolds to Bette Davis to Muhammad Ali. "I have to be honest about why I'm doing this," Marilyn says of her pictorial. "I want to get the best possible photographic record of how I looked before my body fell apart. Nice to remember when you're 65, right?" Right, Marilyn.

BUSHNELL *(continued from page 105)*

Once he built a liquid-fuel rocket engine, strapped it to a roller skate, and nearly burned the place down.

Bushnell's background is very humble. He grew up in Clearview, Utah, a dreary Mormon outpost near the shores of the Great Salt Lake. His parents built the family house but ran out of money before it was finished and had to leave off the front and back steps; you reached the door by climbing on to a box. Dreaming of a career in science, Bushnell spent much of his youth in the garage blowing things up. "It scared the shit out of me," he recalls. Once he built a liquid-fuel rocket engine, strapped it to a roller skate, and nearly burned the place down. His mother avoided his bedroom "for fear she'd get electrocuted". Later, in high school, he broadened his horizons. With the help of friends, he attached a 100-watt light to an enormous kite and persuaded a fair percentage of the local population that Utah was under alien attack.

"Pranks were kind of my thing," Bushnell says, "although every now and then some of them ended up being a little dodgy or on the cusp of legality." One time he and some friends took a few shotgun shells, removed the shot, put on ski masks, borrowed somebody's car, screeched up to a friend, and fired both barrels into his chest. The friend smacked two handfuls of ketchup against his shirt and fell to the ground. Bushnell and his buddies tossed him into the trunk and sped away while hosts of astonished Latter-day Saints looked on. "We never did get caught for that," he says with a grin.

In college — first at Utah State and later at Utah U — he studied engineering, economics, philosophy, mathematics, and business. He supported himself by guessing people's weights and ages at a Salt Lake City amusement park during the summers, and he worked so hard he was eventually put in charge of the park's entire games department.

During the school year, Bushnell dabbled in Kierkegaard and developed a deep and abiding fascination with computers, which at the time (the middle and late 1960s) were big, hot, slow, expensive, and not much more intelligent than the fancy pocket calculators unpopular sixth graders wear on their belts today. University computer jocks in those days spent most of their official time doing things like calculating *pi* to a billion places, but after hours they liked to sneak back into the labs and crank up some games. The most popular one was an outer-space shoot-'em-up called Spacewar, which had been invented and refined by pointy-heads at MIT and Harvard. Spacewar was positively paleolithic by modern amusement standards, but it was held to be a considerable improvement over actual research. Bushnell became an avid player and realised that if the technology could somehow be scaled down and made affordable, Spacewar would make one hell of a toy.

After his marriage, in 1967, and his graduation a year later, he moved to California and went to work for Ampex. Electronics prices, meanwhile, began to tumble, and he spent spare moments tinkering in an impromptu laboratory staked out in his daughter's bedroom. In 1970, he scraped together $500 and founded his own company, Syzygy, which he kept afloat with the proceeds of a pinball distribution route. At the same time he signed on as product engineer with Nutting Associates, a small-time arcade-game manufacturer, who agreed to produce his first video game, a primitive Spacewar knock-off called Computer Space.

"Computer Space was not a commercial hit," Bushnell admits. The game managed to be, all at once, too complicated, too simple, and no fun. But the young inventor was not discouraged. He hired an engineer named Al Alcorn and initiated him into the art.

"We were going to build a driving game," Bushnell says, "but I thought it was too big a step for him to go from not knowing what a video game was to that. So I defined the simplest game I could think of, which was a tennis game, and told him how to build it. I thought it was going to be a throwaway, but when he got it up and running, it turned out to be a hell of a lot of fun. We were under contract to Nutting at the time, and we said, shee-it, let's see if they'll take this instead."

Bushnell named the game Pong. Nutting turned it down and told Bushnell to get lost, which he had little trouble doing. (Bill Nutting later went broke and ended up running an air taxi service for missionaries in East Africa. So there.) Bushnell tried to interest other game manufacturers in his invention but was turned down everywhere he went. With the sound of slammed doors echoing in his ears, he changed his company's name to Atari (a word from the Japanese game Go that means, in effect, "Your goose is cooked"), and began to produce the game himself.

Pong was such a huge success that Bushnell was unable to keep pace with the demand, and Atari ended up controlling only about 10 percent of the market it had created. Even so, the young company finished fiscal 1973 with $3.2 million in sales and a brand new outlook on life. Bushnell and his associates began to act like the whippersnappers they were, intimating to their elders that they had things just about figured out. Company meetings came to resemble Saturday night at Animal House, and bushels of Pong money were squandered on unprofitable new ventures. A year after its remarkable debut, Atari was in danger of going out of business.

"That was the toughest year," says Joseph Keenan, who later became Atari's president and today is the president of Pizza Time. "Pong was gone. We had other video games, but the industry really hadn't arrived yet. After Pong, the coin-operated business started drifting back to pinballs. The distributors were not convinced that video games were here to stay."

Nor was Bushnell's wife of seven years. Tired of being married to an obsession, she made what in retrospect could be viewed as one of the most ill-considered financial decisions in the history of divorce. "It was one of those things," Bushnell says, "where, implicitly if not explicitly, you end up saying, 'It's me or the business.' And I went with the business." He waited through Christmas for the sake of his two children, then packed his bag and left on New Year's Day, 1974.

Less than a year later, Atari hit its stride. The introduction of Tank in late 1974 inaugurated a continuous string of arcade triumphs. The next year, a version of Pong designed to be played on ordinary TVs moved the company into the wide-open home market, with Sears promising to buy every unit the factory could produce.

This new success didn't dampen the emerging Atari lifestyle, however. The company's new projects still tended to ride in on tides of beer foam or emerge from clouds of marijuana smoke. Neckties were unheard of and practical jokes were predominant modes of human interaction. When a team of marketing minions from Sears paid a visit to the company's production facilities, Bushnell made a lasting impression by riding around the factory floor on a conveyor belt, in a box. Elsewhere in the organisation, happy employees tried to drive an executive mad by gradually adding lead weights to his telephone receiver.

By 1975, Atari had just about everything it needed except cash. The company's potential market was so vast that it couldn't grow fast enough to keep all its customers adequately amused. Bushnell realised he needed help and began to look for a buyer. In 1976, after Disney and MCA had rejected the opportunity, Warner Communications bought the company for $28 million. (The deal nearly fell through when a newspaper ran a picture depicting Bushnell "in a hot tub with a lady friend", in the words of *Fortune* magazine.) Nearly half the purchase price went directly to Bushnell, who stayed on as chairman.

The Warner/Atari deal was an extremely smooth move for all concerned — Bushnell and his associates made a fortune, Atari got the financial and managerial support it required, Warner picked up a desperately needed source of mega-profits — but the marriage was precarious. Bushnell's free-and-easy management style infuriated Warner's staid executives, who soon learned that if you wanted to find Bushnell during working hours, Atari was just about the last place you should look. "After we sold the company," Keenan told a reporter later, "we were significantly less motivated to bust our humps." The inevitable showdown came in 1978 when Bushnell blew up at a budget meeting in New York and either quit or was kicked out. He bought back the rights to his Pizza Time idea, which Warner had never been wild about, and set out on his own.

When Warner executives talk about the history of Atari, they tend to dwell on the irresponsibility of Nolan Bushnell; Bushnell's version stresses corporate stuffiness and lack of creativity. But the fact is that neither party has anything to complain about. Atari would never have become the red-hot company it did without the sober ministrations of Warner's executive team. But it never would have existed in the first place if it hadn't been for the extraordinary energy and drive of Nolan Bushnell.

"Even after Warner had been in place for a while," says Gene Lipkin, a former head of Atari's coin-op division, "Nolan was the only one who believed it could be a billion-dollar-plus company. And we used to really razz him about it. We'd say, 'Bullshit, Nolan, it's not going to happen.' But it did. He's got that sixth or seventh sense of what might work, and he's really in tune with us, in terms of the consumers of our generation. That's what he does best. He provides that initial concept and spirit to do something, and then he's done with it and he's off to another one, and it's got to be chopped and filled from there."

●

After hanging around with Nolan Bushnell for a while, I realised that over the course of my life, I had fooled myself into believing I didn't want to be rich. I came to my senses while cruising down the California coast at Mach .82 in *one* of his Learjets, a heart-breakingly beautiful aircraft named the Danieli, after the hotel in Venice where he and his current wife, who isn't all that much more than half his age, spent their honeymoon.

That Bushnell bothered to stay in a hotel anywhere is worthy of note, considering his habit of buying the places he likes to live in. In the space of less than a decade, he had managed to turn his Atari windfall into 70 million dollars or so. At last reckoning, he owned a condominium in Aspen, a house in Georgetown, a palace in Paris (with the Eiffel Tower literally in the backyard), and the old Folger mansion, south of San Francisco. The Paris house cost "a ridiculous sum", Bushnell says. The California house has stables, a pool, tennis courts, manicured grounds, old stone walls. It sits on a 16-acre estate that looks bigger than it is because "it's sort of in the middle of a park, too". The Bushnells enjoy throwing lavish outdoor parties for, a close friend says, "500 close friends".

"I don't have a train," Bushnell told me, in a context I have forgotten, as we streaked across the sky. "And I don't want to get one."

I would settle for a Learjet, even if I could have only one of them. The Danieli is upholstered in Italian leather and has, of course, a bar. Gerald Ford has ridden in it, and so has Francis Ford Coppola, to name only two passengers with "Ford" in their names. When Bushnell takes the plane to Paris, he stops in Iceland to refuel and, I assume, go to the bathroom. (The pilots told me there's a toilet on board, but after we landed I looked for it everywhere I could think of, without success. Not that anybody buys a Learjet to go to the bathroom in it. Maybe this is just another one of those things where, if you have to ask, you can't afford it.)

"Did Indians fish?" Bushnell asked, gazing down through clouds at the grey Pacific.

There was a silence.

"I'm sure they did," said Joe Keenan. "You mean ocean fish? I assume. Maybe with nets, though. Or like the Hawaiians, where you build a wall and capture the fish."

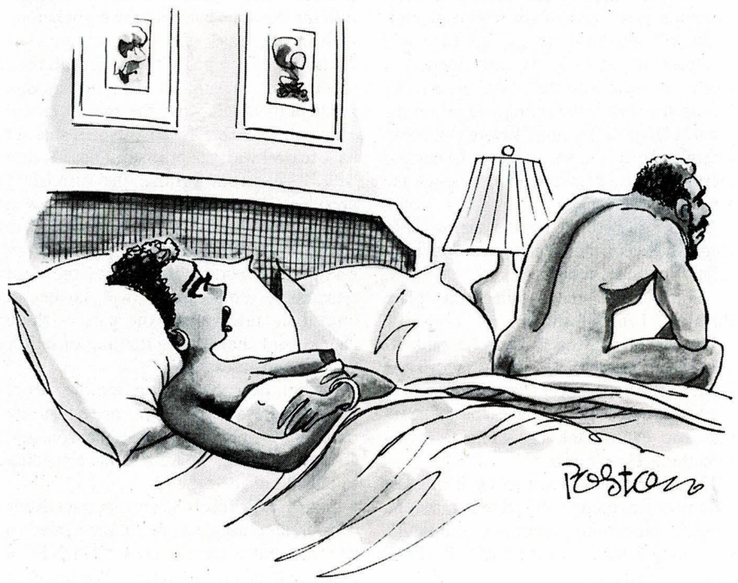
Bushnell started singing softly and doing as much of a (supposed) Hawaiian fishing dance as his suit, the cramped quarters, and the fact that he was sitting down would allow. "We are going — to a hukilau — huki-huki-huki-huki-lau."

Keenan is only a year older than Bushnell, but his hair is white, which may indicate what working with the man can do to a person. Keenan's official title is president of Pizza Time, but his real function is as Bushnell's no-man. Even in the middle of the night, while the rest of Keenan is snoring in his bed, a tiny part of him is wide awake and saying no to Nolan. ("Sometimes I don't even say no," he told me. "Sometimes I just say yes and then don't do anything about it.") When Bushnell looked out the window and said he could see snow in the mountains below, Keenan at first professed not to believe him. This is his usual first reaction to virtually everything Bushnell says and does.

I asked Bushnell if he entertained political ambitions, as so many rich men do.

"Yeah," he said, "I was big on that. I'm not sure that I'll ever run for office. I'd love the challenge of the campaign, you know, strategy and winning — I think I'd be good at that. I'd just hate the job once I got it."

You know, Bushnell *always* hates the job once he gets it. That, in a way, is the secret of his success. As is probably to be expected of a man with $70 million who once gave Jerry Ford a lift in his $3.8 million aeroplane, Bushnell's politics lie considerably closer to his right wing that to his left. I asked him whether there were any politicians he was particularly fond of. He



"I thought with athletes, the legs were the first thing to go."

was silent for a long time. "That's dangerous ground," he said in a low voice, as though I had just told him I knew about the flying saucer in his garage.

"I don't like to talk that much about it. There are certain guys that you hate and loathe, and yet you will sometimes support them because you are more able to tolerate what you don't like about them than the alternative. I haven't found a politician yet that I consider to be a pure play. I like Senator Bill Roth of Delaware. He's a good guy. But there are certain things. . . I really believe that government should stay out of business and stay out of the bedroom as well, and stay out of schools. So, though I'm not an anarchist, I'm a hell of a lot closer to being an anarchist than I am to being a socialist. I believe that socialistic governments are very, very inefficient. Can you imagine a whole society being run like the Post Office?"

We zoomed along. "There's Disneyland," he said, looking down, "with a *very* marginal crowd." Everyone laughed. Walt Disney is the competition, to some extent, and it was raining on his amusement park. Bushnell turned philosophical as we considered the soggy people milling around the Matterhorn. "I'm amazed at how comfortable foul-weather gear is," he said. "I'm almost getting to the point where I feel like putting it on *anyway*."

Bushnell owns a restaurant in Sunnyvale called the Lion and Compass. The people at Catalyst refer to it as their fraternity house, and most of them spend a lot of time there. Bushnell built it because there just wasn't any place in town to get a decent meal, a fact I can attest to. (Good restaurants in Silicon Valley are as rare as bookstores. Your basic computer jock's idea of gourmet cooking is prime rib, medium well.) The Lion and Compass serves very passable food, but when you walk into the place you get the feeling the staff is expecting you to use the word "classy" a few times before you leave. There's a stock-market ticker in the bar and there are white princess phones beside the tables.

Nearly everything on the menus is in English, except the french fries, which are called "pommes frites".

"You should have called the place Bushy's," I told Bushnell.

He considered this. "No," he said, "I don't like to name things after myself. Then I can't sell them. Nice, transferable names — that's what I want. I have a basic theory that you can't bank ego. Therefore it's something I can't afford."

He glanced at Keenan to see if this last statement was going to fly. Keenan, though dozing, raised his eyebrows. "But it's something I have an excess of," Bushnell added quickly.

"Yes," Keenan said, yawning. "I was having a hard time with that one."

"I could see there was a countervailing opinion," Bushnell said. "I think it's okay to have ego, but not when it costs you something. Isn't that fair, Joe?" he asked.

"Yes, that's much better."

"Do you have any sense of what it is that motivates you?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said. "I think it's boredom. It's sort of the converse of motivation. I feel like I have to have something interesting to work on. Kierkegaard has a dialectic in which he bases the prime reason for the existence of man on boredom. God was bored and that's why he invented the world, and then man was bored, and so on. Reading that was really when I decided that, at least where I was concerned, boredom was the motivation."

"Of all your projects," I asked, "do you have a favorite?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "It's always the next one."

●

Bushnell's Next Project for some time to come will probably involve robots, which are just about his favorite things in all the world. When I dropped by the Androbot lab on my last day in Sunnyvale, one of the prototypes was moving sluggishly because Bushnell had spent a couple of hours running down its batteries the night before.

We heard a whirring noise and turned around in time to see an honest-to-god three-foot-tall beige robot get stuck in the shag carpeting.

Bushnell gives fits to the guys at Androbot. When he isn't playing with their robots, he's making all sorts of fantastic predictions about what the machines will eventually be able to do. "Nolan doesn't have to deal with the problem I have to deal with," says Tom Frifina, the company's president, an extremely nervous man who says "you bet" too much and doesn't like to talk to reporters. "A lot of people have been wanting a robot for as long as they can remember. Your article will create an immediate reaction on the part of those people, and they'll have nothing to satisfy that immediate want."

Do you hear that? If you are the sort of person whose hopes are unrealistically raised by the things you read in magazines, go do something else for a while. I'm going to talk about the robots.

Actually, Frifina is a very nice man. After considerable haggling, he finally agreed to give me and a camera crew from NBC a quick tour of his laboratory. We followed him down a long corridor and then waited in an office while he went off to get something. Soon we heard a whirring noise and turned around just in time to see an honest-to-god three-foot-tall beige robot get stuck in the shag carpeting and make a sound like a car spinning its wheels on a sheet of ice.

"Isn't he adorable?" Frifina asked.

"Is that a boy or a girl?" asked an NBC producer.

Since I was the only person in the room representing an organisation that prints pictures of naked people, this question was directed to me. I declined to make a judgement, but later on asked Frifina the same thing.

"It's hard to say," he told me. "Hard to say what he is. Probably an AC/DC. He goes both ways. By 1990, I'm sure there will probably be a concubine version of some sort."

We moved out into the lab itself. The robot strolled up and down the hall and turned around in circles for a while, and the technicians plugged away on their computers and said things like, "I'll go get some schematics" and "Where's my Graham crackers?" There is a courtyard at Catalyst that contains several chickens and two floppy-eared rabbits, and when I suggested that we take the robot out there for a while, Frifina said, "Oh, we have him out there with the rabbits all the time." The robot didn't disintegrate anything or warn us of any impending dangers. As Frifina repeatedly stressed, the little guy is a moron.

But his successors will be plenty smart. The second model, which may also be for sale (at about $2500) by the time you read this, will be "artificially intelligent", Frifina says. He'll have three microprocessors and he'll be able to decide both where he wants to go and how to get there without breaking anything. His nine or ten infra-red and sonar sensors will enable him to seek out human beings. When I paid my visit, Androbot staffers were driving themselves crazy trying to create the necessary technology, essentially from scratch.

And that, really, is the effect that Nolan Bushnell has on the people who work for him. He motivates them with the sheer power of his enthusiasm, and he gets them to produce things they never dreamed they could produce. He is so sure of himself that his confidence energises everybody who works for him, even when he isn't around.

"Nolan runs through and throws holy water on a few things," says one of his business partners, "and then he's gone and you don't hear from him for a week or so." He may be off in his Learjet somewhere, or down in Los Angeles having lunch with someone who doesn't realise yet that Bushnell is about to make him rich. But all the while, his elves are back in Sunnyvale, working overtime in their laboratories, translating his flights of imagination into things that you and I, as like as not, will buy.

And that is why, when he tells you that someday you're going to own one of his robots, it wouldn't do you any harm to start figuring out where in the *hell* you are going to put it.

"I'm for Peter Jackson."
Peter Jackson
WARNING–SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
PETER JACKSON
"It's the best cigarette value in Australia."
PHL 976 CC III8 / 83

KARATE

(continued from page 58)

"Fighting an opponent is easy, but the important struggle is the conquering of yourself."

implements as makeshift weapons. Thus, the nunchaku was born from its beginnings as an ordinary rice flail. Ready-at-hand weaponry became vital in sudden, defensive situations and evolved into an important part of Okinawan fighting techniques.

In Japan, the martial arts skills from Okinawa combined with styles of combat which had developed separately within the changing patterns of Japanese society. Modern karate was born as an aggressive "hard" fighting style. It spread rapidly, splintering into many different schools of practice. Some of these proved inefficient and faded away, while others continued successfully into the 20th century.

●

At the Matsumoto Karate Academy, shoku-kai karate is taught. This means literally, "mats karate", and refers to Matsumoto's interpretation of the traditional style of teaching. It incorporates the original "soft" movements of China with the "hard" techniques of Japan, and remains true to the basic spiritual and philosophical values. According to ancient tradition, while fighting is an important part of karate, it is not the final aim. "Fighting an opponent is easy," says Matsumoto, "but the important struggle is the conquering of yourself."

Students are trained in strict self-discipline and humility. Matsumoto teaches Japanese style, modified for the Australian temperament. "If I taught as I would in Japan, I would not have a single pupil," he says, straight-faced.

In the dojo, there is a feeling of brotherhood and unity. The students have adopted the Japanese way of calm politeness and modesty. Achieving concentration of mind and body is considered more important than being known as Mr Knockout-punch. There is an air of no-nonsense in the dojo, and a complete absence of flashy posturing. If you want to fool around, you find another school.

When Matsumoto Sensei is ready to teach class, you can hear a pin drop. He is a diminutive figure in a forest of tall, bulky Australians. There is no doubt, however, as to who is in charge. When he walks among his pupils, nobody talks or moves without good reason. Calmness and a sense of purpose take the training session into a relaxed, contemplative mood. Matsumoto coaxes the students gently, drawing from each individual a positive, constructive response. When he demonstrates a movement, total attention is centred on his performance, almost as if a miraculous superior human has appeared, solely for the purpose of dispensing wonderful, secret knowledge. Matsumoto arrived in Australia at its northernmost point, Thursday Island, in 1966. There he lived and worked as a marine biologist in the pearling industry. With his wife, Fusashi, he spent almost a decade of his life in the small community, sailing among the islands, fishing and exploring. Daughter Satomi was born an Australian, and now, at 14, is a karate black belt graduate. On Thursday Island, his karate involvement was low-key, but Matsumoto gave instruction to the local people free of charge. "It was a hobby," he says, "and kept me out of mischief." After nine years, pearling began a downhill slide, and he decided to move to Cairns.

The Matsumoto Karate Academy is the result of a meeting with a Cairns martial arts instructor, Jim Pedrola, who gave up his small school to help form a larger group of students as a nucleus to a new club. The academy kicked on from that point, and is, in fact, a legal co-operative company fully owned, funded and operated by its members in equal partnership with Matsumoto. Members and supporters raised funds, borrowed money, and contributed labor and skills towards construction of the present dojo. It was a tough-going, risky venture, but paid off in the long run. Responsibility for the academy is shared equally among students and teacher. Pedrola is credited with being the founder of the club, and has been granted life membership. Matsumoto is happy with his equal-partner role. "I don't like being boss," he explains. "Too much trouble."

●

After Minjyo Sensei sent him north for higher training, young Kazue decided to attend university in Tokyo. Here, his life took on a new dimension. Free of his family's influence and the domineering Minjyo, he became, in the Australian vernacular, a bit of a lair. University life suited him. He threw himself into karate training purely for the attainment of fighting skills.

During his university years, Matsumoto studied Aikido, Jujitsu, Kendo, and the ceremonial sword art of Iai-do (pronounced Ee-I-do). At 19, he was a professional instructor on his way to owning and managing four martial arts schools, one of which continues to operate today. At 23, he reached 5th dan grading in karate, the youngest then to do so. He lived and breathed fighting arts. He studied the use of weapons, and took part in exhibitions and tournaments. Throughout this intensive, concentrative period of his life, his feelings and ideas altered and reshaped into new meanings.

"For the first time I began to feel *behind* the fighting forms, to the importance of self-control in daily life, and the knowledge that karate was not a fighting technique *alone,* but also a truly sensitive art. It was then that I learned to respect human beings from the heart," he says.

"Karate, I believe, is a vehicle for change, and through it, we can show how much we care for each other. It is unfortunate that the fighting side of karate is so heavily emphasised, when there is so much more behind, ready to be discovered. Also, sad to say, it has become a popular business enterprise with much money involved — at the cost of losing the art's true meanings, I think. For example, in Australia there may be hundreds of karate schools in existence — but how many teach real karate? Not many, I would say. They teach various techniques, that is all. Karate cannot be taught quickly and treated casually like a game of football. It *must* be taught with respect. Karate is deep, you must go behind. After more than 30 years of training, I still don't really understand martial arts. I'm still scratching. But the true purpose must be that all human beings come to realise and understand nature, upon which our total existence depends.

"Unfortunately, the karate I have seen in Australia is not very good, and this must be due to poor teaching. I tell my pupils this: if I want to learn Australian football expertly, then I go to an Australian teacher of this game. If I desire to become an expert at Chinese cooking, then I must select a Chinese instructor. The traditional *feeling* has to be behind the teacher. So I believe the student of karate needs a Japanese instructor to learn the art. An Australian or American can teach what is in front, but not that essence of tradition which is behind it all.

"Another point is the excess of flashy techniques in modern karate. Some movements — from a person like the American Chuck Connors, for example — are quite impressive, but if you are involved in a serious fight, you never have time for those things. Karate is basically a very simple, straightforward martial art — clean and straight to the target.

"Popular karate consists of many different ideas, but not all of them are good for the art. The movie style is just for entertaining an audience. Kung Fu is well received because there is much leaping around. Also, some personalities show up better than others. Bruce Lee looked very nice because, for one thing, he had beautiful body lines. A stronger, better fighter may not look so good on the screen because his lines and personality are wrong for it. Lee was a good techniques man, but any experienced instructor can easily pick up mistakes from his movies. He appealed to the people, but was not as good as he looked. Chuck Connors is a good fighter in his own way, but most of his movements are made up, developed to suit his audience."

Matsumoto views the rapid alteration to the traditional karate code with mixed feelings. "Karate must survive, and so there are many roads it has to take in order to adapt to modern conditions. I believe it is strong enough to survive as a traditional art, as long as there are some who are willing to learn. In this way, my own pupils are assisting in the preservation of Japanese history," he comments.

"Japan, as you know, has been almost completely changed by America. The young people in my country see things now from a Western point of view, and many of them have no interest in the old ways. I believe the Japanese people lost their spirit during the war. Perhaps one day they will sit down and realise what they are losing, because Japanese society now is very bad, with terrible things happening."

●

The two-inch punch is one of those rare human feats that excite the imagination. It has drama, danger, glamor, and a nagging suspension of belief, as if the whole thing was a set-up, a cunning example of sleight of hand.

The two-inch punch can be described in a single line: a fist is poised, travels two inches or less, connects, and immobilises an opponent. It is a skill not often seen, even among top martial arts aficionados. It borders on mythology and carries a mystique no other punch, kick or throw can match.

"I don't think very many people could do it in modern karate," says Matsumoto. "It requires great co-ordination of every part of body and mind, a coming together of all things at the right time — everything concentrated into one punch.

"To do that, tension must be very high throughout the body. This tension is achieved, first of all, by creating a relaxed state, a natural relaxation. Then we must project this relaxed state of being straight into a high-tension movement. If successful in doing this, it is possible to achieve a one-inch punch or a two-inch punch. It requires the transference of power from the many sources of mind and body into one point. The actual physical blow is a release of that power, directed at will. The very same thing happens around us all the time. To open a door, for example, means power is concentrated to turn the handle — and the door opens.

"Such a thing is very close to the concept of Ki, which is basic to the art of Aikido. Ki is actually the fusion of all mental and physical strength, drawn directly from the natural power sources available to every single human being. In this art, an attacker's aggressive energy is applied against him — the more force he uses, the harder he is thrown, because his own power is being turned back on him. This is a passive martial art, and requires great inner strength and wisdom.

"For me to perform a perfect two-inch punch, all my body parts must be gathered at the one spot. Everything. Every single hair on my head. It is very difficult, but is still only a single part of the karate whole, and is not so impressive when seen from the viewpoint of many years' experience. There are many other movements just as efficient and dangerous."

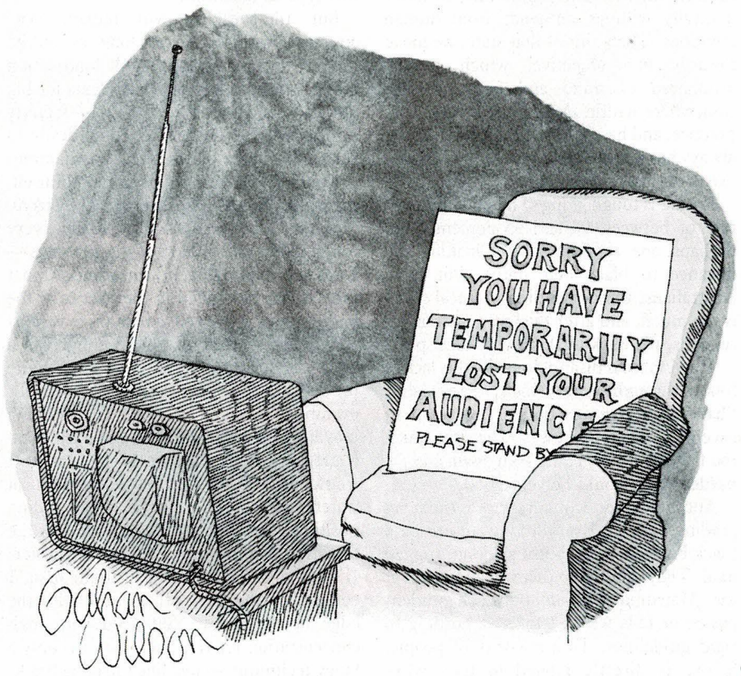
Matsumoto has a special love of the samurai tradition, which flourished in Japan for several centuries, persisting until the mid-19th, when changing social conditions forced an end to its existence. The samurai were a fierce class of swordsmen-warriors who fought savage battles throughout Japan, living and dying for the territorial ambitions of their feudal lord masters, the daimyo. Their main weapon was the long sword (katana), which they used with ferocious skill. The samurai were direct descendants of the bushi, who had developed a highly intricate technique of sword manoeuvres. These warriors had completely bypassed the rough hacking movements of European swordsmen. Instead, they had perfected a style of killing which involved the use of a deft backward-slicing motion, whereby the blade was drawn swiftly across the victim's body. It was a deadly method, and the bushi used it with flair and pride.

Iai-do means "the art of drawing the sword", and is directly descended from the samurai spirit of swordsmanship. Matsumoto teaches the art to a select group of 12 students, hand-picked for their qualities of sensitive responsibility. There is no fee involved in this class. It is taught, learned and performed for the art alone. Each student is expected to scour the country for an authentic Japanese sword of the period, a search which may take many months. The weapons, once acquired, are cleansed and cared for with humble devotion. The sword becomes a special "point" in the life of its owner, and a bond is formed from the ensuing relationship.

Prior to each Iai-do session, the students go to work with buckets and rags. The entire dojo is cleansed, top to bottom, Japanese style. It is a gesture of respect to the dojo, and a personal preparation of discipline for the sword training.

Matsumoto Sensei leads his pupils in meditative exercises and practice movements, a ritual of complete confidence and trust. As each student performs the traditional pattern of body and sword interaction, he or she must be absolutely certain that everybody else is not an inch out of position. A dozen swords flash with unerring accuracy. Swish! Not a single facial twitch or nerve reaction as the blades dead-stop a fraction from flesh and blood. Perspiration reveals inner tension, but movements continue with controlled, calm precision. "You can't allow yourself to be nervous," says one student. "You must be one with the sword. You must love the sword."

Speaking about the sword art, it is clear that Matsumoto regards the practice as an enlightened human activity. "Iai-do requires great strength of character, and my pupils must follow me 100 percent — without hesitation. In this case, I must be the complete master. There is an ancient saying that the teacher must sometimes follow the student, and I am trying to do this by bringing the knowledge of the sword art to Australia, and to the people here. It is a very selective art, and demands high concentration of effort. We use real



weapons, very sharp and dangerous, therefore each of us involved needs to be thoughtful and confident. I cannot accept a single mistake within one centimetre, so I must be very strict. We try not to use replica swords, which are spiritually wrong. The right feeling can only be achieved with the use of an authentic weapon which has drawn human blood. My own sword is 150 years old. Iai-do is a beautiful art, loved by all who take part in it. I think of it as a moving Zen."

●

In his book, *Essays in Zen Buddhism,* D.T. Suzuki points out that Japanese culture and Zen philosophy are intimately connected, and that Japanese art, the spiritual attitude of the samurai, and the Japanese way of life, owe their unique qualities to this background in Zen thought, and therefore cannot be properly understood by anybody not acquainted with it.

According to Matsumoto, the thread of Zen influence runs through the backbone of all martial arts, but the arts themselves remain free expressions of human spirit and endeavor. Zen, karate, and life itself, are merely patterns through which each individual, each speck of living matter, pass from life to death, from here to there.

The strength and power of a highly trained karate exponent are literally superhuman. They could not be achieved by physical effort alone, but must draw from the omnipresent relationship between life and the eternal energy source.

"Zen and karate both teach us to keep our minds empty, to concentrate on one thing alone, but whereas Zen does not move, karate is always moving," explains Matsumoto. "With the movement we concentrate on blanking our minds, to move naturally without influence from human emotions. Then, out of that state, we move towards our objective, which is coordination of mind and body. Zen is somewhere within us all. It is a very strict practice, and has no physical targets. Karate always has a target, it is part of the art. Zen exists on discipline alone."

Karate is tough going. There is a dropout rate of between 90 and 95 percent, with perhaps one student in 200 making the distance to black belt status. For most Australians, the demanding physical effort is too much, and after the first few training sessions, it's back to the TV or local pub.

Matsumoto is disappointed by this lack of follow-through. "Australians," he explains, "have big strong bodies, capable of excellent punching power. They are much too fat, but if they could trim down and try harder, they would be very good."

Another major dropout factor is the strict grading system. Everybody wants to be a black belt graduate, but it's a long, rugged haul. They don't give them away for fun at the Matsumoto Academy. Each student passes or fails without favor, according to rigid guidelines. To a majority of people, failure is directly related to the "why-bother" syndrome. Matsumoto has learned to live with this kind of negativity. To him, it is just another example of lack of discipline. There are other problems, too, associated with martial arts gradings. "There are so many different schools of karate, and gradings become cheapened by inexperienced instructors, some of whom are no better than students themselves. It is rather like accepting a pilot's licence from the person who polishes the aircraft!" smiles Matsumoto.

"A black belt grading should be a fine achievement, but I'm afraid this is being spoiled in some places. I know of one boy in Australia who received a black belt within one year — and he was only eight years old! It is quite impossible! Also, I understand that in America, black belt gradings are awarded for skill in breaking tiles. This is silly. Breaking tiles is a very small part of karate, and really quite easy. With one month of simple instruction, I could train a student to do this. If he trained hard, he could break 10 tiles within that time. However, there is no spiritual value in breaking tiles, and we don't concentrate on this type of technique."

"Australians have big strong bodies, capable of excellent punching power. If they could trim down and try harder, they would be very good."

But tile-breaking will remain synonymous with karate as long as public interest demands it, and while high-action movie stuntmen perform such feats for big pay packets. Every student, too — secretly or otherwise — has a compelling desire to smash through a pile of bricks —whammo!

Consider Kazue Matsumoto himself, during his young manhood days in Tokyo. "Oh yes, I broke *many* tiles! I was a very rough fellow and did lots of stupid things — I was not very intelligent, I'm afraid. At that time, I was interested in the science of the body — how it worked in relation to various techniques, and so on. I was trained to a high standard, physically, and was quite proud of various show-off tricks. One, for example, involved a very fast kicking movement — a leg-flick, in and back again at great speed. To practise this movement, I would place a tall beer bottle, half full of water, on a table or a chair. From a standing position at one metre, I learned to kick the top off the bottle without spilling any water! It's quite possible, I did it often. Also, I could slice the neck off a bottle with the edge of my hand. You need very high concentration for this trick, but it is only a fancy technique — just like breaking bricks or tiles." Another method used to toughen his hands involved the destruction of domestic dogs. As he readily admits, Matsumoto was a rough fellow in those days. "It was a cruel practice, and not very nice to talk about. There were many stray dogs in those days, roaming the city in packs, and when I needed to, I would catch one or two for my training. Dog skin is very tough, you see, and I used these animals to perfect a movement called back-fist. With this one, the fist flicks, twists and returns just before hitting the target full-on. With human skin, which is quite soft, this technique can cut like a razor blade — just like a sharp hook. So I used the dogs, trying to break the skin on all their body parts. For a long time I couldn't do this, but finally I learned to cut a dog's face. It is quite hard to do. Breaking a dog's rib is even more difficult, and the hands lose plenty of blood and skin!"

●

After 32 years of dedication to the art of karate, Matsumoto stands at a personal crossroad.

His own skills are stagnating through lack of serious practice and competition. He has lost the drive, the impetus to continue further into the mysteries of martial arts.

"To speak honestly, I am lazy, terribly lazy, and don't try hard enough to improve myself. It is a difficult situation, because in order to achieve a higher grading for myself, I need a superior instructor. Without a master it is clearly impossible to learn anything new, and I have a long way to go."

A modest statement from a humble man, but to his students, Matsumoto rates head and shoulders above the rest. They say it is only a matter of time before the demand on his skills will force him to spread out, to extend his style of karate instruction all over Australia.

Greg Mapstone, a one-time Kung Fu instructor, left Brisbane to train full-time with Matsumoto. "He is easily the fastest man I have ever seen, and the best martial arts man in Australia by a mile," says Mapstone. "He has so much to give, so much knowledge, that I think it will be hard to keep him in North Queensland once the rest of Australia wakes up to his presence in the country. The pressure will be so great, that he will eventually have to expand."

Matsumoto disagrees: "Too many schools would mean a weakening of the art's quality. I believe our dojo in Cairns has a very high standard, and my pupils are very dedicated to the practice of karate. If I concerned myself with large business ventures in other places, then how could I continue with my purpose here? It is important to keep the original aims of karate alive — the true spirit and meaning of our existence. If traditional karate should die, then it would mean sadness beyond belief.

"I think that making profits does not concern me too much," he concludes.

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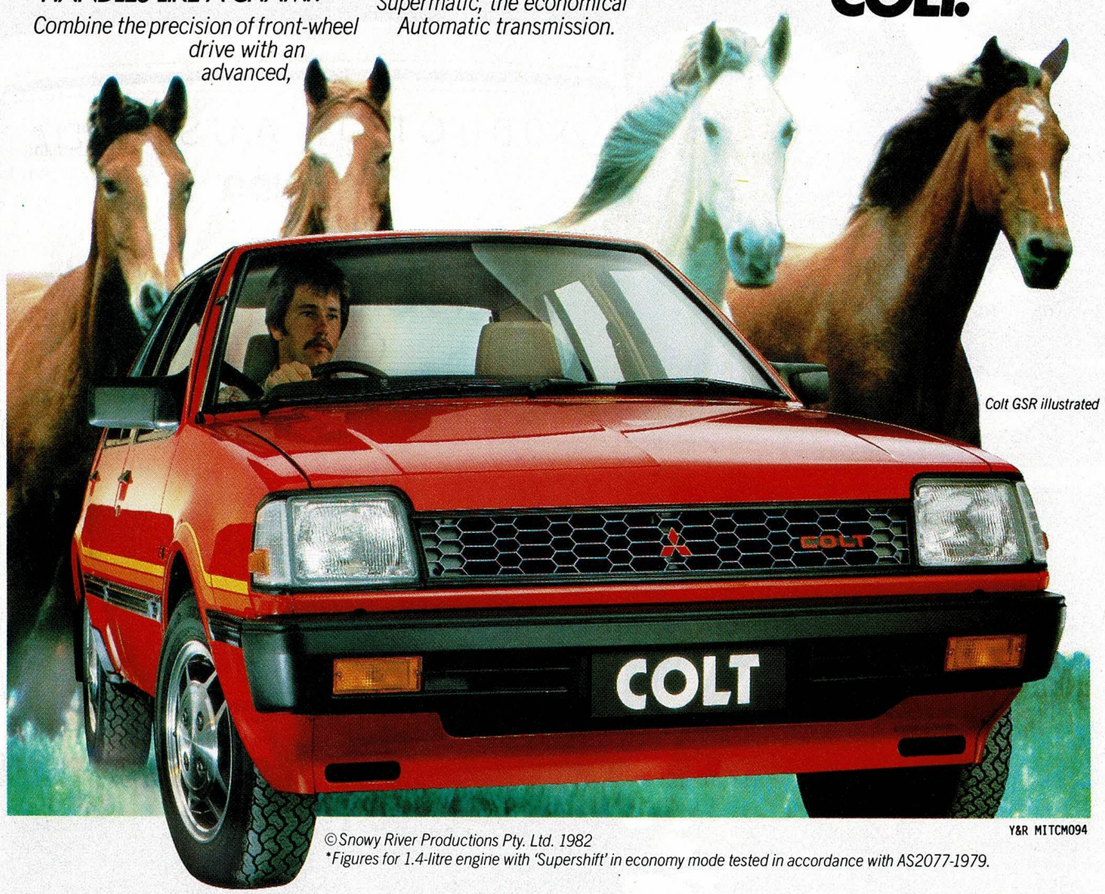

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BEGINNINGS (continued from page 96)

She takes the two steps separating us and unbuttons my shirt, using her palms to smooth the cloth off.

clustered, while the solids have scattered. Wearing a grim smile, he drops in all the other stripes but then tries a long back-down shot on the eight and cherries it up in the top pocket. Charlie shrugs, confident that Irina already is out of the running.

Some of the spectators around the table think so, too. They start talking louder again and half-turn away, as if to watch her effort isn't worth theirs. But they turn back again as, one by one, Irina executes a series of combinations and cuts that leave her with only the four ball and the black to make. The cue ball is in the middle of the table and the four is on the cushion, halfway between the two corner pockets. Her best chance looks like a bank, a one-in-10 shot, maybe. Instead, she surprises us by kicking the cue ball off the side rail with enough English to smack the four full on and run it right into a corner pocket.

Whoops erupt all around; Charlie's smile falls down. Her face a bewitching mask of concentration, Irina moves behind the cue ball, which is now near a corner pocket. At the other end of the table, the eight ball still perches on the very edge of its pocket. Irina holds the cue in one hand and rests it on the rail. Not even bothering to bend down and line up the shot, she stares straight at Charlie, gives the cue a short, quick jab, and picks off the eight ball without looking. The crowd comes to its feet. Standing ovation, with whistles. Irina smiles at me. She looks bashful.

Another victory apiece, we meet in the finals.

"Please," she says over the rack, "don't take it easy on me, now."

We both get a chuckle out of that. I wish I could describe the hair-raiser that comes next, but it would be fantasy. The fact is, she takes me to the cleaners. Not only do I miss several shots, but a couple of them are embarrassingly easy. Irina shows no sign whatever of mercy, and leaves me with six balls on the table. Charlie and the rest of the blokes standing around — even the ones I've beaten — are smirking openly.

Luckily, Irina is more forgiving. She pockets a hundred bills, but I've won a case of beer, it's almost closing time and I need somebody to help me drink it.

"I don't know about drinking *all* of it," she says, " but a tinny or two after a hard night might hit the spot."

This is the first time I realise that she hasn't been drinking at all, and that I'm drunk again.

●

MARCH 12 — She's all in white, sleeveless and barefoot. Her throat and hair are scented, her skin gives back the day's warmth. I proffer autumn flowers and she puts them in a vase in front of the porch, with its stone-arch view of a Balmain sunset. We kiss, and I frame her face with my fingertips. A current runs through us.

She serves dinner around an unlit candelabrum. Over coffee and liqueurs, Mozart's number 40 ends and she puts on J.J. Cale. We curl up on the sofa and tongue each other's eyelids.

"Don't let's talk with our voices," she says after a while, and rises, still holding my hand. She leads me to the bedroom. There, while I stand feeling somehow helpless, she removes the white singlet, very slowly, keeping her eyes on mine. She's wearing nothing underneath. Her breasts could be immortal; her waist is sculpted as flawlessly as the bones in her face. For a rare moment, I can't move. She takes the two steps separating us and unbuttons my shirt for me, using her palms to smooth the cloth off of my shoulders and arms. Then, kissing my face and neck, she undoes the belt buckle, unfastens the jeans. Why is it, I ask myself, that only beautiful women can do this easily? Is it confidence, or just practice?

When we're both naked, she hesitates. I take this as a cue, having witnessed such last-minute shyness before. Women, I think, often seem to be equally as interested in sex as men only until the crucial moment. Then they want to smoke a cigarette or rearrange the bedclothes. They want to prolong the build-up. Everything afterwards, any reality, can't match the fecundity of a woman's imagination.

Taking her hand, I lead her the few steps to the bed. She doesn't sit or lie until I put my hands on her shoulders and gently force her down. I follow her, thinking of Dylan's "can I follow you down?" even though it's J.J. singing "where you been so long?" She flinches when I place my erection on her thigh. We kiss for a long time, listening to each other's breath, aware of the explorations of our hands, making the slow, repeated, reassuring movements of lips and tongues that people make when only they exist at the moment.

When I finally move to lie on top of her, our hands already have become familiar with the centres of our bodies, and she guides me as a blind man is guided. Perhaps I've been guided all along; her moments of hesitation, throughout the courtship, have been both genuine and contrived. But I'm certain it would be impossible even for her to separate the two. And it doesn't matter. I enter her as an acolyte, she receives me like the mentor, although in reality the roles perhaps should be reversed.

I reflect on this for a few seconds, before I'm lost in paying attention to her arms and hands on my back, pulling us together, her hips deciding the rhythm, her lips commanding mine now, and then her head going back, throat taut, legs around me, hands sliding down. It will be different in the morning. It won't be gone. Just different. Although I know these things, I don't think about them as we move in unison and my sweat begins to run upon her immaculate flesh.

●

"The problem is, there can't possibly be any depth of emotion in these flings of his," Janet declared.

Abe checked his watch. Seven-thirty. He decided to have a Scotch after all.

"He's always flitting all over the country, and no sooner does he begin to know a girl than he dumps her," she said. "He hardly has time for his friends, he's so busy chasing skirt and writing down the results. I don't want to sound stuffy, but I think in his case, it would even help if he got a job."

"Would you work if you didn't have to?" Through the dining room window, Abe surveyed the apartment buildings across from theirs, the corner store, the reserve beyond it, and wished again that the new high rise hadn't gone up to block their view of the bridge on the horizon.

"But don't you see what I'm saying? Friends, home, work, love — he obviously feels insecure about any relationship that demands a commitment. . ."

"Turn it off, Janet," said Abe. "What is this sudden interest in Frank's sex life, anyway? I thought we'd worked it all out for him at lunch."

"It's not sudden, it's. . ."

"You want to jump on his bones, go ahead. I've been expecting a lesson from you for a while now on how to live a modern marriage." He put the sweating Scotch glass on the clean tablecloth that she had just finished smoothing out.

They listened to each other breathe.

"What possibly could make you think I'd want to sleep with Frank?" she said at last.

Abe drained his Scotch. "Look, if you think it will do any good — for you, for him, for anybody — go right ahead. Just be warned that fair is fair." Then he blinked and said, "What an inappropriate choice."

"I didn't say you were right about this."

"No, I didn't mean Frank's inappropriate. I like old Frank, he hasn't got a problem in the world — you're all wet about that — and women trip all over each other to save him from himself. No, I mean the look you just had on your face. That Maggie Thatcher stoicism, your Joan of Arc resolve in the face of certain death." He laughed, a sound with an edge so sharp she jumped. "You know what I call it? Your Great Women in Crises look. Considering what we're discussing, that look seemed so inappropriate, it caught me by surprise."

"Abraham," his wife replied, "I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about."

"Of course not. But you do want to sleep with him, don't you?"

They glared at one another over the table, then she moved toward the kitchen, saying, "He's going to be here in a few minutes, and I haven't even done the vegetables."

Abe followed her. "You know what it is they fall for? It's the bullshit. All the crap he talks that's supposed to be concern. Like that crap he gave you to read. Didn't it make you puke?"

"It made me concerned. I know why you're so paranoid. You always wanted to be two metres tall and play Shield cricket and you're afraid I care about that silliness."

Abe wagged his entire body in denial. "His cricketing exploits are ancient history, or haven't you noticed the yellow under that tan, especially on the bad days?"

She smiled, and stopped chopping the carrots for a moment. "I think he holds his flab rather well."

Abe inhaled for only a second, then let it out and looked to see if she had caught him. But her profile wore the enigmatic smile again, making Abe wish that da Vinci was still alive, so he could kill him. "He takes great care to carry himself well, you're right," said Abe. "Ever notice him walking in a breeze? He turns his head towards it, so he can keep his hair in place."

"Oh come on, he's a friendly, charming guy and you know it."

"Sure. And he's also shallow, hedonistic and vain."

Janet pushed the carrots aside and replaced them on the cutting board with an onion. "This is surprising. I thought Frank was supposed to be your old mate, not mine."

"That was before I knew you wanted to fuck him."

She threw down the knife.

The doorbell rang. They stood staring at each other.

"Shit," she said. "What a beginning."

"Or an ending," he replied. As he walked into the hall to open the door, Abe heard his wife say in a low voice, "Is there any difference?"

●

APRIL 22 — The same two girls I talked to on the corso this afternoon are sitting a few tables away from where I'm standing at the bar. They've noticed me now and are exchanging whispers. If they're out of their teens, it's just barely. Both of them reveal this not only by their frequent giggling but in their figures, which have just shed the plumpness of childhood and haven't yet taken on the first flab of maturity.

One of them, named Katrina, is light-haired and thin, with translucent skin. The other, Belinda, is dark, white-toothed and fulsome. Though they don't realise it, in a few years neither one will have a chance of looking this good again. At 19, they've peaked. Belinda is more full-breasted than her friend, less inhibited, sexier, the leader. She made eye contact on the corso today and spoke to me before I said anything to her, which prompted Katrina to be friendlier than I expect she would have been otherwise. Now they're about ready to invite me to their table. Belinda waves, signalling me over. It's the only way to communicate here, talk being unworth the effort while the band's playing. Skill in conversation isn't much good at a Gold Coast discotheque, anyway. As I grab my drink and saunter over, a plan brews.

The first step, of course, is to get them drunk if possible. They're drinking troppo-type punches, with an orchard in each glass but enough booze lurking thereunder to do the job. I stick to J&B straight. Urging is not needed to get the girls drinking. Belinda starts mowing down one garden of earthly delight after another, so Katrina follows suit. I switch from doubles to single shots. After we've been there for some time, the band takes a break. This is a bit of a shame because it means we have to talk. Up to this point, walls of glass and sound had separated us, leaving our eyes free to wander over each other's bodies. Now that the sound has dissolved, we are obliged to speak, and touching is even possible. I suspect all three of us would rather have tipped a few more first.

Nevertheless, I move on to the second step of my plan, which involves getting them over to my hotel room. But time is of the essence. Janet will be waiting at the hotel in Sydney in less than 12 hours, and the only flight leaves in eight hours.

Before I can execute the rest of my plan, Belinda puts her hand on my knee and leans over to send smoke-bombs of perfume in my direction. "Do you like to snort?" she asks, giggling.

Snort what? I wonder. "Absolutely," I say, doing my best to giggle in return.

By moving their upper bodies, the girls indicate they're ready to go. I imagine them naked and waiting in one bed. Then Janet steals back into my thoughts. Holding the door of the disco open for Belinda and Katrina, I reflect on what a good idea it was to start giving out copies of my Philosophy of Beginning. Especially to the smart ones. And most especially if they're friends.

After all, it's a real pain in the arse to hurt somebody's feelings.

"It's so strange, for years you go along thinking you know a person, and then suddenly, you realise he's bald on top."

HAWKE (continued from page 44)

Opposition to South African apartheid is likely to be regularly and vocally expressed in the future.

Deputy Prime Minister and Minister for Trade, Lionel Bowen, speaks of obvious trade opportunities being missed in Eastern Europe and suggests the possibility of a fishing co-venture with one of the Socialist Bloc nations.

"I don't know that I'd particularly like to see the Russian fishing fleet down here — but perhaps we would consider Polish fishing vessels," Bowen said in a speech at a trade fair. "There are plenty of areas we could talk about."

The Soviet Union has remained low-key in its approach to Australia. Though the Hawke Government stays wedded to Western defence links and speaks warmly of its ties with the United States, Labor's coming to power has nevertheless provided Moscow with cause for satisfaction. Relations are less frosty than they previously were, even considering Australia's stance on expelling alleged Soviet spies. The Afghanistan-inspired ban on sporting and cultural links has been scrapped. And Labor favors resuming aid to Vietnam — a regime that, though financially strapped, is receiving less from its Soviet backers than it requires. Other nations looked attentively toward Canberra for indications of how forceful the new government would be in the area of foreign policy. Canberra quickly made it clear that human rights were a prime interest.

When Chile's Pinochet regime detained and then deported an Australian clergyman in March, one of the Australian priest's complaints was that Ganberra's diplomats in Santiago were not particularly concerned by his arrest — until the Hawke Government, through Foreign Minister Bill Hayden, demonstrated a direct interest in the case. Latin America, however, will remain a peripheral interest for Australia — but human rights in general won't.

Nevertheless, it appeared initially that in this and other aspects of foreign policy, Australia's preoccupation would be overwhelmingly with the Asian region.

African officials, for instance, were initially concerned about the departure of Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser and his replacement by a man of whom they knew little. Fraser, like Gough Whitlam before him, was held in high esteem in Africa. Their policies were the same and took genuine account of black Africa's aspirations. Fraser saw identification with Africa, particularly with Commonwealth nations there, as the best way to stop the advance of communist influence on that continent.

At face value, it might have seemed that Africa would welcome a Labor Government. Labor Parties in Western nations have traditionally supported African liberation struggles. But Australia's Labor Party, in opposition, showed little interest in Africa. Though they opposed South African racism, they didn't appear motivated to do much about it.

When Fraser announced he would attend Zimbabwe's independence celebrations, some Labor members rejected a bipartisan approach on the issue in favor of an insular stance, querying why he should go to Africa when he had domestic problems stacked high for urgent attention.

The Africans felt they could do no better than Fraser, who was deeply interested in their continent. Labor's heart might be in the right place, they felt, but the party seemed to think Africa was a long, long way away. However, the situation has changed. Africa has become of greater interest to the Hawke administration and opposition to South African apartheid is likely to be regularly and vocally expressed in the future.

The hapless South Africans brought this situation on themselves, virtually goading Canberra into making plain its opposition to the racist policies of their Pretoria regime.

At the centre of the episode was Dr Dennis Worrall, a constitutional lawyer and former law professor, who — three months before Hawke's election — went to Canberra as South African Ambassador.

Worrall quickly displayed symptoms of foot-in-mouth disease: addressing an Apex Club audience in Kingsgrove, NSW, on March 22, he made an intemperate attack on Australia's pro-African and anti-South African policies.

If the Australian Government needed motivating on South Africa, the South Africans did it themselves. My information, from a solid London-based South African source, is that senior Pretoria officials were furious at their blunder. Even *The Citizen*, a pro-apartheid Johannesburg newspaper secretly funded for a time by a Department of Information slush fund, warned that its masters should "cool it" on the Australian issue.

Worrall was carpeted in Canberra, an honor reserved in recent times for representatives of similarly repressive regimes in Iraq and Libya. Foreign Minister Hayden, in announcing the ambassador had been summoned to his ministry to be advised of Canberra's displeasure, explained that foreign diplomats were entitled to present their government's views and were encouraged to do so — but it wasn't appropriate for a foreign diplomat to publicly criticise Australian Government policies. Worrall had gone "beyond acceptable limits".

At the time, the South Africans were angered by Canberra's decision to halve South African Airways' access to the Australian market. The route between Australia and South Africa is regarded in the aviation industry as the world's most profitable. Commercial loss to the South African carrier will be significant. And there is hope, in anti-racist circles, that South African Airways may be turfed out of Australia altogether before this year is over.

South African Airways, though primarily involved in aviation, is also a major arm of Pretoria's propaganda and security network. It has been used to facilitate South African spy operations in various countries. In Australia, it assists in distribution of propaganda on behalf of a government whose opponents frequently are tortured to death, die by "slipping on the soap in the shower", "fall" from tall buildings or "hang" themselves. The airline was even involved in the organisation of a speaking tour by a black apologist for the South African government.

And South Africa's ambassador to Canberra was personally involved in drafting a bizarre constitution whereby it would appear certain rights were being conceded to the black majority but control of state apparatus would remain in trusted white hands.

South Africa regards Australia as worthy of special attention because — as politicians in Canberra and the editor of PLAYBOY were reminded in a circular letter last year from the South African Embassy — the two peoples are of "common stock". The argument conveniently ignores South Africa's black majority and Australia's increasing multiculturalism. Increased efforts to buy Australian sportsmen for South African boycott-breaking visits are likely this year but Canberra will continue to respect wholeheartedly the Commonwealth's Gleneagles Agreement, which is aimed at preventing such activity.

Australian aid to black Africa has been of a practical nature: Australian trees thrive in an arid part of Nigeria, CSIRO scientists reveal proudly. And hardy outback grasses grow elsewhere on the continent. Australian officers help in the vital reconstruction of Uganda's army in the wake of the maniacal regime of now-exiled Idi Amin.

The South Africans argue that Zimbabwe's troubles indicate Australia's policy of supporting Prime Minister Robert Mugabe was wrong. But other commentators question whether Zimbabwe would be plagued by Joshua Nkomo's dissidents, were it not for secret South African backing for such destabilising activity. The South Africans can then point, as in the past, at reduced prosperity under "unstable" black governments in Africa.

In the Middle East, Hawke's election was welcomed by Israel. A long-time supporter of Israel, Hawke — as is frequently mentioned in articles about him — on one occasion shed tears while speaking favorably of Israel. Hawke will have been viewed initially with an absence of enthusiasm in Arab capitals.

But it appears Australian policies *will* remain relatively even-handed. A ban on the entry to Australia of Palestine Liberation Organisation representatives until they recognise Israel's right to exist is now in force. However, since the PLO case is vocally argued by locally-resident Palestinian Australians and their supporters, the ban will have no practical effect. The action most likely was taken because Hawke felt obliged to make a painless gesture toward the Israelis. (Representatives of violent struggles in Africa and Central America are allowed in to argue their causes vigorously to Australian audiences. And, in Australia's stable society, this seems to do no harm, nor encourage violence here.)

In the South Pacific, Hawke is favorably viewed — as was Fraser. The change of government in Australia did nothing to raise or lower the nation's image, which is good throughout the region. However, new Cook Islands Premier Geoffrey Henry, elected four weeks after Hawke, noted that his Cook Islands Party would steer the territory toward closer links with Australia because the party could identify more with Australia's Labor Party than with New Zealand's National Party. Cynics suggest Henry is also aware that Australia is capable of providing more aid than New Zealand.

Indeed, the prime issue in the South Pacific's relations with Australia will continue to be financial aid. Australia will continue to bail out the fragile economies of the region's governments, in order to remain the dominant economic and political influence.

And, whenever aid levels look threatened, the leaders of these little democracies will continue to mumble shrewdly about diversifying their trade or seeking closer cooperation with the Soviet Union. Loss of Pacific markets and the threat of growing Soviet influence in the islands are sensitive topics in Canberra, where the response will continue to be the only sensible one: "Here's some more money. Keep buying Australian goods and, remember, don't let the Russians in."

A political danger is Australian involvement in any worsening of relations between Papua New Guinea (which will remain heavily dependent on Australian aid) and Indonesia over Irian Jaya exiles' alleged political activities in Port Moresby and related issues. Inevitably, Hawke's officials will be working quietly to prevent such a deterioration and Hayden visited both nations soon after his posting to the foreign ministership.

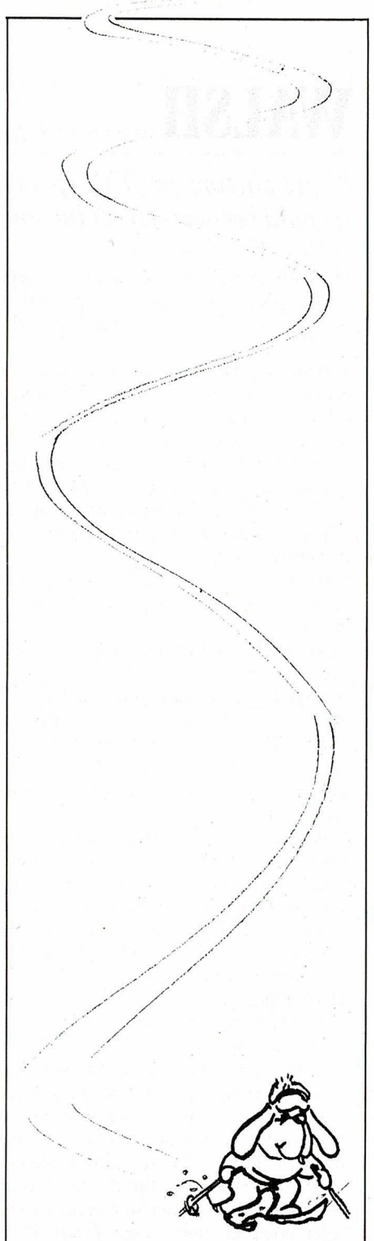
Asian relations pose the greatest difficulty for the Hawke Government. The East Timor debate bubbles on, but most analysts see common sense prevailing and an Australian government acceptance that, despite Labor Party policy and the rights or wrongs of respective arguments, the integration of East Timor is a *fait accompli* and the issue should not be allowed to endanger Australian relations with Indonesia.

Hayden says the Government will speak out on human rights issues in Asia, an irritant to countries such as the Philippines. He has indicated strong disapproval when Australians are unjustifiably arrested overseas but he is unlikely to lobby for a softening of police and court action against dope smugglers. More humane detention or transfers to Australian jails — similar to a policy existing between the United States and Mexico — are, however, mentioned in Canberra as likely topics for intergovernmental talks.

Resuming aid to Vietnam worries noncommunist Asian nations and China as well. But Hayden indicated just before the Labor Party won office that he favored aid for Vietnam; however, the Association of South East Asian Nations (ASEAN), comprising Indonesia, Malaysia, the Philippines, Singapore and Thailand, cautioned against it. Canberra subsequently indicated it would not act without consulting ASEAN members. The assessment of Hawke in the region is that he'll accept the ASEAN position and there will be no Australian aid for Hanoi in the near future. Chinese Premier Zhao Ziyang's strong views on this topic were seriously noted in Canberra where the further boosting of healthy trade ties with China is accorded considerable effort.

A big worry from the Asian point of view is protectionism. There's concern that Australia is sliding into an even more protectionist phase. South Korea, for example, had high hopes of continuing to expand its share of the Australian steel market. Hawke's election brought pessimism about this prospect in Seoul. The chance of improved access to the Australian market for an array of consumer goods looks dim indeed through Asian eyes.

In the crumbling buildings of Pitcairn Island, some of the 70-odd remaining residents of this isolated spot in the Pacific, descendants of the Bounty mutineers, listened to Radio Australia's broadcast of Hawke's victory with interest, I'm told. Despairing of getting the $5 million they need to improve conditions on the island from actor Marlon Brando (who has expressed an interest in buying the desolate place), a reclusive Virginian millionaire (who wants to do likewise), or Britain (whose colony Pitcairn is), several of the islanders discussed among themselves the prospect of "that new man in Australia" being persuaded to bankroll the island as some kind of associate state. No doubt Canberra could use the opportunity to appoint Joh Bjelke-Petersen Governor of Pitcairn Island.



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WALSH (continued from page 37)

I hate putting on (TV) spots that I favor because I'm worried it could become self-indulgent.

PLAYBOY: When you eventually began work at 3XY as a disc jockey, did you find the work less than intellectually stimulating?

WALSH: Oh, no. I found it a challenge because I had never been a disc jockey before — apart from 15 minutes on a Sunday when I'd put on God and the Greeks. I heard from my mentor in radio, Lee Murray, there was a job going at 3XY, so I went up and did an audition and the manager, Alwyn Kurts, employed me.

PLAYBOY: On the audition?

WALSH: No, would you believe it was because he actually thought I *looked* like a disc jockey?

PLAYBOY: Was it that important to actually look the part?

WALSH: I think it was important as long as I sounded good enough. They needed someone they could promote and they really did push me as the new guy in town.

PLAYBOY: How long did you remain with 3XY?

WALSH: About 15 months, and then John Brennan from 2SM — they were just about to start the Good Guy format — was sitting in a motel room in Seymour taping various stations to see what talent was around. He listened to my program and I was asked to come and join the 2SM team in Sydney, which I did.

PLAYBOY: Where did you see your career heading at that time?

WALSH: I came to Sydney for only one reason: I thought I would be doing *Drive Time* because Bob Rogers was supposed to be moving. I came because I wanted to take over that shift and I desperately wanted to do Phillip Street theatre revues. I considered myself a real hot-shot in revue, so I began doing the four till seven shift. Then because Bob had decided to stay, they put me into the 7 till 10pm slot.

I was quite pissed off with the whole idea of doing that shift, but I had three months of my contract to run before I could leave.

The first night on that shift, the only ad I had was a public service announcement for the Anti-TV Society. So I started a thing called *Televiewers Anonymous*, and ran it along the lines of a Billy Graham Crusade — turn off the teev and rest your eyes on radio. It was done with that sort of tongue-in-cheek religious spiel and caught the kids' imagination. We ended up with the biggest night-time ratings since the heyday of Jack Davey.

PLAYBOY: After Channel Seven dropped your night show in 1971, you went to England to seek work. Did you feel that your talents weren't appreciated here anymore?

WALSH: I just felt there were no opportunities left. The week they dropped the Walsh Show they also dropped the *In Melbourne Tonight* show, so there was a complete shut down of live variety-talk format shows in Melbourne. We weren't the only one dropped. Three night shows at Nine were also axed. I would never hint at collusion, of course.

PLAYBOY: Why do you feel that happened?

WALSH: No idea.

PLAYBOY: Any theories?

WALSH: Lots of them.

PLAYBOY: It must have come as a bitter blow.

WALSH: No, I've succeeded.

PLAYBOY: Yes, you're a success now, but we're referring to that period.

WALSH: It was a blow, but you get those patches where you can't do anything right, and that was just mine.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider giving it away completely?

WALSH: No, I was quite keen to keep going, but at the time I just decided to get out of the business altogether and that's why I went to Ireland where I spent about eight weeks working at various odd jobs. I then moved on to London with the idea of working there, and eventually got around to doing it.

PLAYBOY: Did your Australian reputation count for much in the UK?

WALSH: A total disadvantage. They didn't want to know the accent. By that time there had been so many people over there who had gone for jobs and told them they were the biggest thing in Australia. But there was no point in bringing out your scrapbook, it meant nothing.

PLAYBOY: So you started out cold?

WALSH: Absolutely cold; behind the eight ball. I got a voice coach and lost my Australian accent and only then was I able to get an agent. I then found a woman, Jean Winscott, who'd been voice coach on Hitchcock films, and she worked with me for some time. My agent kept at me about my accent and barred me from meeting my Australian friends on weekends because I would slip back into it again. I persevered and eventually sounded suitably Pommy.

PLAYBOY: You basically concentrated on interviews over there. Is that where you developed your interviewing skills?

WALSH: No, I suppose I really started developing my skills when I started on talk-back radio in 1967. I was also doing quite well out of commercials and doing lots of auditions for live theatre. I was actually starting to get somewhere by the time I left.

PLAYBOY: At what point did you decide to return home?

WALSH: Screen Gems rang and offered me this format which was basically a daytime talk and variety show which lasted an hour and a half. It was nothing like we have now, but it was a starting point. They said, 'Three months and we will pay your first class air fare to and from'. So, after about 18 months I came back.

We had two singers and two interviews and were supposed to make an hour and half show out of it. That was a challenge, and I must say once I got stuck into it, things started to fall into place. And I was very excited when we got our first renewal.

When I rang my agent in London and said I'm staying on another three months she said don't bother coming back. One door closes. . .

PLAYBOY: That of course was the show with the Ten Network back in 1973.

WALSH: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Is it difficult to keep motivating yourself on a daily basis?

WALSH: Basically, you're geared to it and you do develop skills and techniques over the years which help you to get through. You also make sure you have good people around you whom you can trust and who know what they are doing. I'd much rather employ someone who cares than someone who is brilliant.

PLAYBOY: Is it difficult to keep producing interesting guests for the show?

WALSH: It's not. Because we don't go for so-called names. We go for a lot of human interest stories. We've also developed a lot of our own regular guests, we don't just put people on and hope they will be amusing, entertaining and informative. An awful lot of work goes on before they come on camera.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever compromise and settle for second-rate guests or interviewees?

WALSH: No we don't. I mean some of them might end up being less than exciting, but it's certainly not deliberate.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had to lower your standards to maintain audience interest?

WALSH: Oh God, no. I've got no form of great pride on that score. I think I'm there to entertain and to get a message across to as many people as possible. I don't consider the audience to be a bunch of idiots. I think they deserve to have things presented to them in a neat and tidy fashion, and explained. I hate putting on spots that I favor because I'm worried it could become self-indulgent. If you want to do something really twee and worthy, you should go and do it in a phone box.

PLAYBOY: Just how ruthless is the television industry?

WALSH: I don't think it's particularly ruthless at all. You've got to accept that things change in this industry and they can change overnight dramatically. A lot of people I've worked with in the past, I'm still working with. The same people seem to be around all the time, they just change jobs a great deal.

PLAYBOY: You paint it as a really cosy industry in which to work.

WALSH: Oh God, no. It's not cosy, but I'm saying there is a kind of camaraderie amongst the troops. Someone might sack you but it doesn't mean you don't remain good friends. Gordon French had to deliver the ultimatum to me at Channel Seven — it did cause a bit of bad feeling for a while. He was under a lot of pressure. However, we renewed our friendship later on. It's cut-throat, but I suppose any speculative business is.

PLAYBOY: With so much at stake, tension must run high.

WALSH: Yes, you've got to be successful.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying there is no loyalty in the industry, that you are only as good as your last rating figure?

WALSH: Not quite that severe. People tend to stick by things even if they're bad — if they can work them back into shape. You do get managements who panic when the station goes down — and everyone falls apart.

PLAYBOY: What about with your show? How tough are you on your staff?

WALSH: I'm pretty tough. I don't make any bones about it. I think show business has to be a dictatorship, it just doesn't work any other way. On the other hand, I make mistakes too.

PLAYBOY: When a wrong decision is made, does someone have to pay for it?

WALSH: No, we don't operate like that. I don't rub people's faces in it. We do it jokingly. We have an award for lousy spots named after a researcher who once worked for us. She worked for us in the early days and all the spots were lousy — but she had great tits.

PLAYBOY: You rely heavily on your researchers; if they stuff up and make you look stupid do you go after them?

WALSH: Of course I do.

PLAYBOY: How severe are you?

WALSH: I yell, but later in the day we sit down and have a beer. There is no point in harboring a grudge — that's counter-productive.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst incident you've had to endure on air?

WALSH: Well, the classic example is the late Sid James. We hadn't been able to pre-interview him. He was a comic actor, not a comedian, and he was no great conversationalist. I got out there and everyone said we haven't had a chance to pre-interview him.

The poor man wouldn't say a thing and the interview ran two and a half minutes. I would just ask him a question and he would say yes or no and there was no way of getting out of it, it was just totally embarrassing.

Another time I stuffed up was where I talked with a titled person who was on the show, and I hadn't done my homework properly and I referred to his ex-wife and asked what she was doing now, and he said 'she is dead, that's why I remarried'.

PLAYBOY: Was that bad research?

WALSH: It was very bad research on my behalf because I took it off on a tangent without knowing what I was talking about. I'd half heard something and got it wrong in my own mind. It was no one's fault but my own.

PLAYBOY: Has a guest ever so irritated you that you have cut the interview short?

WALSH: Yes, that's happened a few times. I'm not so worried about me getting fed up, it's the audience getting fed up that worries me. If I hear people coughing too much, it's a pretty good indication that that guest is not getting through at all.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever felt like telling a guest to piss off, the way Don Lane did?

WALSH: I probably have on my bad days — when I've had a late night or a tough week and I'm not feeling at my best.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Lane's performance in telling James Randi to piss off?

WALSH: I didn't see it, I only heard second hand reports so I really couldn't judge it. It would appear Don became very emotional because he likes Doris Stokes as a woman and he felt she shouldn't be put down like that. I don't particularly like all those mumbo jumbo artists. I've got a bit of a thing about astrologists and those types. They are a bit dangerous in my opinion because they give people all sorts of false hopes and expectations. I don't try to encourage them on the show at all.

PLAYBOY: Are there any interviews that you prefer to avoid, for instance, political ones?

WALSH: No, I like political interviews. They're a good chance to get your teeth into something, and I thoroughly enjoy that. Now, the types of interviews I try to avoid: astrologers, astronomers, clairvoyants, wine tasters; and cooking is usually extremely boring. I don't like cooking spots although Margaret Fulton does come across quite well.

PLAYBOY: Do you get many requests from politicians wanting to appear on your show?

WALSH: Oh, yes. You see, in one fell swoop they can get to more than a million people. They are very aware of the clout of the show. We never have any trouble getting a politician on, it's quite the reverse sometimes — it's a case of getting rid of them.

PLAYBOY: Has the network management ever exerted pressure on you to go easy on a politician during an interview?

WALSH: No, never. That's the amazing thing: there is absolutely no political pressure whatsoever. When we came over here, Nine wasn't quite used to some of the things we do on the show and a couple of people were a bit stunned by our bluntness and frankness, but they accepted it after a while.

PLAYBOY: Are there any political issues you feel quite strongly about?

WALSH: Not really. I have no political aspirations or particular theories on politics. There is no *ism* that particularly works. It's

"We sincerely regret the unnecessary surgery, and we're going to put back as much as we possibly can."

been proven, it's an art of compromise — the whole thing. As long as I see someone balancing the juggling act quite well, I'm happy with them.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything that troubles you about the country at the moment?

WALSH: Nothing more than the same things that are troubling the Government. I think the Labor Party so far has shown an excellent realism, which is right for its time. They have started off very well.

PLAYBOY: Late last year you signed a further two-year contract with the Nine Network. How were your relations with the channel before you signed?

WALSH: They were pretty good.

PLAYBOY: There were stories around that there were difficulties and that you wouldn't sign on the dotted line.

WALSH: We had a couple of dramas but we survived them.

PLAYBOY: For example?

WALSH: I was disappointed over the *National Today Show* project. I was originally going to package that, and it was taken away from me just after I started to employ people. That was a bit of a blow. It didn't sweeten the relationship at all.

PLAYBOY: Why in fact was the *Today Show* taken away from you? Was the hierarchy worried about your growing influence at the channel?

WALSH: I don't know. I've no idea why they did it. They have never told me the true story. All I know is that they've said they will tell me one day.

PLAYBOY: Surely you have enough influence at the channel to be able to find out?

WALSH: I honestly don't know. I wish I did. I have about four million theories and none of them add up.

PLAYBOY: Can you throw up a couple of them?

WALSH: [*Laughing*] No, it's water under the bridge. What's the point? I'll get something else on this station.

PLAYBOY: What sort of production agreement have you got with Nine?

WALSH: No agreement. I'm allowed to produce shows for anyone. I have an agreement that I would talk to them first, but if I don't get a response that I think is favorable enough, I'm at liberty to take it to any network.

PLAYBOY: It's been reported that you get first crack at incoming overseas personalities much to the annoyance of the people who run the *Today Show*.

WALSH: The only reason we get first crack at people is because we are in a position of strength and it makes quite clear sense for an actor promoting a film to come on our show, which is beamed out over 100 stations. The film's distributors would be silly to knock it back. We have the same battle with Don Lane. Don will want someone first and so will we. Then whoever wins, wins.

PLAYBOY: What sort of methods does your production staff resort to, to ensure that you are first?

WALSH: I never ask them. I don't know. I just say go kill. I don't know if they buy them a beer or go to bed with them, or what.

PLAYBOY: You left the Ten Network in 1977 to move over to Nine. What precipitated that move?

WALSH: Frustration, absolute frustration. We were treated as second class citizens. We had done a hell of a job and we just couldn't get any extra money or better facilities. We were beating our heads against a brick wall. There were a couple of middle-rung executives at Ten who were jealous and bitchy and it was just an all-round bad vibe. My lawyer, the late John Callil, who had just negotiated for Gordon French to come to Channel Nine, went to see the management and told them we were fed up.

He asked John (my producer), David (my partner), and myself if we'd like him to talk to Nine for us; we thought about it and said yes. But I said, "It's not going to be a Dutch auction: if you're going to talk to Nine, let Ten know that we are not going to renew." So he let Ten know we wouldn't accept a new contract and, unfortunately, a few of the executives did a pretty good number on us.

I don't think top management really believed we'd move, and we'd reached a stalemate. John spoke to Kerry Packer at Channel Nine, who said if he could have the facts and figures by six o'clock that night, he'd go with it, and that was at two o'clock in the afternoon.

So we all went over to my apartment, I'll never forget it, and went through all the things we would require at Nine and threw in a few extras. They said yes to everything. We then sweated out two months of going to air at Channel Ten after we had signed to go to Channel Nine the following year. That was a good two months.

Leprosy was rampant, we all had the mark of Cain on our backs and we kept waiting everyday for someone to walk in just before each show and tell us it wasn't going to air. By that time they had found replacement people for the following year. It really was a cold experience.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think Ten continued to put your show to air after you had signed with Nine?

WALSH: I've often wondered about that, but they had network commitments and the show was sold — it was chockablock with advertising. They would have lost an awful lot of revenue by chopping us off. Also, if they'd rushed something in quickly, it wouldn't have had a chance of succeeding.

PLAYBOY: The Ten Network certainly acquired an unenviable reputation early on for burning shows and performers.

WALSH: They had collected some pretty good duds in their ranks at that time.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about executive ranks?

WALSH: Yes, they had collected some pretty good dead wood. I've got a great saying. People say, "I've had 20 years' experience in this business." My great saying is: "Are you sure you don't mean one year's experience 20 times?" There's a hell of a difference there, and they had a hell of a lot of people who had one year's experience 20 times. They've cleared them out and now they actually have a pretty good team.

PLAYBOY: When it comes to making commitments within the industry, is it a question of loyalty or money?

WALSH: No, it's a question of whether or not you can get a workable situation for a show. There is no point in pre-aborting something before you get it to air or giving yourself circumstances to work in which are far too difficult. It's hard enough to do a show and to do a good one, without putting yourself behind the eight ball or by working under circumstances which are going to give you a whole lot of frustrations. The main consideration is whether or not you can get on with doing your show. No amount of money is worth a whole lot of anguish.

PLAYBOY: How much is your current contract with the Nine Network worth?

WALSH: I'm sorry, I don't discuss money. I only discuss it with the people I'm dealing with.

PLAYBOY: Would you agree that you are the highest paid performer in the industry?

WALSH: I don't know what the others are paid. I would imagine we have a rather good deal. It would certainly be one of the top

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ones. I don't know who would have a better one.

PLAYBOY: How many people rely directly on the *Mike Walsh Show* for their livelihood?

WALSH: The production company consists of about 30 people. It's hard to say, we have a lot of regulars who are under contract to us. Then you have a crew that exists only for the *Mike Walsh Show*, which is employed by Nine, and without the show they wouldn't have a job. It would probably be about 100 to 110 people all up.

PLAYBOY: How do you wind down after a show?

WALSH: I come down to my office, lock the door, have a bit of lunch and then a snooze for half an hour or so. After that, I do some more work and then have a few grogs.

PLAYBOY: You obviously like a drink, what about drugs. Have you ever smoked marijuana?

WALSH: I don't smoke marijuana. I'm a juice head [*laughing*]. I mean, I have nothing against marijuana. If people want to smoke it, that's their own decision, but I just happen to like booze. I like being a noisy drunk.

PLAYBOY: Do you hit it hard?

WALSH: Sometimes. If I'm in the mood for it, and there is a good rage going on, I'll be in there with the best of them.

PLAYBOY: Does it affect your work?

WALSH: No, no. If it did I wouldn't do it. I am quite fierce about that. The moment it takes over, I would give up drinking full stop. I hope it does not come to that stage because I have a lot of fun with it.

PLAYBOY: How much of a problem is drink and drugs in the industry?

WALSH: I don't think more than they are in any sort of pressure industry. I mean, I know people who are doctors, lawyers and Indian chiefs who drink or smoke grass. I am very unaware of cocaine being a problem in this country, though I've heard of a few people who have had a bit of a snort.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been offered cocaine?

WALSH: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Did you try it?

WALSH: No, I didn't bother because I was having a bloody good time on the booze and smoking 400 cigarettes and thoroughly enjoying myself. I didn't need another drug.

PLAYBOY: Was that because you were aware that if you were seen to be using drugs it could be detrimental to your career?

WALSH: No. I don't think like that. I worry about my own life as my own life. I'm aware of a certain example that you have to set. But having said that, I think I work very hard and I deserve my relaxation and if once or twice a year I have a few too many drinks, well that's tough.

PLAYBOY: How much do you feel you owe your fans?

WALSH: As much as I give them.

PLAYBOY: Where do you draw the line?

WALSH: I draw the line at my private life.

PLAYBOY: Your image is that of Mr Nice Guy.

WALSH: No it isn't.

PLAYBOY: But that's the image you project on your show.

WALSH: No, it is not the image that's projected on the show. I get quite blunt at times, I don't come up as Mr Nice Guy.

PLAYBOY: But isn't that the way the audience perceives you?

WALSH: No, they don't at all. Mr Nice Guy to me is some sort of plastic person who has no dimensions to him, no rough edges. I show rough edges quite often on the air.

PLAYBOY: Like?

WALSH: If I feel like saying something is no good, I'll say it, and I've sworn on air: I'm not terribly proud of it; and I've lost my cool on air.

PLAYBOY: When you were on radio you were very innovative, even outrageous at times. Yet on television, you've become a lot more conservative.

WALSH: No, I think it's just that I am older. I suppose as you get older you become a little more conservative and see things differently. I think we gamble a lot with the show. It's a great projection of my judgement and my personality, so although I might not be getting up and doing silly things all the time, I still do sketches, for example. But I don't know what I could do that's terribly innovative that hasn't already been done.

What you see on TV is a neater version of my off-screen self. I am much more careful of my language on the screen than I am in private life.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you just the product of a well-oiled publicity machine?

WALSH: Well, I think any personality is part of a well-oiled publicity machine if you like to put it that way. But I don't think there is anything plastic about it. Sure, we are all part of a publicity machine; we need publicity and people need us for publicity, too.

PLAYBOY: What about the Mike Walsh behind the well-manufactured image?

WALSH: I can only answer that by saying, what you see on the screen is a neater version of my off-screen self. I am also much more careful of my language on the screen than I am in private life.

PLAYBOY: Has the publicity machine taken over your life?

WALSH: That's a good question. No, I've really fought a battle against that. That's why the privacy thing is so vital to me. It's very important to me to be terribly ordinary, and I've got lots of ways I can do that. I don't want to talk about the farm because I've had too much trouble there. I am a cows laborer three days a week.

It is possible to live in a very secluded little world in this business. However, I make a point of doing my own shopping and going down to the local for a drink. Everybody's very friendly and they treat me just like any other bloke. I think it's important not to get swept up in all the bull dust and not to believe it, and I do put quite a bit of work into making sure that I don't believe I am Mike Walsh.

PLAYBOY: If the publicity machine fails will you fail?

WALSH: No. If the show was cancelled tomorrow, I wouldn't fall down because I have enough resilience and enough credibility and enough friends and enough other things I could do. Of course, I would feel very disappointed at having failed, but I wouldn't be washed up. I wouldn't be someone sitting at home wondering what to do with his life. That quite frankly is one of the reasons I've diversified my business interests so much, because there has to be another life apart from this.

PLAYBOY: Are you a great worrier?

WALSH: I am a born worrier. I've got the patent on it.

PLAYBOY: Are you obsessional?

WALSH: Probably. I do my own Devil's advocate in everything. If I go into something I always look at the worst part and then work back from there. It's very easy to see the optimistic side, but if you look at the down side, you know the worst situation you can find yourself in.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a romantic commitment, or are you emotionally involved with anyone at present?

WALSH: I don't discuss my personal life because I don't think it's anyone's business except my own. If you discuss those sorts of things publicly it makes it very hard on the other person. I've done that in the past and it's just not worth it.

PLAYBOY: Is there any possibility you will marry in the near future?

WALSH: I don't think it's compulsory to get married. If I get married, I get married and if I don't get married, I don't get married. It matters neither one way nor the other for me.

PLAYBOY: Any particular reason why you have never married?

WALSH: I really don't know. It would be like asking me why do I think I'd got married up to now. I take marriage very seriously and I consider it a lifetime contract, and I would hate to get into a marriage that didn't work. I would find that terribly, terribly destroying.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel your relationship with your audience would change if you married?

WALSH: No, not at all.

PLAYBOY: Don't they perceive you as every mother's son?

WALSH: No, of course they don't.

PLAYBOY: Is sex important to you?

WALSH: Not terribly. I am not obsessive about it.

PLAYBOY: Are you asexual?

WALSH: No.

PLAYBOY: On a number of occasions you've expressed a desire to act in Australian movies; have you ever been offered a role?

WALSH: I've been offered two roles. I didn't do either of them because I didn't think they were very good so I won't mention the films or who took the roles.

PLAYBOY: What about producing films, have you held back from investing in Australian movies because the majority of them don't make money?

WALSH: No, I think if you've got the right property there is a very good chance of it making money. When I find that property, I know the right person to direct and I know the people I want in it.

PLAYBOY: With your great love of movies, surely there must be some sort of project you would like to invest in.

WALSH: I haven't got one. Peter Weir did come and talk to us about *Gallipoli* at one stage when he was finding it hard to get it together. I loved it, absolutely loved it and I think the world of Peter Weir as a director. But we weren't in a position to get it together in the time he actually wanted to do it. So we had to pass on it. That's probably the closest I've come to getting involved in a feature.

PLAYBOY: At your own theatres, would you rather screen an artistic Australian movie or go with an American film that's guaranteed to be a commercial success?

WALSH: Well, I like to see the theatre run itself, otherwise it would close down. I go for things that I think will work. We've screened a lot of Australian movies, in fact I think about 25 percent of our screening content has been Australian. That's because there was a batch of good films around. I wouldn't run an Australian movie just because it was an Australian movie.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever invested in an Australian film?

WALSH: Yes, I have. It was called *Stallions of the Sea*. However, it didn't work.

PLAYBOY: Did you lose much money?

WALSH: Sure did.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Australian film renaissance is over?

WALSH: No. I think it's in great shape. I think we are going to see some terrific product over the next two or three years. Also, Hollywood is going through a low production period because of continual industrial strife. Good Australian films have a very good chance of finding their way on to the screen in America.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying that anonymity is a great feeling. Are you in the wrong business?

WALSH: Yes, I probably am. I should be on the production side.

PLAYBOY: Is that a hint of things to come?

WALSH: Well, I am moving more and more towards that direction.

PLAYBOY: You use guest comperes on a regular basis. Are you grooming anyone in particular to take over?

WALSH: No. We'd be happy to groom someone to take over. There is nothing terribly original in doing that. Johnny Carson does in the States. It's the only way to survive long term. The network has been very understanding about that. In fact, a couple of times the management has said to me to slow down because I'm doing too many shows.

PLAYBOY: What is the continuing attraction in the industry for you?

WALSH: Every performer probably only gets one great show in his life and this is the best I've ever had, and I couldn't conceive of topping it with anything else. It's the all-time format geared for my talents. There are no challenges left for me in television after this.

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